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# FRANCE.

BY

L A D Y M O R G A N.

*FOURTH EDITION.*

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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Pourvu que je ne parle en mes écrits, ni de l'autorité, ni du culte, ni de la politique, ni de la morale, ni des gens en place, ni des corps en crédit, ni de l'opéra, ni des autres spectacles, ni de personne qui tiennne à quelque chose ; je puis tout imprimer librement, *sous l'inspection de deux ou trois censeurs.*

MARIAGE DE FIGARO

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# FRANCE.

BY

LADY MORGAN.

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Chaque jour de ma vie est une feuille dans mon livre.

THOMAS.

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Che se riflessione, comentio, o glossa,  
Faccio talor sopra il brutal governo,  
Lo fo, perchè ciascun confrontar possa  
Con quei tempi antichissimi il moderno,  
Onde felicitarsi appien possiamo  
*Dei fortunati secoli in cui siamo.*

CASTI. *Gli Animali Parlanti.*

Canto xviii. Stroph 106.

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FOURTH EDITION.

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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# FRANCE.

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## BOOK V.



### PARIS.

“ Des Champs Élysées : noble et pompeux rivage  
De palmiers, de jacinthes, de prodiges borde.  
Combien vous m'enchanterez ! ”

VOLTAIRE



# FRANCE.

## BOOK V.

### PARIS.

*Boulevards Italiens.*—*General architectural arrangement of Paris.*—*Banks of the Seine.*—*The Hotel Bourbon.*—*The Louvre.*—*The Gallery.*—*Modern French artists.*—*The Place de Carrousel.*—*The Tuileries.*—*The Sorbonne.*—*The Pantheon.*—*Bibliothèque du Panthéon.*—*The Luxembourg.*—*Bibliothèque du Roi.*—*De Mazarin.*—*Librarians.*—*The Gobelines.*—*The shop-signs.*—*Private hotels.*—*Historical scites.*—*Hotel de Beaumarchais.*—*Hotel de la Regniere.*—*Almanach des Gourmands.*—*Hotel de Sommariva.*—*Works of Canova.*—*Hotel de Cracford.*—*Gallery of the Beauties of Louis XIVth's day.*—*Hotel Borghese.*—*Apartments and Collection of Baron Denon.*

**M**Y first impressions of Paris, as a great city, were received from my entering it by the Boulevards. The rain, which had fallen in torrents as we passed the Barriere de Clichy, suddenly dispersed, as we reached them; and the bright blue skies of spring,



and of France, lent their cloudless lustre to a scene, so unparalleled in *my* experience, that some one of the rich fantastic cities of Arabian fable seemed conjured up, to cheat the imagination. The "*Chronicles of the Susanians, the ancient Kings of Persia*," could have afforded no gayer scite for the scenes of Scheherazade's invention ; and one must have been, like her own "king of the Black Islands, half marble," not to have yielded up the senses unresistingly to impressions so new, and to images so fanciful.

The splendid avenue of the Boulevards, so worthy the capital of a great nation, once a desert inhabited by brigands and banditti, is now lined with stately hotels, gardens, and flowery terraces, mingled with structures the most grotesque, and edifices the most picturesque ;—the Chinese bath, the Turkish café, the virandas of an Hindu pavilion, and the minarets of an Eastern kiosk, alternately glitter through double rows of noble trees, which line their spacious scite ; and which, gemmed with beams and rain-drops, were just bursting into verdure, as I passed for the first time under their shade. It was early in the evening ;

the moment when, in Paris, the idle and the laborious, the rich and the poor, alike forego *ennui* and work, to unite in a pursuit, there seldom frustrated or fruitless,—the *pursuit of pleasure*.

The gay multitude, which a spring shower had dispersed in search of temporary shelter, had just rushed forth in an exhilaration of spirits, which a little *contre-temps* rather feeds than extinguishes, in the French temperament. The *bouquetières* were again presenting their violets and lily of the valley to the pretty *grisettes*; who were tottering along with Chinese steps, and Chinese feet; not unconscious of being “*bien chaussées* ;” nor wholly unmindful of the glances pointed from the virandas of Tortoni’s or Hardy’s cafés. The *petits-marchands* were again displaying their gay sheds, and brilliant baskets, lined with gems and jewels, “*à vingt six sous, au juste*.”—The reading-rooms, reinforced by the shower, displayed in their windows, heads of every *timbre*, aching over the politics of Europe, or heating over pamphlets of domestic re-  
crimination.

*Bobèche* had again taken his station on

his deserted stage, and *Galimafrée*,\* with his grave fatuity, was exciting bursts of merriment in his fresh-gathered audience. All seemed gaiety, life, and intelligence; and a more animated scene could not perhaps be found in the capital of any country in Europe, to greet the eye of the newly-arrived stranger, or to impress him with a more favourable opinion of the prosperity and native hilarity of its people. Were these spacious and beautiful boulevards, which surround Paris, a fair specimen of the capital they adorn, it would indeed be the proud city, “that lifteth her head on high, and saith, I *am*, and there is none other like unto me.”

But it is far otherwise; and the boulevards

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\* *Bobèche* and *Galimafrée* are two celebrated *Gilles*, or buffoons, who exhibit every evening on the boulevards, and are the representatives of those *Baladins*, who were anciently brought by the police to exhibit on these boulevards, in order to draw the population of Paris to that quarter, and thus disperse the *malefactors* and *brigands*, who were wont to take shelter there. The French *Gilles* are frequently excellent low comedians—Voltaire calls the *clowns* of Shakspeare “*Gilles*”—and *Touchstone* himself is sometimes rivalled in wit and humour, by these extemporising *buffos*.

wards, forming a splendid belt round the narrow streets of Paris, are the girdle of Venus on a mortal form. There are peculiar scites (such as the whole line of *quais*) unrivalled, perhaps, in beauty, interest, and magnificence, in any other metropolis ;—but, taken as a whole, Paris wants that uniformity, that propriety, if I may use the expression, which should characterise a great capital. It seems rather a cluster of irregular towns, than one great entire whole. Every *quartier* is a distinct district. The *quartier* of the Luxembourg has quite the air of a country village, grouped round the castle of its seigneur ; and the whole of the fauxbourg St. Germain appears like some remote and antiquated town, a thousand leagues distant from the gay modern city of the *Chaussée d'Antin*. The narrowness of the greater part of the streets is an ORIGINAL SIN, beyond redemption : and the height of the houses, all of hewn stone, all spacious, all well-built, throws a depth of shadow, which adds to their gloom.

It was among the best works of the late ruler of France, that he spared neither money, labour, nor talent, in the improve-

ment and beautifying of the capital : and the inhabitants, all unanimous on this point of his conduct, indicate, with grateful recollections, the avenues he has opened, the spaces he has cleared, the noble streets he had begun, the public buildings he had founded, the markets he had built, the fountains he had erected, the great sources of health and accommodation he had opened on every side, for the benefit of the citizens of Paris—When they are asked, where were his *own* palaces, his *Marllys*, his *Bagatelles*, his *Trianons*, and *Bellevues*, they point to a baby-house of *wood and canvas* raised for his son, in the *gardens* of the Tuileries, and talk of the *plan* of a *future palace*, for the king of Rome.

The enormous size of the houses, in Paris, is an ancient and original error, in its architectural arrangements ; arising out of modes and institutions, which kneaded their evil leaven through every particle of the great mass, and substituted power, influence, and ostentation, for rights, privileges, and comforts. A *great hotel* was, in former times, the indispensable *appanage* of aristocratic pride ; and the *hotel* was usu-

ally *so much too great* for its noble owner, that, while their names shone, in golden letters, over the *porte-cochère*, they had frequently neither domestics to occupy its apartments, nor furniture to fill them.

Thus, ignoble lodgers were taken in, to breathe under the same roof with the inheritors of “six *quarterings* ;” and beds and tapestry were carried backward and forward, from the château in the remote province, to the hotel in the capital : while the “*fier baron*,” or *noble duc et pair*, travelled, like a Tartar chief, or Gipsy captain, with his household furniture, his bag and baggage in his suite. It is curious to see the rich and noble Madame de Sevigné uneasy at not being able to let *her lodgings* ; the very rooms occupied by that dear daughter so fondly adored—“*Ce logis, (as she herself says) qui m’a fait tant songer à vous ; ce logis que tout le monde vient voir, que tout le monde admire ; et que personne ne veut louer !\**”

In another place, she advises Madame de Grignan not to bring up her beds and tapestry from the remote province, where her

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\* Letter LII. Vol. I.

husband was governor, at a distance of many hundred miles ; not, however, that she was herself very well able to accommodate her daughter, for she had only *one bed*, according to her own confession. Still the hotel de Carnavalet, (which even at this moment attests its former grandeur) to which Madame de Grignan was about to carry her beds and tapestry, was celebrated for its sculptures, by Gougeon, its *façade* by Ducerceau, and by Mansard, and its *plafonds*, painted by the first masters of the day. Such was the *mélange* of show and splendor with every species of discomfort, and the absence of all accommodations ; the sure indices of the *ostentation* and *meanness* of a *proud* and *poor* nobility.

The custom of letting out apartments, even in the hotels of the first nobility in France, is common at this day.—A shoemaker may lodge *au sixième* with a prince ; and I have seen, myself, the high-born and illustrious mistress of a splendid hotel, in the Rue St. Honoré, get into the same carriage with her English-commoner-lodger, and both drive together to court.

Who, that “ *has ever felt the thrilling me-*

*lody*” of that little English word “*Home* ;” and has known and felt its endearing signification, would willingly share it with strangers and passing sojourners ? Who would not prefer the little door that shuts in all that is dearest, and closes on none beside, to the *grande porte-cochère* of a more capacious structure, the CARAVANSARY of fortuitous guests ? Who would not prefer the small OWN exclusive house, the

“ Casa-mia, piccolina che sia”

to all the “pomp and circumstance” of the disproportioned structure, to be shared with those, one *does* not, or still worse, with those one *would* not know ?

The French nobility, however, in former times, occasionally made a nobler use of their unoccupied apartments, than in hiring them out to strangers : for they frequently accommodated indigent talent with a home ; and the *entre-sols* were occupied by the La Fontaines and Marmontels, who were also the frequent guests at the tables of the La Sablières and the Geoffrins.\*

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\* Marmontel, however, *paid* for *his* lodgings at Madame Geoffrin’s.---Though men of letters were frequently



There is not perhaps, in the world, so imposing a scene, both for architectural beauty, and for historic recollections, as that, through which the full swelling stream of the Seine flows, from the Pont Neuf, to the Pont de Jena; the one with its reversed statue of Henry IV., now slowly reinstating on its long-fallen pedestal, where misery once came to shed her tears, and loyalty to offer her devotions;\* the other marking a very different period in European history, and daily parting with its imperial eagles. It was thus I saw them both, in the same hour.

To the right of the Seine rise along its banks, in splendid succession, the ancient and beautiful Louvre, the venerable palace of the Tuileries, its luxuriant gardens and spacious terrace, and the rich groves of the *Champs Elysées*, terminating at the brow of Chaillot and of Passy, which swell into amphitheatres, and close, by their imposing

---

lodged gratuitously by the great, this custom made a part of their disgraceful dependance.

\* From the time of the death of the "*Grand Dauphin*," the inhabitants of Paris were wont to carry their tears and their complaints to the foot of the statue of *Henry IV.*—What an eulogium!

elevation, the whole magnificent scene. On the left, the *Palais des Quatre Nations*, the *Palais Bourbon*, and a long suit of splendid hotels, whose lovely gardens and plantations of roses sweep down to the river, have each their specific and appropriate interest. The *Palais Bourbon*, one of the most splendid palaces in Europe, was built by Louis XIV., for his natural daughter, the Princess de Condé, after the design of Girardin.

Although the origin of its foundation is now seldom called to mind, the *Hotel de Bourbon*, or *Palais du Corps Législatif*, whatever name it may bear, must always be a monument of interest, and an object of admiration. Its Corinthian portico, its peristyle,\* its spacious galleries, its elegant pavilions, its vestibules, its colonnades, its theatre, its gardens, still remain, under different names or various combinations ; (for it has gone through many changes, and been adapted

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\* “ La porte principale du palais a la forme d’un peristile d’ordre Corinthien, &c.”—*Voyage Pittoresque de Paris*, p. 390. a Paris 1778.

The account of this palace, which the reviewer calls “a tissue of the grossest ignorance,” is authenticated by the above work, and by another book of the same nature, called “Le Pariseum,” printed in 1801 ; one of the best guides to the French metropolis which the author has seen.

to many purposes, since it was first devoted to royal enjoyment and princely pleasures.) Its state bed-room, with its golden tapestry ; —its *salle de billards*, with its verdant *treillage*, and its nymphs, crowned with flowers, and offering the rules of the game ; its celebrated *salle à manger*, with its painted arcades reflecting from a hundred mirrors its fairy splendors ; —its far-famed *boudoir*, with its unrivalled *parquets de marqueterie*, all have inclosed far different groupes, and echoed to far different sounds, since the gallant Condés and Bourbons first trod the golden maze of pleasure in this temple, so appropriate to her orgies. It was here the council of five hundred held their rude republican assemblies. Here, Carnot and La Fayette raised their last voice in the cause of constitutional principles ; and here the fate of Buonaparte was finally decided. The *Palais Bourbon*, long named the *Palais du Corps Législatif*, has again resumed its original appellation ; and the venerable Prince de Condé, after an exile of twenty-five years, again holds his court, under the golden domes of his illustrious ancestors.\*

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\* The Prince de Condé, though he has reached a term of life, beyond the ordinary course of human exist-

Among the beautiful hotels, which form a line with the *Palais Bourbon*, the elegant residence of the late Marshal Ney is conspicuous. It was at least always so to me, as I passed it, from its peculiar air of uninhabited loneliness. The closed shutters of its lofty windows, and grass-grown pathway of its blooming gardens, then rich in full-blown plantations of roses, were strong and melancholy remembrancers.

It has been asserted by Mons. Le Breton, that France, more than any other nation in Europe, participates in the glory reflected from architectural monuments. It would be difficult to meet this sweeping assertion,

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ence, has, I am told, preserved much of the "*air de Seigneur*" and manners of the old school of gallantry, and he is particularly polite to the ladies. His senses, however, do not keep pace with his susceptibility. *Monsieur Talleyrand* being presented to him, his Highness constantly addressed him as *Monsieur le Prince de Tarente*, while some of his gentlemen repeatedly whispered him, "*Monseigneur, c'est le Prince Talleyrand.*" "*Qu'est-ce qu'on me parle donc de ce chien de Talleyrand?*" asked the Prince, of Mons. Talleyrand himself. "*Mon Prince,*" replied M. T. "*voilà deux ans que j'en ne connais plus cet homme là.*" This little incident was said to have occurred while I was in Paris, and I give it as an *anecdote de salon*.

backed by so high an authority, with the very incompetent knowledge of the art, which is brought to this work. But as far as my own observation went, I saw nothing in France comparable to the specimens of Saxon and Gothic architecture to be found in almost every part of England. The observation of Heurtier, that a taste for architecture prevailed in France, long before the revival of that art in the rest of Europe, seems invalidated by the cathedral of Amiens, which is reckoned one of their finest churches, but which was built by the English; and every other great religious structure I saw, Notre Dame and St. Dennis included, is infinitely inferior, in point of grandeur, beauty, workmanship, and extent, to Canterbury, York-Minster, or Westminster-Abbey. Of pure Grecian architecture, the specimens in France are few and inferior, both in magnitude and execution; while the mixed order, which prevails over their few public and numerous royal edifices, seemed to me to be sufficiently distinct and specific to take its place with the other five, and to merit the name of *French-Grecian Architecture*. It may be

said to resemble the *French Grecian drama*, which presents the incongruity of modern manners blended with antique story, and the observance of the Aristotelian severities, with an adherence to national peculiarities. France has not, hitherto, shown herself the land of the sublime ; she has never produced a Milton, nor possessed a Parthenon : and her highest effort, in the epic of poetry or architecture, is exhibited in the coldest poem, and the most ponderous structure, that modern times have produced ;—the “*Henriade*” of Voltaire, and the Palace of Versailles,

“ OÙ les Rois furent condamnés à la magnificence.”

Of that mixed architecture, which may be accounted truly and purely French, the Louvre is a perfect and beautiful specimen. Neither grand nor simple, it has every other excellence. Rich, varied, and elegant in its decorations ; at once massive or ornamented, solid and light, it appeared to me such a structure, as the wild fantastic imagination of Ariosto might have originated for one of his own fairy palaces, the magical temple

of some enchanting Armida.\* The Louvre is one of those objects in art, which pleases without any classical authority for pleasing. It is a splendid variety, out of all ordinary classification; and the lively emotions of admiration it excites, are certainly not referable to its observance of any rule, or its conformity to any known model.

Philippe de Lormi, and Pierre Lescot threw a brilliant lustre over the architectural genius of France, when, in the early part of the sixteenth century, they sketched those elegant and original designs, which produced a new Louvre on the scite of the ancient edifice. Henry II., Charles IX., and Henry IV., all contributed to the beauty and splendor of this royal residence, and Louis XIV. was the first sovereign of France, who ventured to remove the seat of government from the capital of the king-

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\* To this *mélange* the severe taste of Voltaire objects, in his well-known stanzas on the Louvre:

“ Sous quels débris honteux, sous quel amas rustique  
On laisse ensevelir ces chefs-d’œuvres divins !  
Quel barbare a mêlé la *bassesse Gothique*  
A toute la grandeur des *Grecs et des Romains* !”

dom, and permanently to desert the venerable Louvre,

*“ Palais pompeux, dont la France s’honore,”*

(the dwelling of the Valois and the Bourbons,) for the pestilential atmosphere of the modern Versailles.

The history of the Louvre, a recapitulation of the scenes which have occurred in its chambers, would embrace some of the most curious facts in the history of France, and furnish the tragic muse with incidents beyond her own high-wrought conceptions. It was in the midnight councils of the Louvre, that an event was planned, in cool, calculating, murderous policy, which has thrown a stain upon Catholic zeal, never to be effaced, so long as time shall perpetuate the deed; which has given the blasted name of its sanguinary perpetrators to eternal ignominy, has painted religious fanaticism in its own true colours, and exhibited the armed power of omnipotent despotism, willing, and executing, in a breath, vengeance and massacre, in their darkest form. It was in the secret chambers of the Louvre, that Catharine de Medicis and her son Charles IX.



planned the murder of all the Hugonots, in the capital and towns of France ; a massacre projected and executed at the same moment, and with the same merciless ferocity and unsparing cruelty, in the most remote quarters of the realm. The balcony still exists, from which Charles fired on his subjects, on the night of St. Bartholomew, as they hurried to and fro, in horror and consternation, amidst the tolling of bells, the thunder of artillery, the shouts of the murderers, and the cries of the dying. The apartment is still visible, where the assassin Maurevert attempted the life of the brave de Coligny ; and the room is still to be seen, from which the immortal Henry IV. was dragged from the arms of his beautiful bride to the feet of the King, to hear the dreadful alternative pronounced in the midst of murderers and zealots.—“ **OU LA MESSE, OU LA MORT.**”—Of unlimited power, and religious fanaticism, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was the legitimate offspring, the boast and triumph.

The Louvre, since the days of Francis I. the patron of all that was refined and liberal, has not only been the sanctuary

of the arts and sciences, but the focus of letters. It was here the French academy held the most far-famed of its sittings, when the d'Alemberts, the Diderots, the Buffons, the Voltaires, the Marmontels, were among its members; and here all the most celebrated artists in France were gratuitously lodged, from the time of Henry IV. until the late Emperor dislodged them,\* in order to enlarge and repair the edifice, for the reception of his TRIBUTARY KINGS! He had already named particular apartments, in his other palaces, *Salle des Rois*, in analogy with the *Salle des Maréchaux*, and *Salle des Pages*; but the Louvre was destined to be the *residence* of those sovereigns, whose peculiar position with respect to the French government obliged them, at any time, to visit the modern Rome,†—

“Where menial Kings ran cowering up and down.”

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\* Napoleon assigned the *Palais des Quatre Nations* for the residence of the French artists, and added thirty-six of the chambers of the Sorbonne, once the *dens* of 300 theologians. Here young artists of both sexes, in the very noviciate of their art, were lodged, comfortably and free of all expense.

† The name of the architect of the superb *façade* of the Louvre, was for a long time lost to the admiration

The Louvre had always been an object of admiration and attention to Buonaparte. During the early part of his consulship, its avenues, obstructed by miserable and noisome streets, and the sculptures of Gougeon, the devices and designs of de Lorme, L'Escot, and Perrault, defaced or obscured by time and neglect, had not escaped his notice. He saw them,

“ Though sullied and dishonored, still divine ;”

and he resolved on restoring the building to its original splendor. The arts were rallied round their own temple, to revive its glories. By the removal of many wretched buildings, the palace was insulated, and its architectural beauties brought into view ; repair and improvement went hand in hand ; and the Louvre is at this moment one of the most imposing and splendid, if not the most perfect structure, that the genius of sculpture and architecture ever produced.

The gallery of the Louvre,

“ Qui sur tous les beaux arts fonda toute sa gloire,”

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of posterity, until accident discovered the MS. and original designs of the modest Perrault, and gave the name of their author to immortality.

presents an object of recent interest, which, when I beheld it, absorbed all the remoter associations of historical anecdote, which connect this palace with the epochs of the country.—Commenced by Charles IX., it was finished by Louis XIV., who also erected the beautiful *façade*, the chef-d'œuvre of the age in which it was raised.

I visited this celebrated gallery, when its walls had been despoiled of those treasures, which, consecrated by the hallowed touch of genius, had escaped uninjured through the course of ages ; and which, by that law which has disposed of empires and of nations, from time immemorial, by the *law of conquest*, had become the well-earned spoils of France. I, who had never seen this gallery in the day of its greatest glory, I missed nothing—I had never before beheld so great a covered space. The brilliant vista, formed by its length, which seems to lose its point of termination in the mists of distance, its splendid roof, the exquisite sculpture and gilding of its architraves, left no room for reflection or regret, or for any feeling but that of surprise and admiration.

*“ Vous avez enrichi le Muséum de Paris de plus de cinq cents objets, chef-d’œuvres de l’ancienne et de la nouvelle Italie, et qu’il a fallu trente siècles pour produire.”* Such was the flattering observation of Buonaparte to his soldiers, after the taking of Mantua. Of these five hundred chef-d’œuvres, the glory and boast of France, not one remains in the Museum of the capital. The grief, the rage of the Parisians, at the moment of resigning these treasures to foreign troops, have already been well and ably painted by strangers and travellers, who were present at the time of their departure. They evince a refinement, a spirit of nationality and a cultivation, which recall all that is read and known of the people of Athens.

But the transports, with which these spoils were received on their arrival in Paris, when the Apollo of Belvidere was carried from the Port aux Thuiles, to the Champ de Mars, accompanied by the whole population of the city, amidst shouts of joy, and of victory, were emotions much more accordant with the French character, than those of despondency and indignation ; and they

are best described by the French themselves. —I have heard them relate the *installation* of that perfect model, which realises all that Homer had conceived of the God of light and genius, with an eloquence and an ecstasy, which for a moment made them forget, that they no longer possessed a treasure, so dearly purchased, so highly prized, and so reluctantly resigned.

When the French army, after crossing the burning deserts of Africa, came within view of the mighty ruins of ancient Thebes, it halted unbidden ; and, by one electric and spontaneous emotion of awe and admiration, the soldiers clapped their hands, as if the conquest of Egypt was completed ; as if, to behold the gigantic remains of this great city, had been the sole object of their long and painful labours, their glory, and their reward. This is one of the grandest images, which human affections have ever presented to the contemplation of the poet or the philosopher. France was then free and covered with glory ; she was for a moment susceptible of the sublime, and she was worthy of the spoils which her bravery

had won, and which her taste could thus feelingly appreciate.\*

Notwithstanding the great restitutions which have been made from the Louvre, both of pictures and of statues, much yet remains to excite attention. The purchases of Napoleon abroad, and his encouragement of the arts at home, were munificent ; and France, (besides the abundance of her own productions, the works of her Claude Lor-

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\* See Denon's Travels. The progress of the French army through the wastes and among the ruins of Egypt, was occasionally characterized by traits of great grandeur and sublimity. The soldiers, under the command of Dessaix, spontaneously broke their order of march, and halted before Tentyra, in endless admiration of its grandeur. The enthusiasm, both of officers and of men, was exhibited in an ever ready assistance to the artists, and the members of the Egyptian Institute. But history has not, perhaps, an image more magnificent to offer to the contemplation of the painter or of the moralist, than that of Buonaparte, (as yet young, as yet known only by the glory he had acquired,) lost in contemplation before the mighty pyramids of Cheops, and in the presence of the enemy's army, pointing to these gigantic monuments, as he addressed his soldiers in words, sublime as the objects which inspired them—" *Allez, et pensez que, du haut de ces monumens, quarante siècles nous observent.*"

rain, Poussin, Le Brun, Bourdon, Le Sueur, Vernet, &c. &c.) was peculiarly rich in her collections of the Flemish school, and almost monopolized exclusively the *chef-d'œuvres* of Champagne and Rubens. Some of the finest productions of the Italians had long been in her possession ; and though her original treasures bear no sort of proportion to her lately acquired, and still more recently resigned spoils of all that was most precious in the arts, still much remains, even in the gallery of the Louvre, to extort admiration from the judgment of the amateur, and to present some excellent models of study to the artist.

On the several occasions that I visited the Louvre, (for, though it was then closed to the public, I had, through the interest of friends, repeated opportunities of viewing the collections which still remained in its gallery and saloons,) I always found a number of young artists, of both sexes, who had obtained permission to finish works previously begun there, intensely occupied in copying from the Italian and Flemish pictures, which still hung on the walls with a devotedness of attention, and an abstrac-



tion, which left them apparently unconscious of the presence of the strangers, who passed their easels with inquisitive glances, or paused to watch the progress of their work. Many of these students were interesting young women; and some had made a considerable progress in the art. The practised eye of the professed connoisseur could alone detect the superiority of the original they copied from. It was thus that, lovely, young, and diligent, Madame Dubarry was found in this gallery, in the days of her innocence, by the Comte de \* \* \*, pursuing, from taste as well as from necessity, this mode of earning a subsistence. She little dreamed, when she abandoned this elegant and honourable mode of earning an honest subsistence, that she was abandoning her easel for a throne—and for a scaffold!!

Painting, with its sister arts, are said to have rapidly declined in France, under the reign of Louis XIV. Le Brun, a sort of *painter-laureate* to the king, basking in his favour, and armed with his authority, ruled with an absolute sway over the school of painting, alike unfavourable to the freedom and interests of genius. The labours of his

own life were chiefly confined to the feats and history of his royal patron, which he illustrated in a series of allegories. His disciples, with almost all the artists of the day, who had no appeal from his power, and no resource against his persecution, worked in his trammels, and under his dictation. The royal palaces were thus the school and object of painting in France, the king and his mistress its models and inspiration; and *plafonds* and portraits, entablatures and frizes, all reflected the same cold monotony of conception. Eminence was only to be obtained, or talent rewarded among the first artists of the day, by permission from Le Brun to participate in the great works at Versailles, or at the apartments of the Tuileries; and it is there that the servile genius of Le Brun himself, of Mignard, Coyvel, de Champagne, and Noceret have immortalized the egregious vanity of the king, and their own dependance. It is there, in colours which time has still spared, that, under a hundred different aspects, *as the god of day*, Louis Apollo is represented, through a series of fulsome allegories; sometimes irradiated with a glory, supreme above the universe which he only enlightens;

sometimes imagining the punishment of those who resist his will, in the fate of Marsyas ; and depicting, in the stories of Hyacinth and Niobe, his goodness or his power : while the enamoured Thetis and the devoted Helianthus illustrate his *bonnes fortunes*, and successful triumphs over the frail goddesses of his own Olympus.\*

Sculpture, the art which peculiarly belongs to a free country, and which has rarely flourished among slaves, wholly declined during the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. ; and with the exception of the Port St. Denis† has left nothing of these times in France, which is not inferior to the works which preceded it. Puget, the most celebrated and eminent statuary of the day,

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\* The King and his painters having wholly exhausted the history of Apollo in the royal service, Mignard, a favorite painter, was ordered to begin a new series of adulation, on a new theme ; and is said to have absolutely *died of the fatigue* of flattering the King, before he had got half through his task : leaving behind him more sky-blue robes, and full-blown roses, arrows, darts, and garlands, than any of his millinery-cotemporaries in the degraded art.

† The Port St. Denis is covered with sculpture, and is not here cited for its architecture ; as the Reviewer, most ingeniously wrong in his conjecture, imagined.

disdained a dictation to his genius, “*de par le Roi* ;” and preferred, as he himself expresses it, “*d’exercer son génie librement à Marseilles, à l’asservissement de Versailles.*”

When Louis XV. ascended the throne, painting in France was in its lowest state of degradation ; and it was reserved for the genius and spirited exertions of Vien and Danjevilliers to redeem the art, by recommending the study of nature as the best model. David, by his powerful talent and practical exertion, materially contributed to this revolution and improvement ; and may be said to have founded a new school, rather than to have improved an old one. But it is the first effort of change to fly to extremes ; and this eminent painter, in his profound disgust for gorgeous draperies, affected groupings, and overcharged colouring, fell into an anatomical style of drawing, which gives to so many of his noble figures their harsh and strongly defined outline ; and he became sometimes *unnatural*, by following nature too closely.\* David was the first

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\* The *reliefs* in all the pictures of David’s, which I saw in Paris, and those of some of his pupils, struck me to be of a strength and tone beyond that of nature.

painter in France, who ventured to banish the eternal round face, turned-up nose, and glance of mingled pertness and licentiousness, which Vateau had made the *beau idéal* of female beauty ; and he first gave to the heads of women, in historical pictures, that Grecian line of feature, and heroic cast of countenance, which distinguish the Italian school.

The arrival, in the capital of France, of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the Italian masters, came opportunely to check the progress of the new style, which, under another form of exaggeration, had opposed itself to the extravagances of the old manner. It was in the gallery of the Louvre that an altar was then raised to taste and to nature, at which all the professors of the art hastened to imbibe their inspirations, and to offer their homage. “ We did not” (said M. Gerard, speaking to me on the subject) “ we did not go to the Louvre, merely to imitate and multiply copies of pictures, that we

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or accident. The much-admired sword, in his magnificent picture of *Leonidas*, illustrates my observation, which, however, as being simply my own, may be erroneous.

deemed inimitable ; but we went to study even the minutest details. A light, a shade, a trait, a tint, in a single picture, was an object of study and imitation for days together. The minutest details fascinated our admiration, as the greatest *ensemble* excited our wonder. Nothing in these admirable *chef-d'œuvres* was below attention, if much was beyond our praise ; and if our progress, while we studied them, was inadequate to our efforts, our deficiency did not arise from a want of just appreciation of their excellence, or of perpetual and laborious study of the perfect models they presented to our imitation."

It was my good fortune to have known many of the most eminent French artists, resident at Paris at the time I visited it ; and, in illustrating my page with names destined for posterity, with the names of Denon, Gerard, Girodet, Guerin, Le Febvre, and Casas, I am enabled to observe, on their authority, that the assertions made by some very recent travellers in France, that the French artists neglected the Italian masters, to form their style and taste in the schools of the Coypels and

Mignards, is false, and wholly unfounded. It indeed seems impossible that any one would have ventured on such an assertion, who had visited the *ateliers* of the eminent French artists of the present day ; or was acquainted with the state of the art in France, and with the utter contempt into which its former vicious school has fallen. The best refutation of such defamatory and prejudicial assertions will be found in the *Battle of Austerlitz*, by Gerard ; the *Plague of Jaffa*, by Gros ; the *Deluge*, of Girodet ; the *Dido*, of Guerin ; the *Leonidas*, of David ; the *Endymion*, of Prudhomme ; the Portraits of Robert Lefebvre, and the exquisite miniatures and cabinet pictures of Saint, Ysabey, and Augustin.\*

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\* I know not how far it may be justifiable to reveal the mysteries of the *atelier*, or whether foreign spectators can be supposed to hold themselves bound, by all the delicate *convenance* of native artists. I should find it difficult to conceal the exquisite pleasure I felt, from a long and admiring view of an historical picture of Monsieur Gerard's, which has lain unfinished, in his work-room, since the first entrance of the allies into Paris.—The subject is, *Achilles mourning over the Body of Patroclus*, at the moment that his immortal mother comes to console and counsel with him. The

When I first visited the Louvre, the spaces on the walls remained unoccupied,

principal figures are, the body of Patroclus, Achilles, and Thetis; but the genius of the picture lies (or seemed *to me* to lie) in the contrast produced between the inanimate countenance of death, and the passionless traits of divinity.—In the sublime looks of the goddess, not one mortal expression is to be traced—all is the spiritual elevation of superhuman existence. In the livid features of the dead hero, the expression of all human feeling is extinct; both countenances are equally passionless—but the one is above the influence of emotion, the other only beyond its operation. The fine countenance of Achilles forms the best contrast to both; grief repressed, but not subdued—vengeance delayed, but not resigned, both struggling with the deference paid at once to the counsels of the mother and the goddess, are mingled in his beautiful features.

The portrait of Madame de Recamier, in her *Salle de Bain*, possesses a very different merit from the grand epic of the *Tent of Achilles*.—The lovely subject of this picture seems so fresh from her bath, that the glow of is tepid vapour flushes her cheek, and mantles to her brow; and the delicate and naked foot has not yet found the refuge of the little slipper. There is, in the figure of Madame de Recamier, a sort of graceful awkwardness, which is frequently found accompanying the unstudied attitudes of a fine form, seeking ease of position, without reference to effect; and there is a sort of gathering up of the arms and shoulders, which adds the spirit of life and motion to the flowing softness of recumbency.—Another moment, and Madame



which had been lately filled with the Raphaels, the Guidos, the Corregios, the

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Recamier will have lain down on her *lit de repos*, and have given to a downy slumber those charms,

“ Which, sleeping or awake, shot forth peculiar graces.”

Three sovereigns sat to M. Gerard in the same day. —At twelve, he attended the King of France, at the Tuileries; at two, the Emperor of Russia came to him; and at three, the King of Prussia took the chair vacated by the Emperor. This is a curious incident in the life of the painter, and in the history of the times.

Among the pictures, in the gallery of Monsieur Girodet, I was particularly struck by a scene from “*Atala*,” and a picture of its author; the most striking likeness that ever portrait bore to an original. His *Endymion*, extremely calculated to fascinate a woman’s taste, is, I believe, marked by the approbation of all the first judges who have seen it. An air of peculiar classical elegance presides over all the works of Girodet’s pencil.

The modest and ingenious Guerin, of whom all his brother artists speak in the highest terms, has but one obstacle to immediate eminence—his youth—His picture of “*Phædra and Hippolytus*,” purchased by the late Emperor, and which I saw in one of the apartments of St. Cloud, laid the foundation of his reputation; which his “*Dido*,” has recently so highly raised.

The Miniatures of Saint have a strength and character, that seem almost incompatible with the delicacy of their touch. David has named Saint, the *Rembrandt*

Parmegianos; and the few persons who accompanied me, alone occupied the vastness of that beautiful and capacious gallery; which had contained thousands, when the nuptial procession of Buonaparte with the daughter of *Austria* passed, amidst the brilliant multitude that lined its walls, and the splendid spoils that hung on them. When I last visited it, it was filled with workmen, altering the position of the pictures which remain, and adding to their number the sea-views of Vernet, the St. Bruno series of Le Sueur, and the historical pictures of Rubens, all of which I had seen and admired, a few days before, in the gallery of the Luxembourg, their ancient destination.—That Vernet and Le Sueur should have

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*of miniature*,— as Ysabey, the soft and graceful Ysabey, has been called the *Raphael*. Laurent is, I believe, at the head of what is termed, “*tableaux de genre*.”

Among the female artists, (and there are many of considerable talent) Mademoiselle Lesiot holds a distinguished rank, for her admirable representations of the interior of churches, &c. &c. &c.

The French artists, (all at least, with whom I have had the pleasure of conversing) appear to be men of very considerable information, without the least tinge of professional coxcombry.

been transported from thence to the Louvre, might have been a matter of indifference ; but it appeared to me nothing short of profanation, that the Pictures of Rubens should have been removed from a spot, which they had occupied for nearly two hundred years—from the palace of his royal patroness, at whose commands they were executed ; and who there, day after day, watched the progress of his task. It was in the very gallery of the Luxembourg, which the pictures of Rubens so long adorned, that they were painted ;—it was under *his* eye they were ranged ; it was *he* disposed them where they lately hung ; and not a board, not a nail, in that noble apartment, but taste and sentiment would have held sacred. The pictures thus removed, now nearly fill up all the vacancies on the walls of the gallery of the Louvre, which the late *equitable* restitutions had left bare.

The *Place du Carrousel*, which intervenes between the palace of the Louvre and the *Tuileries*, was once notable for the tilts and tournaments celebrated within its bounds, and for the courtly *melo-drames* exhibited

in it, during those days of representation,  
when all France seemed

“ .....A stage!  
And all the men and women merely players.”

Louis XIV. gave here his famous *fête* to Mad. La Valiere, and strove to win her heart by flying Turks, whose *sorties*, from the angles of the court, are said to have given it its present name, by a forced etymology of “ *Quarré-aux-ailes*,” originating the modern application of *Carrousel*.

The *Place du Carrousel* is now most noticed for the triumphal arch, raised in honour of the victories of France, chiefly gained by Napoleon Buonaparte, and commemorating in its entablatures many of their most striking events.

The close approximation of this beautiful arch to the entrance of the palace of the Tuileries, is its greatest defect. Its greatest glory was once to have supported the far famed horses of Venice, whose departure from Paris excited such palpable and audible consternation in the inhabitants. The golden car of Triumph, to which those horses were harnessed, and which, it was

said, was intended to sustain the image of Napoleon, under the form of another *Jupiter Tonans*, I saw taken down, on the eve of the *fête* of Louis XVIII. Its descent scarcely fixed the momentary attention of the idlest passenger. The restitution of the horses affected the pride of a nation, which had long learned to esteem the treasures of art confided to its care, as its prime glory, and dearest boast. For the *Chariot of the Sun*, to whatever purpose it might have been originally devoted, they evinced not the least reverence, nor for its overthrow expressed the least regret.

It was on the entablatures of this arch, that the victories of Napoleon, which so long threatened the liberties of Europe, were represented, under every form, fact, and allegory, that the genius of sculpture or flattery could devise ; to meet the eye of the conqueror, and to dazzle the minds of an intoxicated people. These well-executed triumphs lurked in the concave, started from the tympan, and rose on the frieze. The meeting of the Emperor Napoleon with his admirer and disciple, the Emperor Alexander, was among the most

striking of its bas-reliefs. But this monument of a friendship, which, like love's frail vow,—

“ ... Sweet, but not permanent,  
Bore but the perfume and supplianee of a moment,”  
has, I believe, long been removed ;\* and if seen by the Emperor of Russia, in his visit to Paris, must have awakened *some* stifled sympathies, and brought to his recollection—

“ .....That *such things* WERE,  
And were most dear to *him*.†”

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\* Napoleon is said to have since declared that Alexander was “ *beau et facile comme un grec*.”

† The youthful admiration of the Emperor Alexander for Buonaparte, is well known. I was told that he imitated him in every thing, and that the republican general was very literally

“ The mirror in which he dressed himself.”

In their first meeting, at the ratification of the treaty of Tilsit, they evinced a sort of romantic fondness for each other's society, which seemed to go far beyond the usual ardors of political conferences, and of diplomatic *tête à tête*; and if circumstances rather unfavourable to the romantic friendships of emperors had not occurred, the Orestes and Pylades of antiquity might have yielded the palm to these imperial friends. To these observations, the following description of the *imperial embrassades*, during the conferences at the peace of Tilsit, is not altogether irrelevant.

After Napoleon and Alexander met on the rafts,

The palace of the Tuileries, inferior, in every point of view, to the Louvre, to

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thrown between their respective boats over the waters of the Niemen, they entered the temporary pavilion together, and remained *tefe-à-tefe* for two hours. *Le lendemain, à midi et demi, S. M. (Napoléon) s'est rendue au pavillon du Niemen.—L'Empereur Alexandre et le Roi de Prusse y sont arrivés, au même moment; les trois souverains sont restés ensemble dans le salon, pendant une demi-heure!—A cinq heures, l'Empereur Alexandre est passé sur la rive gauche, l'Empereur Napoléon l'a reçu, à sa descente du bateau, ils ont monté à cheval, et parcouru la grande rue de la ville, et sont descendus au Palais de l'Empereur Napoléon!—L'Empereur Alexandre y a dîné, &c. &c. Le 27, l'Empereur s'est rendu chez l'Empereur Alexandre; les deux princes sont restés ensemble jusqu'à six heures; ils ont alors monté à cheval, et sont allés voir manœuvrer la garde impériale. A huit heures, les deux souverains sont revenus au Palais de l'Empereur Napoléon, où ils ont dîné, comme la veille!! &c. &c. &c. Les deux souverains sont ensuite rentrés dans le Cabinet de l'Empereur Napoléon, où ils sont restés seuls, jusqu'à onze heures du soir!! Le 28. à une heure, l'Empereur Alexandre est venu faire une visite chez l'Empereur Napoléon!! A quatre heures l'Empereur Napoléon est allé voir l'Empereur Alexandre!!! Ils ont monté à cheval à cinq heures!! &c. &c.*

The hour of parting at length arrived; and nothing in the histories of Damon and Pythias, or Valentine and Orson, was half so affecting as the imperial "*fare-well.*" "*Les Empereurs sont restés ensemble pendant*

which it is joined by the gallery, is still a very noble and venerable structure; and forms a beautiful and appropriate termination to its own lovely gardens, and to that grand perspective which opens from the *Place Louis Quinze*. The palace was erected in 1564, by Catherine de Medicis, and in its apartments she celebrated that singular *fête* on the occasion of the mar-

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*trois heures, et ont ensuite monté à cheval; il se sont rendus au bord du Niemen, où l'Empereur Alexandre s'est embarqué.— L'Empereur Napoléon est demeuré sur le rivage, jusqu'à ce que l'Empereur Alexandre fût arrivé à l'autre bord. Les marques d'affection que les princes se sont données, en se séparant, ont excité la plus vive émotion parmi les nombreux spectateurs, qui s'étaient rassemblés, pour voir les plus grands souverains du monde offrir, dans les témoignages de leur réunion et de leur amitié, un solide garant du repos de la terre!! !”\**

“ Oh world, thy slippery turns ! friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear *one* heart,  
Whose *hours*, whose *meals*, whose *exercise* are still  
Together, who twin, as 'twere, in love  
Inseparable ; shall within this hour  
On a dissension of a *doit*, break out  
To bitterest enmity.”

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\* The above is a simple and literal transcript from the journals of the day.



riage of the King of Navarre with her fair frail daughter, of which Mons. de St. Foix expressly observes: —“ *Peut-on penser, sans frémir, à une femme qui compose et prépare une fête sur la massacre qu'elle doit faire, quatre jours après, d'une partie de la nation sur laquelle elle régnoit; qui sourit à ses victimes, qui joue avec le carnage, qui fait danser les nymphes sur les bords d'un fleuve de sang, et qui mêle les charmes de la musique aux gémissemens de cent mille malheureux, qu'elle égorge !!!*” This masque was, in fact, a rehearsal of the horrors of Saint Bartholomew !

It was in the *Salle des Machines* of the Tuileries, that Louis XIV. celebrated many of his formal revelries, and danced, as *chef de ballet*, for the amusement of his court. It was there, also, that Voltaire was crowned, a short time before his death, at the representation of his own *Irene*. It was from its truly splendid chambers, that the unfortunate Lewis XVI. was dragged to the gloomy cells of the Temple;—there the National Convention held its assemblies;—there Robespierre resided during

his reign of terror ; and there Buonaparte dwelt, during the whole of his consular and imperial government.

It is curious to observe, that in the apartments of the *rez-de-chaussée*, occupied by Catherine de Medicis, Napoleon Buonaparte, Ex-King of Rome, held his fairy court, at the mature age of five years ; and was taught to “ *représenter noblement et avec grace,*” on each returning sabbath ; when he received the homage of prelates and marshals, courtiers and statesmen, wielding the sceptre of the Cæsars, *in the form of a baby’s rattle*, and sometimes, when thus

“ Dress’d in a little brief authority,

Playing such tricks before high heaven,”

as made his own obsequious court not, “ *like angels, weep,*” but indulge in a very different propensity ; for it occasionally happened, that “ not to laugh, exceeded all power of face.\*”

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\* His Majesty of Rome, though a beautiful and promising personage, sometimes indulged in caprices incidental to the wantonness of power. One morning, when his levee was unusually crowded, no arguments could prevail on the King to leave some toys, given him by the *cher papa*. His amiable governess, the Comtesse de Montesquieu, was obliged to have recourse to

While the “*baby king*” dispensed smiles and sugar-plumbs, received homage and *confitures*, in one of the wings of the palace, and the holy representative of St. Peter lavished demi-francs and *bénédictions*, from the windows of the other,\* the grand poli-

the authority of his imperial mother, who ordered that the rod should not be spared, and the child spoilt, but that the King should be *forced* into the audience-chamber, to receive his court. A person of rank, present upon this momentous occasion, when royalty kissed the rod, assured me, that no trace of the swollen cheek and tearful eye was to be found in the countenance of the tiny king; but that he at once recovered himself, and held out his hand to be kissed with so smiling a grace, that no opposition to his *royal will* could be traced, in his *most gracious manner*.

\* The pleasure and amusement, which his Holiness found in a “*winter at Paris*,” are said to be the subject of royal reproach at the present moment. The following “*substance*,” of the pending negotiations, between the Vatican and the Tuileries, is circulated among the *mauvais plaisants* of the French capital.

“Comment avez vous pu faire un Concordat avec l’usurpateur?” dit le Roi au Pape, qui répond :

“Sire, je vous ai cherché par tout, et je ne vous ai trouvé, nulle part.”

“Mais, vous savez bien (dit le Roi) qu’avec ma légitimité où *je ne suis pas, j’y suis*.”

“Cela est vrai ; (répond Sa Saintété) mais de mon coté, avec mon infailibilité *quand j’ai tort, j’ai raison*.”

tical Roscius himself went through his several acts of imperial dignity, in the *corps de logis*, between both. Thus the feverish history of each short-lived hero of the day, who

“ Struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more ;”

might be compendiously illustrated in the descriptive details of a suite of apartments ; as the prim house-keeper of an old English mansion recites, with her history of the blue and the green chambers, the lives and adventures of the Sir Hildebrands and the Sir Walters, who are arranged along their walls in their perriwigs and picture frames, the “ *shadows of shades*” long passed away into nothing.

The Tuileries in its appropriations and names, has shared the fate of all things else in France, for the last twenty-five years, The *Château des Tuileries*, its ancient royal designation, was exchanged for that of the *Palais du Gouvernement* ; and that again for the *Palais Impérial*. It is now once more the *Château des Tuileries*, under the revived dynasty of its ancient masters and occupants, who again inhabit, and hold their

courts in, its beautiful and splendid apartments.

“ Here pitch we our tents *to-day*,  
But where *to-morrow* ?”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ La docte Antiquité fut toujours *vénérable* ;  
Je ne la trouve pas cependant *adorable*.”

There is an air of gloomy desolation, hanging over the silent grass-grown courts of the Sorbonne, with its dark buildings and dilapidated chapel, which communicated a correspondent sadness to my imagination, as I entered it, and which not even the brilliant *atelier* of Meynier, and of Mademoiselle de ——— could dispel. As I stood in the great hall of many a theological disputation, the answer of Casaubon to one of the learned doctors, occurred to me with great force: “ *Voilà une salle, où l'on dispute depuis quatre cents ans,*” —said his solemn *Cicerone*. “ *Eh, bien ! qu'est-ce qu'on y a décidé ?*” asked Casaubon.

The Sorbonne is indeed a singular monument, commemorating the facility with which mankind submit to the influence of opinions, imposed on them by dogmatising

arrogance. Of all that was taught and disputed by the *doctores socii* of the Sorbonne, what now remains to benefit the interests of mankind? Who now occupies himself about the doctrine of grace, supported and argued with so much vehemence, by L'Escot and the disciple of St. Cyrian? Who now enlists under the banners of Hubert or Arnauld, in their contests on Jansenism and Jesuitism? In a little time, even the names of these doughty disputants, who had once so many partizans, and who so long engaged the attention of the public, will be consigned to oblivion. It was of this great theatre of theological disputation, and religious sophisms, that Pascal observes, "*Qu'il étoit plus aisé d'y trouver des moines, que des argumens.*"—But in the silent, solemn courts of the Sorbonne, there are now neither monks nor arguments to be found; and the once gloomy cells of its doctors are devoted to the most elegant of the arts, and occupied by its professors.

Here, in quiet sequestration from the busy haunts of men, young and aspiring talent pursues its way to eminence; and the pencil of genius creates mythological loves, and

poetical graces,\* where theological brawls were once loudly re-echoed, and where the grave Coger vented his bile, in his laborious censures on the “*Bélisaire*” of Marmontel, and the “*Epoques de la Nature*.” The church of the Sorbonne, which cardinal de Richelieu seems to have built for the reception of his own magnificent monument, (now removed to the *Monumens Français*,) is in a state of ruinous dilapidation. In one of its spacious vaults moulder the remains of that once “gallant, gay Lothario,” the irresistible object of every lady’s love, the subject of every courtly poet’s song, the Marechal Duc de Richelieu.

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The *Abbaye Royale de Ste. G  n  vi  ve*, is a splendid and imposing edifice. During the revolution it was devoted “to all the gods,” under the name of the Pantheon; but now once more has deserted the heathen deities, in favour of its christian mistress; whose golden shrine may again glitter under its magnificent dome. From a long con-

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\* I saw here, in the *atelier* of Monsieur Meynier, some good pictures.

templation of this dome, admirable for the boldness and lightness of its double cupola, (the *chef-d'œuvre* of the structure,) we descended into the gloom of its subterraneous chambers; almost as extensive, but much less rude, than the crypt of Canterbury cathedral, which we had visited a short time before. Here we found several little chapels and monuments, containing the ashes of the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz:—Here, too, we found the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau.—The ashes of the patriarch of Ferney were conveyed hither, with solemn pomp, from the *Abbaye de Sellières*, in 1792. —The remains of Rousseau were taken from his own beloved “*Ile des Peupliers*,” and some time after were entombed in the Pantheon,\* under the special direction of Cambacères. It cannot be said of these two celebrated philosophers, that, with respect to each other, “they were *lovely in their*

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\* The revolutionary passion for Rousseau is much abated; while the reputation of Voltaire increases with revolving years. At the time his walking cane was sold for so high a price, the *MS.* of *Julie* was put up for sale, and did not find one bidder.



*lives,*" though in "*death they are not dis-united ;*" for Voltaire would, most probably, have preferred "*his snug lying in the Ab-baye,*" to this close neighbourhood with Rousseau, even in the "*Temple of all the Gods !*"

Mirabeau was the first of the profane, whose remains were inurned within the hallowed walls of St. Genevieve. Nothing could exceed the pomp and popular grief, which accompanied his funeral, but the popular caprice, which so soon afterwards deemed his remains unworthy of so distinguished a tomb ; and which again removed his ashes to an obscure corner, in the cemetery of St. Etienne du Mont. "*Il n'y a qu'un pas du Capitole, à la Roche Tar-péienne,*" was one of the best observations in one of his last eloquent speeches.

The *Bibliothèque du Panthéon*, or the *Bibliothèque de Ste. Gèneviève*, is notable for its cupola, painted by Restaut ; for its cabinet of antiquities ; for its curious plan of Rome, *en relief*, and for its treasures of eighty thousand volumes. But the object most interesting to me, in this valuable library, was

its venerable and distinguished librarian, Monsieur Chevalier,\* the author of so many well known tracts on Greece, and himself an admirable transcript of the independent literary men in France, of the last forty years; combining, in his manner, a certain impress of erudition, acquired in the closet, with all the politeness which is attained exclusively in the salon. He talked much to me, and with great delight, of his residence in England and Scotland; and made many enquiries for his more youthful and very ingenious *collaborateur*, Sir William Gell.

The *Cabinet de Ste. G  n  vi  re* contains a collection, more curious than extensive, of natural history, and antiquities, Etruscan, Egyptian, Greek and Roman. But I saw nothing among its medals and fossils, nothing among its specimens of nature and art, that

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\* Monsieur Chevalier was for some time private tutor to Sir F. Burdett. I owe my introduction to Monsieur Chevalier to Mr. Warden, the late American consul, in Paris; from whom I experienced much kindness and attention. Mr. Warden is well known in the literary circles of Paris, and is the author of an excellent work, on *American Statistics*.

had an attraction for me equal to that of two small portraits, which decorated its walls: the one, an original picture of Mary Queen of Scots, presented, by her own beautiful hands, to the monks of St. Genevieve, and in high preservation;—the other, a *black* Nun; a natural daughter of Louis XIV., bearing a much stronger resemblance to her negro mother, than to the Roman features of her august father.—Of the loves of this royal Adonis, which have reached posterity, this passion for a “*dingy dear*” is the only one, known solely through the evidence of a portrait, and authenticated simply by tradition.

When we first entered the library of the Pantheon, we found above two hundred students deeply engaged in their learned pursuits, and insensible to all that was passing around them. They were all very young men, but study had already faded many a blooming cheek, and curved many an ample brow. Some of them, as they sat buried in abstraction, might, for attitude and expression, have presented splendid models to painting or sculpture, in personifying the first career of genius, or

in representing an image of studious youth, in its most picturesque point of view. The noble library is open daily to the public, from ten till two ; it is chiefly resorted to by the students of the *pays Latin* ; and Monsieur Chevalier assured me, that there were generally a greater number, but rarely fewer than I then saw assembled. Take the patient, laborious, but enthusiastic student of the *pays Latin*,\* the ardent volunteer, not the constrained conscript of learning and science, supporting every privation, and almost rendered insensible to want, by his devotion to study ; behold him working his own way to eminence, undebased by patronage, unassisted by prescribing and scanty liberality, and he forms a very noble contrast to the frivolous *gens de lettres* of other times, living in a miserable dependence upon those, whose support they repaid by

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\* The *pays Latin* is the name given to the *quartier* of the Sorbonne, where the students of the many colleges, lycees, and academies in that neighbourhood lodge. Here may be found a *précis* of all the learned faculties, and the students of the *Ecoles de Médecine*, the *Jardin des Plantes*, &c. &c. &c. usually devote the hours, spared from professional study, to the public libraries, particularly to the *Bibliothèque du Panthéon*.

the prostitution of their talent, the loss of their time, and the sacrifice of their liberty.

The *Palais du Luxembourg*, or *Palais Conservateur*, less rich than the palaces of the Louvre and the Thuilleries, is not without its historical associations. It was erected on the ruins of the hotel of the Duc de Luxembourg, by Marie de Medicis, and became the residence of the celebrated princess Mademoiselle de Montpensier. In the apartments, where La Fosse had painted the butterfly loves of Flora and Zephyr, now so much more beautifully represented, at the French opera, by Albert, and Fanni Bias, the romantic Mademoiselle de Montpensier\* received the clandestine visits of her inconstant Duc de Lauzun; and these chambers, sacred to royal loves, to the graces, and the arts, became the prison, it may be said the tomb, of all that France boasted, of virtue or talent, in the year 1793. To its gardens, then a desolate waste, now a paradise, weeping friends resorted, during the reign of terror, to catch

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\* This ludicrous and enamoured old lady becomes almost interesting as the heroine of one of Madame de Genlis' charming novels.

a last look from all they held dearest ; though the painful indulgence was not always granted, of approaching the windows of their prison chamber.

The paintings of Rubens no longer enrich the galleries, where they were executed ; but *La Baigneuse*, that beautiful specimen of modern French sculpture, still, I believe, remains at the Luxembourg, to compensate for other losses !

There are perhaps, in no other capital of Europe such beautiful, such numerous, and such spacious gardens, for public recreation, as are to be found, even in the heart of Paris ; and which, indeed, make one forget its narrow streets, and close avenues, by the facility they afford to all the purposes of health and exercise. The garden of the Luxembourg is eminently beautiful :—its shaded groves, its luxuriant orange trees, its statues, its fountains, the quantity, loveliness, and variety of its shrubs, and flowers, its noble palace, and its extended views, render it a perfect Eden ; while the quaint and primitive population, which resort to its walks, and occupy its numerous and commodious seats, by the simplicity of their

habits, manners, and air, rather increase, than diminish, its attractions, in a stranger's eye. Less brilliant and cheerful, and infinitely less populous and fashionable, than the gardens of the Tuileries—less curious and important than the *Jardin des Plantes*, the gardens of the Luxembourg are, I think, more noble, and even more a *bel-respiro*, than either of these distinguished resorts of pleasure, fashion, and science.

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The riches of the public libraries, the liberality with which they are opened to readers, of every class and rank, and the accommodation and facilities provided for those who visit them, either as places of study, or curiosity, render Paris the most desirable residence in the world, to the learned, the studious, and the literary.

The *Bibliothèque du Roi*, named successively the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, and *Bibliothèque Imperiale*, but now once more the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, is, I believe, deemed one of the most extensive and curious public libraries in Europe. Amidst the multitude of books which crowd on the view, it

is difficult to circumscribe the imagination to that point, when its original foundation by Charles V. included but *twenty* volumes. This great emporium of bibliothecal riches fell into neglect, during the agitated periods of the revolution ; but during the imperial regime it was eminently enriched, by the literary spoils of the Belgic and Italian conquests. Among the number of its recent acquisitions were several editions of works anterior to 1476 ; the MS. of Leonardo da Vinci, and the “ *Herbier*” of Haller.

Under the auspices of the learned Mons. van Prat, and Mons. Langlès, the celebrated orientalist, we derived all the pleasure and benefit from our visit to this great national library, which it was possible to obtain from the most profound knowledge, liberal communication, and flattering attentions. What struck me most, among the many curious MS. works which were particularly recommended to our notice, was a collection of letters, by Pope, and some writing of Rousseau's, remarkable for its caligraphy ; a Virgil of Racine, with notes, written by himself in the margin ; a collection of MS. letters from Voltaire to Mad



du Châtelet, written in an excellent hand, the initials of all the proper names in small character, (an error universal in modern French composition, for even Fontainebleau he spelt with a small f); a Boccaccio, of the same date with that purchased, at so large a price, by the present Duke of Devonshire; and a *Recueil* of letters from Henry IV. to the Marquise de Verneuil, perfectly legible, and highly preserved. Over this little collection I loitered sufficiently long to put the patience of Mons. van Prat to the test, if indeed it were not *à toute épreuve*. These letters were characterised by that warmth, frankness, and simplicity, which so eminently distinguished the style and character of the mountain-bred prince, who never seems to have lost the impression of his early habits and education. I observed, that there was not one manuscript of any literary woman; of the Scuderis, the Daciers, the Sevignés, the La Fayettees. It is not improbable, that the manuscripts of Madame de Staal will form the foundation of a new branch, in the curious collection of the *Bibliothèque du Roi*.

Among the antiquities and curiosities of

this splendid library, the chair of King Dagobert, in which Buonaparte was crowned Emperor of the French, appeared the most interesting, by its great antiquity and rude structure; the enormous globes, constructed in 1683, by the Jesuit Coronelli, were the most singular; and the *French Parnassus* the most amusing and ludicrous, and peculiarly characteristic of the taste of the times in which it was made. On the top of this *French Parnassus* appears Louis XIV. in his old *stock character* of Apollo, surrounded by the graces, (represented by Madame de Suze, Madame Deshoulières, and Mademoiselle de Scuderi,) and receiving a model of the work he crowns, from the hands of Monsieur Garnier, who presents it *on his knees*. This toy, which is scarcely worthy a place in a girl's baby-house, is described in a folio volume, under the title of "*Parnasse Français*," and was presented to the library in 1732, by Monsieur Titon du Tillet. The *Bibliothèque du Roi* is supposed to contain considerably above three hundred and fifty thousand volumes!

The *Bibliothèque Mazarine*,\* lately the *Bibliothèque des Quatre Nations*, was so close to my place of residence, that fulfilling the old proverb, I visited it less frequently than most of the other libraries. Of its intelligent and very clever librarian, Monsieur Feletz, one of the most able, and indeed, most liberal critics of the day, I saw a great deal; and I was in the habit of receiving so many *gratuitous* attentions at his hands, that those he was deputed *officially* to pay me, are among the least of which I preserve a grateful recollection. To the *Arsenal*, and other public libraries at Paris, my visits were so cursory, that it would be presumption to mention them farther than to observe, that all are conducted with great liberality, for the public use, and the encouragement of letters. Nor can I close this very feeble sketch of these noble and splendid institutions, without an observation, to which every stranger who

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\* This library was directed to be sold by the parliament of Paris, during the *Fronde*, and fifty thousand francs of the produce were assigned as a reward to whoever should take its founder, *dead or alive*.

has visited them must subscribe, that the distinguished gentlemen, who preside over them, present an union of urbanity and erudition, a knowledge of life and a knowledge of books, that leave no evidence, not a single trace of the dust of the closet, or the smoke of the lamp. To be at once a fine gentleman and a profound scholar, is a privilege granted but to few ; but I am certain, that it is a union more frequently existing in France than in any country whatever ; and that it will always be much easier to find the learning and urbanity of *Menage*, in the libraries and salons of Paris, than the learning and brutality of Johnson, even among the most dogmatic and least polished of the members of its schools of science and philosophy.

In visiting the ancient and royal manufactory of the *Gobelins*, I was struck with the conviction of its intimate connection with absolute power, and regal expenditure. The produce of its looms, too beautiful for utility, and too costly for private purchase, is exclusively destined by the monarch to decorate the walls of his numerous palaces.

Unbeneficial to commerce, and possessing no influence on the rational industry, this manufacture, a dead weight upon the public purse, by its peculiar rules of government, binds the workman, from generation to generation, to an employment both morally and physically enervating; and attaches them, like slaves to the establishment, by rendering them incapable of adopting any other mode of subsistence. The same families have, from time immemorial, supplied the successive artists, as if the process were a birth-right inheritance, like the profession of the Hindoo tribes. It takes the prime of a long life, to become an expert workman; and the best half of a man's existence not unfrequently goes to working the hangings of a bed-room, or celebrating, in worsted, some single incident of a royal life. To conceive the tediousness of this curious art, it is necessary to view the workmen at their labours; but to judge of its beauty, perfection, and close imitation to painting, some of its recent productions, copying the finest pictures of the best modern artists, should be

seen. In glow of colouring, fidelity of outline, and delicacy of touch, they rival the most masterly touches of the pencil.

Some fine pieces, of which the victories of Buonaparte formed the subject, copied from the works of Gros and Gerard, were in the frames, when a change, in the political affairs of Europe, produced a change in the affairs of the *Gobelins*; and the battles of Jaffa and Austerlitz were hurled into obscurity, to make way for representations of the present royal family of France, for pictures of Henry IV., and trophies and devices of loyal sentiment, crowned *with lilies*. As these subjects were newly put into the frames, nothing was finished; but the paintings from which they were to be copied, were already rivalled in the little that was commenced. The tapestry of the present day is infinitely superior to all that has preceded; and through the kindness of the director, Monsieur Casas, I had an opportunity of judging by comparison, as he displayed for our inspection all the different stages of the art, from some of its earliest to its latest productions. The workmen looked all squalid and unhealthy; they

ordinarily rise by seniority in the different degrees of their profession, and as their moderate salaries are fixed, they know the utmost point of competency, to which their most laborious exertions can attain. They occupy small houses in the square of the building, which is usually their cradle and their tomb. Upon the whole, the *Gobelins* and its inhabitants left an impression of gloom on my mind, that, without lessening my sensibility to the kindness and attentions of Monsieur Casas, took from the pleasure and amusement, derived from its curious and beautiful productions.

Among the most splendid specimens of the manufacture which we saw, were a small representation of the death of Dessaix, and a very large piece, copied from the admired picture of Buonaparte's visit to the plague-hospitals at Cairo, in which he is depicted in the act of touching a plague sore, in order to inspire confidence and to revive hope. The faithful but horrible representation of disease, in all its tremendous features, and the personal likeness of the principal figures, are accurately preserved in the tapestry copy, which, at some future time,

will serve to illustrate the history of the revolution. At present it is, by royal command, consigned to darkness and obscurity ; and can only be visited by a special favour, of which foreigners are almost exclusively the objects. The sole benefit, which the nation can be said to derive from this costly manufacture, consists in occasional improvements in the manipulations of *dying*, by which the brilliancy of the colours has been greatly increased ; an improvement, that will doubtless influence the national manufacture of silk.

Of the many objects which attracted our attention at the *Gobelins*, the water-colour drawings of Monsieur Casas himself were not among the least pleasing. The scenery being taken from Greece and from Palestine, excited an interest beyond that of their picturesque effect, or exquisite finish. This gentleman being adverse to the revolution, experienced very harsh and unjust treatment at the hands of its several governments. He had dedicated the early part of his life to travels in Italy, Sicily, Greece and Palestine, collecting drawings of all the principal remains of antiquity ; and he



was among the many persons employed by the Duke de Choiseul, during his residence in Asia, in illustrating the classic land of Genius and of Liberty.—From the designs he had thus the opportunity of collecting, at an enormous expence for a person of his moderate fortune, he constructed models of the most celebrated architectural antiquities ; not in their present state of dilapidation, but completed from the remaining fragments, and restored to their original splendor and perfection.

Of this costly and beautiful collection, which embraces specimens of almost every country and every æra, the republican government are said to have possessed themselves by an almost forcible purchase ; at a price which, though far below its intrinsic value, or even its first cost, was never faithfully paid to the vender ; and to add to the mortification, the models remain to this day buried in an obscure chamber of the *Palais de l'Institut*, at the *Quatre Nations*. It is impossible for the person, who has not seen them, and who judges only from his general idea of such works, to conceive the imposing effect produced by their number, by

their perfection, or by the associations they inevitably suggest. Let those who have seen the long rows of broken columns, which are exhibited in the pictures of Palmyra, conceive these splendid remains, restored to their original condition, and connected into one whole, of perfect symmetry and of imposing magnitude. Imagination instantly peoples the long vista of colonnades, and fancy traces there the footsteps of a Zenobia and a Longinus. The theatre near Lamp-sacus, in a state of equal perfection, and fitted for scenic representation, affords an accurate idea of the œconomy of the Greek drama, and of the magnificence of its details. The majestic Parthenon frowns beside the superb temples of Pæstum, and contrasts in its severe simplicity with the more stupendous and at the same time more florid architecture of the Egyptian temple, at Tentyra. The richness, the variety of this collection, the beauty and minute fidelity of its execution, the instruction it is calculated to convey, and the infinity of reflections it must necessarily excite, render it one of the most interesting and curious exhibitions which Paris affords; and I have

dwelt more particularly upon it, from the obscurity in which it is buried, and the general ignorance I found among our countrymen at Paris, of the existence of this treasure to the antiquarian, and the artist.

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It is a curious observation of Menage, that “*les armoiries des nouvelles maisons sont, pour la plus grande partie, les enseignes de leurs boutiques.*” If this be generally true, the *armorial bearings* of the future *parvenus* of France, elevated by acquired opulence from the *shop* to the *peerage*, will present a very curious series of *heraldic* mysteries, and puzzle the comprehension of posterity. The scutcheon would not be very easily deciphered, even by the garter-king of arms himself, which should bear, on a field *argent*, an ox, dressed in the extreme of the fashion of 1816; or “*gules*,” three *Mandarins proper*, shaking together in aguish fraternity. Still, however, these new *chimerical figures*, introduced among the *cockatrices crested*, and *griffons segreiants* of older coats, have now their due signification; and intimate that the progenitors of

future gentility sell *bœuf à-la-mode*, at the sign of *the well-dressed Ox*, *Rue du Lycée*, and that Indian shawls may be purchased *aux Trois Magots*, *Rue de Seine*.

Nothing, indeed, in Paris, is more amusing, than the classical allusion and sentimental devices of the signs ; and the absurdity of their application adds much to the ridicule of their effect. I observed over a butcher's shop, in the *Rue St. Dennis*, the sign of a bouquet of faded pinks, with the device "*Au tendre souvenir.*" The "*Temptation of St. Anthony*," in relief, hung next door to the sign of the "*Fille mal-gardée*;" and "*Les Trois Pucelles*" figured over the windows of an army tailor ; who, to extend his custom, styled himself in large gilt letters, "*Tailleur civil et militaire.*" While *St. Augustin* promises to "*reblanchir les vieilles plumes à neuf*;" "*L'Ange Gardien*" professes "*de faire des envois pour l'étranger*," and the "*Religieux*" offers his "*Magazin de nouveautés, le tout à juste prix.*"

"*Au bien-venu !*" "*Au revenant*," "*Aux bons enfans*," "*Aux amis de la paix*," are devices frequently hoisted to seduce custom ; and "*La belle Hélène*," and the

“*Trois Sultanes*,” repeat their charms in every quarter to catch the eye, and to interest either the feelings or the taste of the unwary passenger. Even ethics are brought in to the aid of sentiment, and the dearest things in Paris are bought, “*au petit gain*,” or offered for sale, “*à la conscience*.”

To those accustomed only to the “*plain, honest, homely, wholesome, brown-brick houses*” of England, whose architectural taste has not been formed on the marble splendours of Italian palaces, the great hotels of Paris must, in their exterior aspect and interior arrangement, present a very striking picture both of magnitude and magnificence. Apparently built to image the expected durability of the ancient families who were destined to inhabit them, they have, indeed, long survived the grandeur and existence of their original proprietors;\* and they preserve many evidences

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\* Many of the tapestry hangings, in the old châteaux and hotels of France, record the family pride and sense of the high antiquity of the French noblesse. On the hangings of a room, in the hotel of the Comte de Croy, is represented a scene from the deluge; and a man pursuing Noah, with the words, “*Mon ami, sauvez les pa-*

of the sumptuous and gorgeous taste of the days, in which they were raised.—Painting, sculpture, statuary, carving, gilding, tapestry, were all as indispensably necessary to “*monter un grand hôtel*,” as the rafts and beams that supported its roof; and Gougeon, Ducerceau, Mansard and Coypel were called in as regularly to the construction of a noble edifice, as the stone-cutters, bricklayers, plasterers, and carpenters who put it together.

The hotels de Beauvilliers, de Soubise, de Rohan, de Beauveau, de Turgot, (once de Sully; names that go so well together) to whose beauties the genius of the Coustous, Brunettis, Le Maire and Vandervorts have contributed; with many others of equally ancient date, still retain something of their “original splendor,” though “*shorn of their beams*,” and more than “*half obscured*.”—It is, indeed, difficult to fix upon a place of residence in Paris, whose scite or neigh-

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*piers des Croys.*” On a tapestry, in the château of the present Duc de Levis, the Virgin Mary was represented saying to one of the family who stood *bare-headed* before her: “*Mon cousin, couvrez-vous* ;” who replies : “*Ma cousine, c’est pour ma commodité.*”

bourhood is not illustrated by some dwelling of former greatness, (marked out in those numerous *Mémoires*, with which French literature teems,) or distinguished by some higher character of historic interest. On arriving in Paris at the hotel Belgique, I found we were close by the hotel de Rambouillet, where the scholastic gallants of the Sorbonne, and the *beaux esprits* of the Port Royal assisted to found those literary *coteries*, which, though proverbial for their pedantry and bad taste, their Trissotins and Vadius's, still assembled in their formal groups some of the most distinguished characters, that France ever produced. On removing to the hotel D'Orleans in the faubourg St. Germain, we found our apartment hanging over the gardens, and commanding the hotel de la Rochefoucault, where the Encyclopedists so constantly assembled ; where the Voltaires, D'Alemberts and Diderots were united in wit and philosophy ; and where the first meeting of those *five friends* took place, who formed the subsidiary society of "*Les amis des nègres*,"—Gregoire, Mirabeau, de La Rochefoucault, Condorcet, and La Fayette.

It was among some singular coincidences which occurred during my residence in France, that within view of this memorable apartment, I had the honor of receiving in one morning the Abbé Gregoire, M. de La Fayette,\* the Count G. de La Rochefoucault, and his most lovely countess, a relation of Condorcet's, and the nephew of Mirabeau, the Count de Lasterie, celebrated for having introduced into France the art of engraving on stone.†

Besides those vast and magnificent hotels, which may be deemed monuments of faded grandeur and historical glory, many of the modern edifices, which rival them in splendor, and surpass them in taste, have the superadded interest of having been raised

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\* M. G. La Fayette, the only son of General La Fayette, and heir to all his virtues.

† For this purpose a smooth<sup>d</sup> compact stone, having a conchoidal fracture, effervescing with acids, is brought from Germany. The subject is drawn at once upon its polished surface, with a crayon composed of materials unaffected by nitric acid, to which acid the uncovered part is afterwards exposed: the process, therefore, is the reverse of etching, and leaves the subject, in relief, above the general surface of the plate.



or inhabited by persons of political eminence, or literary notoriety. The Hotel de Beaumarchais, in the fauxbourg St. Antoine, immediately opposite to the Bastille, was built at a vast expence by the delightful author of one of the most amusing, philosophical, and entertaining comedies, which any language has produced, *Le Mariage de Figaro*. The hotel de Beaumarchais, erected on the designs of Le Moine, is, I believe, meant to be a perfect *rus in urbe*: for wildernesses, grottos, subterraneous caverns, and gurgling fountains, are all assembled in a space, not much larger than that usually assigned to the flower-knot of an English villa; and seen dropped, as if by accident, in the very centre of whatever is most vulgar, bustling, noisy, and coarse in Paris; where the silence of its hermitage is disturbed by the cry of “*habits galons*,” and a butcher’s shop salutes the eye, which emerges from the dark recesses of a gloomy cavern.

In the garden of this Vaocluse of the Boulevards, is a very pretty temple, raised to the memory of Voltaire; and under the shade of a willow, marked by an urn filled

with the golden flowers of *l'immortelle*, repose the ashes of Beaumarchais himself. In passing over this little spot of earth, all that is spiritual, buoyant, light and fanciful, in the aërial character of the little *Cherubin*, the "*maudit page*," of the piquante *Suzanne*, the adroit *Figaro*, and the feminine countess, occurred to my memory, and formed a melancholy contrast with the associations of the tomb.

The Hotel de Beaumarchais, without being very large, contains many suits of rooms painted in fresco ; but too small and too low for the English standard of handsome apartments. The *salle à manger* is remarkable for the double flight of steps, which lead to it from the *salon de compagnie* ; and for the fountain of clear water, with which it is refreshed. In one of the windows, which looks immediately over the ruins of the Bastille, stands a perfect model of that formidable prison, formed out of one of the stones of its own foundation. The Hotel de Beaumarchais is not open to the public.—It is occupied by Mad. de Beaumarchais, whose advanced age and infirm state of health do not permit her to

receive company ; and I owe the pleasure I derived from my visit to the dwelling of a man, whose talents I had so long admired, to the politeness of his accomplished daughter, Madame de la Rue, who, if I may judge from the *éloquence du billet*, which accompanied her invitation, is the legitimate heiress to much of the playful wit, which distinguished the works of her celebrated father.

The Hotel de la Reynière, independent of the splendour of its arrangements, and the elegance of its furniture, will always have a claim to interest among the professors of the science of *savoir vivre*, as being the house of the author of the celebrated “*Almanach des Gourmands*.” This beautiful hotel was built by Monsieur de la Reynière, father of its present owner, a rich *fermier-général*, the rival of the La Popelinières, and other luxurious and opulent *financiers* of the Place-Vendome. The elegance and magnificence of this hotel, its superb furniture and rich gilding, give a tolerably just idea of the sumptuousness and splendor of that class of men, whose office and wealth arose out of those corrupt

institutions, which impoverished thousands, to support a few in wanton extravagance, and inordinate luxury.

It was here old La Reynière put those principles into practice, which his son has since so wittily resolved into systems ; and gave suppers, of which it was said, by his aristocratical guests, “ *on les mange, mais on ne les digère pas.*” An anecdote is told, which places the egotism of these noble *convives* of the old farmer-general in a very humorous point of view. Monsieur de la Reynière, after having long united, in his own person, the two lucrative places of *administrateur des postes* and *fermier-général*, (in which he was supported by the influence of certain friends at court, whom he repaid by his dinners and suppers,) found himself suddenly reduced to the alternative of resigning one of those places, and complained to his noble friends of the diminution of his revenue. “ *Eh ! mais, mon Dieu !*” replied the Duc de \* \* \* \*, who was present, “ *cela ne fait pas une grande différence dans votre fortune. C’est un million à mettre à fonds perdus, et nous n’en viendrons pas moins souper chez vous.*”

Monsieur Grimod de la Reynière adds to the inheritance of the paternal talent for the *gastronomic* art,\* a peculiar humour all his own : and as it was said of him by the wits of Paris, some years back,—“ *Il alloit à l’immortalité par trois routes différentes ; par ses livres, par ses actions, et par ses soupers.*” This literary Apicius made his *début*, by a parody on a work of Condorcet’s ; and established his reputation for wit and cookery, by his “ *Almanach des Gourmands.*” He, however, soon left the practice of the art in which he excelled, and contented himself with furnishing rules, which he preferred exemplifying at any other person’s expence than his own. M. de la Reynière, therefore, has long resigned one of *his paths to immortality* ; and though he gives new editions of his work, no longer illustrates its theories at his table ; for he *gives no more suppers*, nor holds any more “ *Jurés dégustateurs.*” Mons. de la

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\* The grandfather of M. de la Reynière was also celebrated for his *gourmandise*, and the sumptuousness of his table. His death was characteristic as that of Anacreon: he died of a surfeit, got by eating too freely of turkies’ livers.

Reynière was not in Paris, during my residence there, but many anecdotes of his singular humour and *espièglerie*\* were repeated to me, by those who knew him well. I had an opportunity of visiting his splendid hotel, under circumstances that highly contributed to its brilliancy and magnificence; for it is now the temporary town residence of the Duke of Wellington.

It was in this hotel that his Grace gave a splendid ball, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duc de Berri; which, from the circumstance of all the guests coming

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\* Mad. de la Reynière, the mother of M. Grimod, is still alive, and occupies a wing of the hotel. She is of the *haute-noblessè*: her late husband was rather of a *roturine* extraction. It was among the amusements of his son to invite, on the same day, to dinner, the noble relatives of his high-born mother, with some of the *bourgeois* kinsmen of his father; presenting them to each other with "Monsieur le Duc, this is our cousin, the baker;" or, "our uncle, the butcher." He also piqued himself on bringing professed enemies together at his table—Talma, with his severe critic Geoffroi; Mad. Mars, with her rival, Mad. Le Vert, &c. &c. &c. He once hired out coaches to vex his father, who refused him money; and is so far from objecting to the notoriety of his gambols, that he is himself the first to mention and laugh at them.

fresh from the *grand couvert* at the Tuileries, in their splendid court dresses, together with the illuminations of the hotel and gardens, in honour of the event, produced an effect of brilliancy and magnificence to which description can do no possible justice. In the arrangements of this beautiful *fête*, in the delicacy, plenteousness, and variety of the table, the abundant genuine hospitality of England, the simplicity and chastity of its taste were never better represented. The *mélange* of all parties, all nations, which appeared in those rooms, closely associated under the eye of the distinguished person, who so materially contributed to effect this *moral* and *political fusion*, was a singular picture for philosophy to gaze on, and even for common-place observation to pause over and examine. It was curious to see in this congress of beauty and fashion, to which so many countries lent some of its lovely representatives, the *belles* of Berlin, Petersburg, Rome, London, Paris, Edinburgh, and Dublin—all assembled under the same roof. Buonapartist-generals, waltzing in close embrace with pretty *royalistes enra-*

ges, and revolutionary senators linked in a *chaine-entiere* with *ultra*-partners, formed the best illustration of the “*Holy Alliance*” that could possibly be given: and perhaps it might have been as well for the interests of Europe, if its affairs had been thus settled in a country dance in Paris, instead of being gossiped over in council at Vienna; if a *quadrille* had been substituted for a *congress*, and pretty women had mingled their *entre-chats* and *demi-courbettes* with the solemn motions of young diplomatists, and the slow arrangements of expediency ministers.

I remember, that in the bustling and press of this brilliant crowd, I was forced to lean against a table for support, on which rested the historical bust of Buonaparte. Before me stood the conqueror of Waterloo, in conversation with Marshal Marmont; on either side the Turkish ambassador, in eastern costume, and Pozzo di Borgho, in his Russian orders!—What a combination! During the whole night groups equally incongruous and extraordinary were continually repeated.



The hôtel de Sommariva is enriched by some of the finest pictures of the old Italian masters, and some of the most splendid specimens of the genius of modern artists : but it is the *Terpsichore* and *Magdeleine* of Canova, that lend the hôtel de Sommariva its principal interest, if the taste, politeness, and hospitality of Mons. de Sommariva himself be excepted. The *Terpsichore* is so highly estimated, even by its unrivalled artist, that it is the only one of his works to which he has put his name. The charm of this beautiful statue is, its life !—the mysterious art, by which the Praxiteles of modern days has communicated the appearance of motion to what is motionless, and lent vitality to marble ! *Terpsichore*, with the form of a Grace and the head of a Hebe, seems almost to illustrate the art over which she presides ; and I should have felt much less surprise to have seen her spring from the pedestal, which her delicate foot scarcely touches, than I have occasionally experienced from the unexpected agility of some *human elephant*, moving its ponderous weight by

an organic impulsion, in which *life* and *will* seemed to have no part.\* Still, however, with all her beauty, all her *life*, all her grace, the lovely *Terpsichore* is more than rivalled by the grief-worn form of the penitent *Magdeleine*. A small apartment, hung with dark silk, enshrines this marble wonder, which expresses in every form, every curve, every fibre, the wasting touch of time and woe ; on whose cheek the tear seems lucid, or, at most, but half congealed ; whose eye swims upon the gaze, and whose limbs, symmetrical even in decay, exhibit a beautiful skeleton, to which the delicate muscle seems scarcely to adhere. The rough sole of the small foot tells of many a dreary step, trod in penitence and hardship ; while the still rounded shoulder survives the wreck of other beauties, and

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\* The head of *Terpsichore* is said to be that of the beautiful sister of the ex-Emperor, Pauline, Princess of Borghese, whose charms have afforded a study to most of the celebrated painters and statuaries of the day. As well as I remember, Mons. Sommariva told me this was not the case, the whole being a *beau-idéal* of a genius destined to immortality.

the sensibility of the drooping countenance is the expression of one, who deserved to “ *be forgiven,—for she loved much.*”.....Whoever can look upon this splendid specimen of the noblest of the arts without emotion, must have more of marble in their composition, than the statues of Canova!

There is nothing M. Sommariva seems to prize so much in his collection, as a head of Christ, by Guido, which is framed in a box, and kept under lock and key. ‘This saintly, sickly head, with its livid colouring and melancholy expression, reminded me of a phrase of Poussin’s, that he “ did not like to see Christ always painted as a *Père Douillet.*” It is, however, reckoned the perfection of the art.—On the subject of the heads of Christ, M. Denon makes a very curious observation, which has added to their interest with me, inducing me to consider them as genuine portraits. Speaking of the Jews in Egypt, he says, “ *Les beaux, surtout les jeunes, rappellent le caractère de tête que la peinture a conservé à Jesus-Christ ; ce qui prouveroit qu’il est de*

*tradition, et n'a pas pour époque le quatorzième siècle, et le renouvellement des arts.*  
(VOYAGE EN ÉGYPTE.)

The *hôtel de Craufurd*, one of the handsomest in Paris, is so well known to foreigners, and particularly to the English, through the hospitality and courteous\* attention to all strangers, of its owners, that it might be deemed sufficient, perhaps, merely to mention it, if its elegant salons were not better known to their passing guests, than its curious and interesting picture-gallery.—Madame Craufurd must, therefore, forgive me, if I pass by her

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\* The Duke of Wellington is a frequent visitant at the *hotel de Craufurd*, as indeed are almost all the English of note or rank. The first night I visited the *hôtel de Craufurd*, I sat next to a very lovely and attractive young lady, (who talked with so much anxiety of carrying an infant child across the channel, as she was going to England) that I thought her some amiable little mother in private life, who had never before stepped beyond the domestic circle of a middle rank, until somebody questioned her about “*one of the Queens, her aunt.*”—This young and amiable mother was the lovely Princess de Esterhazy, who has since become so popular in England, by graces, formed to attract every where, and by virtues, which it most peculiarly belongs to England to cherish and to appreciate.

superb *chambre à coucher*, with its white and gold draperies, its porcelaine tables and silver toilette, with all the fairy suits belonging to it, the *salle de bain*, the *boudoir*, *cabinet de toilette*, and lovely *orangerie*,—and hasten, with all the Memoirs of Louis the XIVth's day under my arm, to the gallery which contains the portraits of the wits and beauties of his court; the heroines of the *Fronde*, and even some of the brave friends of Henry IV. and the fair mistresses of his predecessors. Among these, the heroic *Agnes Sorel* takes a chronological lead. She is dressed in the simple costume of a peasant, extremely like that worn by the women of Normandy in the present day. *La belle des belles* is not beautiful, but her countenance is expressive of the most perfect goodness, and I should rather say she was *La bonne des bonnes*. An old portrait of Diana de Poitiers, is most remarkable for the allusive device prefixed to it, from the Psalm XLII. "As the hart panteth, &c. &c. &c." The French missals, in former times, were usually as much a breviary of love, as devotion;—and Guernier illustrated the

prayer book of the Duke de Guise, by drawing all the beauties of the court, most famous for their gallantry, as virgin martyrs, and canonized saints.

An original portrait of Marie de Beauvilliers, the lovely nun, and afterward abbess, of Montmartre, who was carried off from her convent by Henry IV. and whom he describes, in the poem attributed to him, of *l'Amour Philosophe*, by

“ .....Son habit blanc,  
Son scapulaire—et le rang  
Qu'elle tient dedans son cloître.”

This picture, though taken from its celebrated original at the age of eighty, exhibits great remains of personal beauty, not a little set off by the monastic dress. A head of the great, and unfortunate Duc de Biron, who was decapitated by Henry IV., whose cause he had so ably defended. The countenance is very fine, and marked by an air of high distinction. A few days before I saw this portrait, I was introduced to his descendant, the Duc de Biron Gontaut; but I could trace no other resemblance between

him and his illustrious ancestor, than that they both wore very long gold ear-rings !

The justly celebrated Madame de Staal, a good, rather than an intelligent, countenance, which gives no indication of the author of one of the most amusing and spirited *Mémoires* that ever were written. Madame de Staal is here painted, as she painted herself, “ *en buste.*”

Madame Deshoulières, too beautiful by half for an authoress—and looking more lovely things, than she ever wrote, notwithstanding the elegance of her Idylliums. Madame de Rambouillet, handsome, but still that sort of precise beauty, one would look for, in the foundress of her own *coteries de bel esprit.*

The celebrated Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, who died in exile, and in indigence, in England. In the large dark eyes of this lovely person, all the ambition of her restless and intriguing character is strongly traced.

The handsome Duchesse de Sforze, surrounded by a number of those ugly little dogs, of which Madame de Sevigné writes

in such raptures ; when she receives one dressed in rose-coloured ribbons, and curled and perfumed, like a young abbé *commendaire* of the old regime.

Madame de Retz, mentioned in the *Mémoires* of the Cardinal, infinitely more lovely than Mademoiselle de Fontange, the “ *chat gris*,” who forms a pendant to her : both by Mignard.

The Countess d’Armanac, on horseback, with a man’s cravat on her neck, and a wreath of flowers on her head : an admirable specimen of the style of portrait painting of the day.

Madame de Longueville, a most incomparable beauty, the loveliest of all the heroines of the *Fronde* ; and with eyes that fairly excused the Duc de la Rochefoucault’s wish to obey their commands, “ *à faire la guerre au Roi*,” &c. &c. It was to this splendid beauty, that the graver charms of Madame de la Fayette succeeded ; in the heart of the author “ *des Maximes*.”

An original picture of Mad. de la Valière, by Mignard, taken in 1673, very fair, and very insipid ; totally deficient in that strong expression of countenance, marked in her



picture by Le Brun, taken as a *Magdeleine*, which, in making her trample on the “pomp and vanities of the world,” gives her the air of a tragedy actress, in the act of taking off her ornaments, after her part is over. There is in that famous picture of Le Brun’s, a robustness in the figure of the fair *Magdeleine*, with a force and energy of expression in the features, which indicate resentment, rather than repentance; and lead to the conviction that Mad. de la Valière did not consent to become “*the spouse of God*,” until she had lost all hopes of remaining *mistress* to the King. This was, indeed, very near the truth; for to the last moment she “turn’d, and turn’d, and was a woman still;” and only remained quiet in her convent, when she was no longer solicited to return to court.

A full-length picture of her successor, Madame de Montespan, represents one of the most perfectly beautiful persons, that art ever designed. In the sweet expression of her innocent mouth, nothing of the “*esprit de Mortemart*” seems to hover; and in her gentle countenance it is impossible to trace that violent and haughty spirit,

which royal authority could not govern, and which the art of her shrewd successor could alone undermine and subdue.

Madam de Maintenon, holding the hand of the little Duc de Maine, is a perfect Hebe ; bearing not the least resemblance to another original portrait, by Mignard, at a more advanced age, in which her sedate but comely countenance expresses all the good sense and ability of her character.

Madam de Sevigné, a beautiful woman, and infinitely superior in personal attraction to her daughter, whose picture gives the impression of a cold precise character, which I believe this fair disciple of Descartes really possessed.

Besides the very interesting collection of the Beauties of Louis the Fourteenth's day, the hotel de Craufurd is enriched with a few valuable original pictures ; among which, a head by Tiziano, in bistre ; the *Judgment of Paris*, by Rubens ; and an admirable portrait of a *Squinting Boy*, by Lucca Giordini, are highly estimated.

A portrait of Descartes, by F. Hals, gives the impression of an extraordinary character ! The head seems cast out of the com-

mon model of nature; the brows are perfectly angular, and the countenance marked, at once, by genius and deformity.

Philip Poisson, the comic actor and author, laughing and showing his teeth, is not to be viewed with a grave face.—But among all that is most interesting in this valuable collection, may be reckoned the fine portrait of La Bruyère, writing his celebrated maxim of “*Le contraire du bruit qui court,*” &c. He seems just to have raised his head and hand from the paper; the countenance is pale, thoughtful, and full of expression.—A fine picture of the late Emperor, by Robert Le Febvre, painted in 1810, wants only the consecrating touch of time, to give it its full value and consideration.

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The hôtel de Borghèse, the former residence of the lovely princess Pauline, the ex-Emperor's youngest sister, is now the dwelling of the English ambassador. But, its tenants only excepted, nothing is changed; it preserves entire the original taste and splendour of the magnificent palaces, granted to the imperial family by

their singular and munificent chief. It is said, that pride and affection went hand in hand in the riches and splendour lavished by Buonaparte on his relatives ; but all that his family vanity and boundless prodigality could do for them, was insufficient to satisfy their demands on his affection, and generosity. “ *Ces coquines là,*” he observed to a confidential person, to whom he was complaining of some exorbitant request of one of his sisters. “ *Ces coquines là croient que je les ai privées des biens du feu Roi notre père.*” Still, however, these requests, though always the subject of complaint, were rarely refused :

“ Each pendant in their ear shall be a province.”

I was present at the sale of the palace of Cardinal Fesch. The multiplicity of his collection of statuary, pictures, Mosaics, bronzes, marbles, &c. was sufficient to overwhelm the imagination. Relays of furniture, chairs that seemed of massive gold, beds that appeared made only to excite wonder, all presented a combination of wealth and splendor, which, I believe, is only to be

found in France; and to which the treasures of all the continental nations of Europe once contributed.

In the hôtel de Borghèse, the state *chambre-à-coucher* of the fair princess, is now a sort of audience chamber for the British embassy. The splendid canopy of crimson, velvet, and gold, which shaded the slumbers of the prettiest woman in France, is now the representative of the English throne; and in the *rüelle*, where the priestesses of fashion once assembled round their idols at her *réveil*, to decide on the flow of a ringlet, or to obtain the exclusive patent of a cap, diplomacy now unravels its "*many coloured web, of good and ill together*;" and the gravest heads in Europe are drawn together to balance political relations, where the *loveliest* once debated on the power and influence

"Of quips, and cranks, and wreathed smiles."

I recal with infinite pleasure to my recollection the hôtel de Victoire, and the accomplished circle I found collected round its graceful and elegant mistress, the Countess Lefebvre-Desnouettes. This beauti-

ful little pavilion, as it now stands in the midst of its blooming garden, and in the most fashionable quarter of Paris, was presented by the French nation to the modest conqueror of Marengo, on his return from the most splendid of his Italian victories.\* Here General Buonaparte resided, until he took possession, in his consular dignity, of the royal apartments of the Tuileries ; and here he received that decree of the Council of Ancients, which was the “ *swelling prologue to the imperial theme* :”

“ Glamis and Thane of Cawdor ;  
The greatest is behind !”

The hôtel de Victoire had been presented by Napoleon to his fair cousin, the Comtesse Desnouettes, and it retains all the elegant draperies and furniture which belonged to it, when it was presented to himself. Peculiar taste and studied elegance, rather than

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\* “ I saw him,” says Miss Williams, speaking of his reception at the Directory, on his return from Italy, “ I saw him decline placing himself in the chair of state, which had been prepared for him ; and seem as if he wished to escape from the general burst of applause.”

any effort at splendour and magnificence, characterise this pretty *bijou*. Draperies of lilac and primose satin, fastened by his own brilliant but fallacious star, are surmounted by arabesque frizes of great delicacy and beauty ; and the furniture is appropriately elegant and simple.

The apartments of the Baron Denon contain the most curious, varied, and singular collections of art and antiquities in the possession of any private person in Paris. These treasures, occupying a suite of six rooms, are disposed in the superb armoires of Boule, which once belonged to the apartments of Louis XIV. or are placed on pedestals drawn from the ruins of Greece, and on marbles from among the columns of Egypt. Pictures, medals, bronzes, drawings, with Chinese, Indian and Egyptian antiquities and curiosities are all arranged in an order at once philosophical and chronological ; with the intention of throwing a more steady light upon remote times, and of illustrating by a few curious specimens the progress of the human mind. In his collection of pictures, Monsieur Denon

seems to have been more guided by taste, than aided by fortune. It contains but few of those pictures, to which a series of ages has attached an enormous value; but he pointed out to me a waterfall, by Rhuisdal, a portrait of Moliere, by Sebastian Bourdon, a head of Parmegiano, by that great painter himself, as being of singular beauty and value; as also some pieces by Schedoni, and three pictures, by Andrea Schiavone, "*Titon and Aurora*;" "*Diana discovering the frailty of Calista*," and an "*Aurora awaking*." Besides the rarity of these three little pictures, the elegance of the drawing, strictly resembling the designs of Parmegiano, whom Schiavone imitated and admired, and the richness of colouring peculiar to the Venetian school, render them very precious. A little picture by Callot, painted on lapis-lazuli, is curious and valuable; and a Madonna, by Guercino, carelessly giving her son to the arms of Joseph, that she may *listen to an angel who is playing on a violin*, has a character of *naïveté* and originality, quite as interesting, as the execution is beautiful and masterly.

Among a small, but most valuable collec-



tion of the most ancient pictures extant, is one by Martino di Messina, the first who painted in oil ; the portrait of a bishop, by Giotto ; a Maggatio ; a Bellino ; and a composition by Fra. Bartolomi, one of Raphael's first masters.

Among the modern pictures are, the head of a Greek lady, by Madame le Brun ;\* a picture of Rosalba, by herself ; and a singularly characteristic portrait of M. Denon, by Robert Le Febvre.

In presenting to my admiration a small cabinet picture, an holy family, by Bourdon, which, he said, might pass for a Caracci, and another by Vateau, M. Denon made an observation, which, as coming from the celebrated *directeur du Musée Français*, is too valuable not to be cited in

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\* Madame le Brun is still living at Paris, enjoying great reputation for her talents, and the highest esteem for her character. She had the kindness to invite me, through the Marquis de Vilette, to see her collection, when it should have undergone some new arrangements, for she was then changing her place of residence. But I was obliged to leave Paris, before I could avail myself of her politeness, and gratify my own curiosity, by seeing so celebrated and distinguished a personage.

his own words—" *Ces deux petites pièces montrent qu'il ne faut jamais juger avec préjugé d'un peintre, avant d'avoir vu ce qu'il a fait de plus beau ; puisque dans ces deux tableaux on trouve, même avec le mauvais style du siècle, la couleur sublime de Titien, le fini précieux de Leonard de Vinci, et l'élégance de Parmegiano.*" It would appear, from this critique of M. Denon's, that the painters of Louis XIV. did not want genius, but liberty;—and it is probable, that these two pieces were carelessly thrown off, by Vateau and Bourdon, in a moment of leisure and freedom, snatched from their hired labours at Versailles and the Tuileries ; when they were relieved from blue silk robes, and full-blown roses—from Apollos and Graces—from Monsieur Le Brun, and Louis le Grand !

In the arrangement of his little collection of pictures, M. Denon has adopted a chronological order, with respect to the ancient masters, which presents a very beautiful history of the progress of the art. He begins with a suite of enamels of the thirteenth century, commencing with La Robier, and finishing with the splendid minia-

tures of M. Augustin, whom he considers as one of the ablest artists of the day. His collection of medals, engravings, and drawings, is governed by the same spirit of illustration, which adds so much to their interest, and which has always in view the progress of the arts, and the civilization of man. The medals are divided into classes ; those of the Greek cities, of the Grecian kings, of the Roman republic, of the Roman emperors ;—the decline of the art, in the middle ages ; its revival, in the fifteenth century, in Tuscany, by Pisané ; in France, under Francis I. ; in Spain and in England ;—its degradation under Louis XIV. and Louis XV., a period which does not present one medal worth citing, or collecting.

Monsieur Denon, himself, may be said to have been the reviver of this splendid art in France, under the late emperor ; and his own series of medals, which commemorate the extraordinary events of that short, but wondrous career, will one day claim from posterity a still more passionate tribute of admiration, than that, which the cold-blooded judgment of cotemporary ob-

servation does not, even now, withhold from them. It struck me, (but I know not how far I may be right) that the peculiar excellences of the designs of M. Denon's own medals were grace and *finesse*; a sort of moral elegance, in the conception, and a singular delicacy and harmony, in the composition, which peculiarly belong to the tone of genius, and character of the man himself. In any part of the world, that the medal, struck for the marriage of the Empress Maria Louisa, and the passage on grace,\* in the description of the *Egyptian Alma*, had been shewn me, I should have discovered the particular *verve* of Denon; though I had never read his works, nor seen his engravings; but judged of his genius only from his conversation.

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\* The passage here alluded to is too beautiful, to need an apology for citing it—" *La grace qui naît de la souplesse des mouvemens, de l'accord harmonieux d'un ensemble parfait; la grace, cette portion divine, est la même dans le monde entier; C'est la propriété de la nature, également départie à tous les êtres, qui jouissent de la plénitude de leur existence, quel que soit le climat qui les a vus naître.*" Voyage en Egypte.

In looking over M. Denon's rich and extensive collection of medals, which I did frequently, during my residence in Paris, sometimes with the benefit of his own observations, and sometimes with that of foreign artists, or English virtuosi, I was most particularly struck by the beauty and excellence of some specimens, which I admired, without any rule or authority, save what nature lent. Among the number which uniformly possessed a singular attraction for me, was an ancient Syracusan medal, which through the staining tints of centuries, presented the figure of the nymph Arethusa. Never did art, or nature, create a more beautiful form: all the follies of the old river-god, Alpheus, were to be forgotten, or forgiven, in contemplating this graven image of his mistress. The heads of Lysimachus—of Berenice, wife of one the Ptolemies, and a Nero, struck me also as singularly admirable. The fine head of Antiochus Euergetes is curious, as being a perfect resemblance of all the medals struck of Buonaparte.

The collection of bronzes, which M.

Denon\* brought himself from Egypt, some of which he has illustrated in the plates of his great work, are rare and curious, and prove the high and unrivalled perfection, to which the Egyptians had carried the art.

Among his Grecian bronzes, he most values a beautiful little figure of Jupiter Stator; but he considers the specimens he has obtained of the Chinese workmanship, in this art, as equal, if not superior, to every other. Many Roman bronzes, discovered in France, both figures and articles of domestic utility, are to be found in this singular collection; and a bronze image, of the time of Charlemagne, proves how totally the art had then declined in Europe, by its hands of *or-moulu*, and eyes of precious stones; no unusual specimen of the taste of those barbarous times, when the arts were worse than lost. All that Japan and China ever produced in its peculiar manufactures, either precious, rare, and curious; all that could satisfy the exorbitant longings of the *china-fancying ladies*, of the Spectator's day, turn the head of a *petite-*

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\* M. Denon was received, in the academy of Florence for his own beautiful little bronze figure of a *Bacchante*

*maîtresse*, or out-run the desires of the spoiled child, who, exhausting every possible form of toy, cried at last for the moon, may be found in the apartments and splendid *armoires* of M. Denon. Porcelain vases of every form, size, colour, and age; from the black china, whose antiquity goes beyond date, down to the transparent produce of the present day—*blue cats*, that once sold for a thousand crowns a piece, and green bowls, that *Confucius* might have dipped his long nails in; Mandarin beaux, and Braminical gods, josses and pagodas, bamboo *magots*, *crackled china toads*,\* flowers that resemble nature, and animals that resemble nothing; with Japanese boxes, vases, and temples; India cabinets and ivory screens, specimens of fillagree, and wax-work curiosities, two thousand years old; and ingenious works of taste, fresh from the hands of modern artists,—are here all found admirably arranged, and curiously assembled.

But in all this various collection, which it must have taken so much time, taste,

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\* These animals are uniformly figured with only three legs, one of the hinder extremities being wanting.

knowledge, and money to have obtained, and to which chance and circumstance must have favourably contributed, there is nothing so much prized, by the enlightened and elegant collector, as his portfolios of the original designs of the greatest masters—the richest and most valuable collection of this description, supposed to exist. These portfolios are divided into *schools*:—the Italian, Flemish, and French; and, among their immense and various contents, include fifty of the original drawings of Parmegiano, most of which have been engraved, and which have been purchased, at an enormous price; eighty by Guercino; ten by Raphael; ten by Julio Romano; and a large collection of the drawings of the pupils of the Raphael school, with some more or less of all the great masters of the Italian and Flemish schools. These transcripts of the *prima intenzione* of superior genius, struck off in all the fervor of first and ardent inspiration, bearing the impress of its freshness and its force, always appear to me more precious and interesting, than the long-studied, long-laboured task, that time and judgment work



into faultlessness. It is like the sublime command, “*Let there be light ; and there was light !*”—Touch, tint, and combination might more finely perfect the finished picture ; but in these first conceptions of these bold sketches, the mark divine appears—the mysterious cause of genius, perceptible, but unguessed at, undefined !

Among this curious collection, I discovered some objects out of all rule of classification. A small human foot, in perfect preservation, found among the royal tombs of Egypt, and once perhaps numbered among the charms of some lovely Berenice, or Cleopatra. Two thousand years, at least, have passed away, since it pressed the carpet of the divan, or glided amidst the orange groves of the Delta. This is the delicate little foot which M. Denon describes in his travels, as being, without doubt from its symmetry, “*le pied d’une jeune femme, d’une princesse, d’un être charmant, dont la chaussure n’avait jamais altéré les formes, et dont les formes étaient parfaites.*” The model of the beautiful little hand of the princess Borghese, might form a *pendant* for this exquisitely formed foot.

But far from every image of the loveliness and the graces, conjured up by these samples of female beauty, in times and regions so remotely distant, is another *non-descript* relic, which the all grasping talent of collecting has associated with so much of what is curious and interesting in nature and art; the mask of Robespierre, taken off his face ere one bad trace of the mind it indicated, had faded into the inexpressive lividness of death. It is impossible to look at this faithful model of a frightful original, without shuddering. It is not the countenance of a splendid villain, urged to a crime by an ambition that ennobles it; it is the face of hireling villainy, of vulgar atrocity, of inaccessible brutality, unenlightened even by the intelligence of cunning. It is not even the face of the "*best of cut-throats*," but of a bungler, whose dullness might have marred the act his cruelty sought to perpetrate. It was in showing me this disgusting mask, that M. Denon related to me an anecdote illustrative of the day, and the tyrant that ruled it, which struck me as particularly curious.

When the French Revolution first broke

out, M. Denon was an *envoyé* at one of the Italian courts, and he remained in Italy until the publication of a decree by the French republic, which proscribed for ever those emigrants, who did not return within a stated period. Returned to France, he was compelled to depend for subsistence upon that talent, which he had hitherto cultivated for amusement ; and the beauty of his compositions procured him an order from the government, to make some designs for *les fastes républicains*. He was directed to attend a committee for that purpose, which assembled at the Tuileries, the seat of government, at two hours after midnight ; for the hours of darkness and repose were then the chosen periods of council and activity. At this solemn season of the night, M. Denon reached the palace ; it was silent and gloomy ; an armed guard straggled through its half-lighted and spacious apartments. The anti-room of the council-chamber was occupied by republican officers, fierce and dark as midnight conspirators, a *huissier* in waiting, had orders to receive the diplomatic artist, and to conduct him to a particular apartment.

Left alone in a large dimly-lighted room, Denon discovered he was occupying a silent space, that once resounded to every tone of gaiety and pleasure. It was the apartment of the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Twenty years back, he had himself served there, as *gentilhomme ordinaire* to Louis XV. While he was “*chewing the cud of sweet and bitter recollection*,” a door opened and was cautiously closed :—a man advanced to the centre of the room. Observing it occupied by a stranger, he started back.—It was Robespierre ! By the light of the lamp on the mantle-piece, Denon could observe the darkening countenance of this king of terrors, who appeared to fumble with his right hand in his breast, as if to claim the safeguard of concealed arms. Denon at once saw the danger of exciting even a momentary apprehension in a mind like his, and he dared not pause to parley, but retreated instantly backward towards the anti-room, his eyes fixed on Robespierre, the eyes of Robespierre fixed on him. A bell on the table of the apartment he had quitted rang with violence. In a few minutes, the *huissier* who answered it returned, with a polite

apology from the *dictator* to the designer of the *fastes républicains*. Denon was again introduced, and it was remarkable, that this furious demagogue, with an evident attempt to disguise the feeling he had experienced, from the unexpected presence of a stranger, assumed in his manners and deportment, an air of high polish and ceremonious breeding, as if he wished to impress upon one, who had himself been reared in courts, an idea of his own gentility, and of his superiority over the “woollen vassals” he was associated with. “He was dressed,” says Denon, “like a *petit-maitre*, and his embroidered muslin waistcoat was lined with *rose-coloured silk*.”

Among a few pieces of sculpture, M. Denon possesses a very fine bust of Buonaparte, by Chaudé, to whom Buonaparte sat ; —a most rare circumstance ! It was, indeed, next to impossible to induce him to sit either for painters or sculptors : “When I was painting this picture at the Tuileries,” (said M. Girodet to me, as I stood admiring his beautiful full-length picture of the Emperor, in his coronation robes,) “I do not think I ever saw him *twice* in the

same position, or at rest for two minutes together. He was always in motion, restless, and occupied ; and I fixed a trait, or caught a feature, when and how I could.' While Chaudé was taking his proportions for his bust, Denon was engaging his attention with one of those well-told stories, which charm all who hear them ; and in which Buonaparte (himself a pleasant *raconteur*) took infinite delight. When Chaudé had finished, and Buonaparte saw the result of his work, he exclaimed, smiling ; “ *Comment m'a-t-on amené à cela ?* ”

“ When Buffon talks to me of the greatest works of Nature,” said Madame de B\* \* \*, “ I always thought he was himself the greatest.” And when Denon talked to me of his collection, I always thought that one hour of his conversation was worth all he had amassed, though three thousand years had contributed to his treasures !



# FRANCE.

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## BOOK VI.

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### PARIS.

“The people are the city!”

SHAKSPEARE.





# FRANCE.

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## BOOK VI.



### PARIS.

*The Street-population of Paris.—Industry.—Beggars.—Civilization of the lower orders.—Language.—Morals.—The Bourgeoisie.—The Sunday of a Parisian shopkeeper.—The higher class of citizens.*

**T**HE street-population of a great city, the groups and crowds that hurry to and fro, in perpetual motion, through its avenues, are the first objects of observation to a stranger, who has not yet got “*derrière les coulisses*” of private society. To those who arrive for the first time, at Paris, the moving picture, which animates its streets; appears marked by a vivacity, an energy, and a cheeriness, which give the most favourable opinion of the temperament and

situation of the lower and middle classes. It is, indeed, by these classes the streets are chiefly filled ; no half-bred, and over-dressed, gentility ; no professional loungers, nor listless loiterers, parade their new fashions, and old airs. “ in the public places of the city,” and the quarter most infested by fashionable lounging,\* is chiefly filled by English, and other foreign visitants.

The streets of Paris have consequently an air, less respectable than the streets of London. The dresses are less showy ; and even the smart *grisettes*, who constitute their chief ornament, are infinitely inferior in personal attractions, and elegance of appearance, to the same rank of females, whom business, or vanity, oblige to exhibit their charms and their finery, in Piccadilly and Pall Mall. All, however, in the streets of Paris, is life, activity, intelligence, and occupation.—Idleness would in vain search there for a niche, to slumber in.—Industry has seized upon every corner, occupies every angle, fills every little space, and multiplies her efforts in a thousand various

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\* The Chaussée D’Antin.

forms, to which an exhaustless ingenuity opens countless resources.

It was an observation of the great minister Colbert, that “*les Français changeraient les rochers en or, si on les laissoit faire.*”—This observation is most strictly illustrated by the inhabitants of Paris, where the little trades, professions, and occupations carried on along the cause-ways of the bridges and quays, at the corners of the streets, or on its pavements, under the archways and passages, through every quarter of the city, present a sort of bee-hive industry, which indicates a people instinctively laborious, and naturally averse from the vices, of which idleness is the mother and the nurse. Whoever may be inclined to pray, with the pilgrims of Mecca, that they may meet no “*melancholy faces in their way,*” must feel gratified in their cheerful wishes, in passing through the streets of Paris.—There, even *mendicity* smiles her supplications, and drops her whine, to melodize her wants in a song.

But, in Paris, there is little *professional*, or *ostensible mendicity*—Nobody there dares

to beg openly ; and under the sanction of the name of God, or on the credit of the Virgin Mary, to render heaven insolvent, by the accumulation of debts unworthily incurred. Poverty there makes its claim to compassion, through the medium of interest ; charity is given, and purchases are made, at the same moment ; and blessings and tooth-picks—thanks and matches, are a more than adequate return for the additional *sous* which pity gives, while thrift drives its bargain. No artfully exposed deformity, no squalid image of disgust and filth, turns the shocked senses from the misery, the heart would relieve. Decency is not shocked by rents, made by imposture, in the garb of wretchedness ; nor does infection breathe its pestilence, while humanity pauses to listen to the pleadings of woe.—Even the most indigent are cleanly, and well-clothed ; and the comical little urchin, who runs after the careless passenger to solicit, not charity, but attention to the scrapings of his blind father's fiddle, or to the grinding of the little organ of a crippled mother, seldom pursues you bare-

footed ; and he is more apt to excite smiles, by his arch sallies, than to awaken pity by his tale of sadness.

I shall not easily forget the impression made on my heart, when, for a time unused to the mendicity, which infests and infects the capital of my own country, I returned, with a keener sensibility of the misery exhibited in its streets, by the force of the comparison I had been recently able to make ! When, the first day that I crossed the threshold of home, distress and beggary met me in every direction—when, at every step, the heart bled, the senses sickened, the mind revolted—when groups, marked with the strongest impress of misery and vice, squalid poverty and unconquerable idleness ; scarcely covered by rags, which multiplied disease, scarcely distinguished by the traits of the human form ; crossed the path-way, or crouded round the carriage ; and mingling the cant of bigotry and superstition, with ribaldry and imprecation ; at once degradingly supplicant, and brutally abusive, obtained, from shame and fear, what *charity ought not*, and *pity could not give* ! Well may it be said—“ that the

country must be indeed ill governed, where *mendicity becomes a trade.*"

All the laws in France, directed against mendicity, were rigorously put in force under the imperial government, and the effect of that wholesome discipline still remained. But the best, and surest law, that militates against its existence, is the universal sobriety, the natural industry of the people, and the decrease of the fatal influence of a religion, which inculcates the virtue of beggary as an article of faith, and the maintenance of idleness as a pious duty. No mendicant friar—no begging monk. "*pale, mild, and interesting,*" now sets the example of idleness and social degradation to the populace of the streets of Paris; nor way-lays the sentimental traveller, with a dramatic air, and representing sanctity: and though it has been asserted by a modern traveller, who spent a few days in the capital of France, visiting the *Palais Royal* and walking in the gardens of the *Tuileries*, that from the view of society there presented to him, it appeared, "that France was wholly unchanged by the event of the Revolution;" yet, even to his *impar-*

*tial* observation, it must have appeared, that there is less misery, less want, less beggary, in the streets of Paris, than is described by any traveller of former times, to have existed in that capital, before the revolution. In fact, he must have observed, that *there is none whatever.*

Notwithstanding the close contact, into which all the little contending passions of self-interest are brought, by the proximity and number of the host of *petits-marchands*, and little manufacturers, who ply their trades and mysteries in the street, it yet scarcely ever happens, that a single broil, quarrel, or dispute among the rival candidates for popular attention, disturbs the quietude, and cheerfulness of the streets; where good manners seem to be a sort of conventional policy, no less adequate in its influence to preserve order, than that of the civil power.

The *porteur-d'eau*, who accidentally spatters the “*tondeur de chiens*,” as he passes the pavement, where some little *Sylphide* is getting its curly back fantastically cropped, instantly lays his buckets down to ask “*mille et mille pardons à Monsieur Jean, le*



*tondeur* ;” while *Mons. Jean, le tondeur*, gathers up his sheering implements, which obstructed the way of the polite WATER-CARRIER, with “ *Eh ! mon Dieu, Monsieur ; c’est à moi à vous faire mes excuses.*” All the “ *small courtesies,*” are in constant and universal circulation in the streets of Paris. Good manners are, in France, what the art of boxing is in England ; with this difference, that the first is inculcated to avoid *giving offence*, as the latter is taught to *avenge it*. There are, indeed, no boxing matches in Paris, either scientific or accidental ; “ *breaking ribs,*” is not deemed “ *sport,*” for any rank or sex ; and whatever may be said in favour of a science, which is defended as manly, or eulogized as supporting the spirit of the freest country in Europe, yet it was once found to be possible to conquer nations and overthrow dynasties, without the assistance of pugilism, the theories of Mendoza, or the *malleability* of Dutch Sam.

The philosophy of language has always been applicable to the history of man, and popular idioms and phrases are no bad criterion of the state of the government, morals,

and religion of any nation. The usual phraseology of the lower classes of the Irish is as different from that of the English, as is their accent. The sternness of conscious independence, with the ungracious bluntness of saturnine temperaments, are distinguishable in the discourse of the one; the jargon of superstition, the shrewdness and servility which belong to social degradation, mark the language of the other. The lower classes of the French have not, in their style of conversation and manner of phrase the slightest resemblance to either: and for the apparent refinement of their language, the peculiar turn of their idioms, and almost elegance of expressions, they are, perhaps, only comparable to the Athenian people, among whom an apple-woman from her stall weighed the phrases of Demosthenes, in his rostrum. The critical acumen of "*les tricoteuses de Robespierre*," as the *poissardes* were termed, who brought their knitting to the halls of the jacobin declaimers, has long been celebrated. When some popular orator was *on his feet*, they dropped their work, and listened with profound attention. If he

turned a period with peculiar felicity, or pointed a phrase with rhetorical effect, they applauded, and cried out, “ *là c’est bien là ;*” but, if he was eloquent about nothing, and strewed flowers, where he should produce arguments, they resumed their knitting, shrugged their shoulders, and exclaimed contemptuously, “ *Bah, il divague ; au fait, citoyen ; au fait.*”

I was one day buying, at the beautiful and amusing *marché aux fleurs*, some early roses, the first of the season :—a French lady, who was with me, observed to the *bouquetière* who was tying them up, (and who sold mackarel on the days she did not sell flowers,) that she asked too much for them.

“ *Comment donc, trop ? ma chère dame !*” (replied the *bouquetière*) “ *si l’on veut des fleurs précoces, il faut bien payer selon.*”

“ *Preocious flowers*” would sound rather extraordinary, from the lips of a Covent-garden market-woman.

On my arrival at our hotel at Paris, I asked the porter’s wife, whether she could make some particular arrangement in our apartments, at such an hour ? She replied,

“ *Je serai toujours aux ordres de madame ; à minuit, comme à midi.*”

I demanded of the porter himself, whether our trunks were safe in the anti-room ; he answered, “ *Tout ici est sacré, je prends tout sur ma tête.*”

We were one morning crossing the *Pont-Neuf*, when we unexpectedly met two Irish friends, whom we greeted with salutations, more cordial than refined. Two women, who carry loads on their backs, in baskets peculiarly constructed, stopped to observe these “ *greetings in the market-place,*” by which they were amused beyond all power of restraining their risibility ; while one of them exclaimed to the other, in a tone of good-humoured ridicule, “ *Ah, Seigneur Dieu ! a-t-on jamais vu une pareille amitié ! Comment donc ! c’est une passion ! c’est une rage !*”

A very excellent performer on the violin had attracted our attention one evening, on the Italian Boulevards, and we stopped to listen to him. He had, however, unfortunately placed himself directly before a “ *petite-marchande, à vingt sous,*” whose toys and trinkets vainly glittered, while the

fiddler engrossed all the popular attention. He was in the midst of a very tender passage of Pleyel's, when the enraged *petite-marchande* seized a child's drum, which formed a part of her merchandize, and beat such a *réveil*, as completely overwhelmed the sweeter tones of the pathetic musician. "*Comment donc !*" exclaimed an angry street amateur, turning fiercely on her; "*Mais oui, mon ami,*"—she coolly replied "*chacun s'amuse, comme il l'entend.*"

We dropped in one evening accidentally at the *Caffé des Muses*, a spacious coffee-house theatre, where a play, a farce, and ballet are given in, with the glass of lemonade and dish of coffee, which are purchased for something under ten-pence. We asked the waiter, who was laying our little white marble table in a side-box, whether this theatre had not once been the church of the *Théatins*? He replied, with great quickness, "*Oui, Madame ; on y a toujours donné la comédie !*"

Obliged, one morning, to take shelter under the door of a *restaurateur* in the Rue Rivoli, from a shower of rain, a figure passed by us, in air, dress, and look, so

precisely like the *Tartuffe* we had seen at the theatre the night before, that I could not help exclaiming to a gentleman who was with us, “*encore un Tartuffe!*” One of the *garçons* or waiters of the house, who overheard me, observed, with a smile and nod of the head, “*Oui, madame, c’est le véritable Tartuffe de Molière; et l’aumônier de la Duchesse d’Angoulême.*”

With this aptitude to well turned phrases, and elegance of language, the lower classes of Paris mingle occasionally a sort of *scientific slip-slop*, extremely amusing, caught from the advertisements pasted at the corner of every street, of “*Cours de Médecine,*”—“*de Chimie,*”—“*d’hydraulique,*” &c. &c. and from the facility with which all the public courses may be attended.

A little *second-rate couturière*, or work-woman, coming to take my orders, demanded, “*Comment madame veut-elle que sa robe soit organisée.*”

While we were on a visit at General La Fayette’s, a workman was arranging a *paratonnerre* on the roof of the castle. M. La Fayette made some objection to the manner in which it was fixed: “*Monsieur le général,*”

(said the ironmonger, with importance) “ *depuis qu'on a inventé la science de chimie, en France, les botanistes ont toujours ainsi arrangé les paratonnerres.*”

There is no circumstance in French manners more highly worth the consideration of the philosopher, the magistrate and the legislator, than the extreme rarity of executions, and the paucity of all sorts of offences militating against the penal code. Frauds of address and petty thefts of all sorts are less frequent in Paris, than in almost any of the best governed towns in England. The streets of Paris at all hours of the night, and I do not only speak on the testimony of some veteran Parisians, but on individual experience, (for I have returned from English and French balls at very late hours) are perfectly safe and quiet ; and though the extreme vigilance of the municipal authorities afford a powerful check upon general licentiousness and nocturnal disorders, the only good point of view in which, indeed, its tyrannical influence *can be* favorably considered ;—yet to this good order, the temperament of the national character, ungoaded by the necessities of

a commercial existence, and unstimulated by habitual inebriety from spirituous potations, must still more effectively contribute.

In France, and its capital, the extremes of poverty and wealth are less distant, the habits of life are more regular and abstemious than in England; and the mildness, equality, and proportionate infliction of the penal code, requiring neither temperament from royal clemency, nor forbearance from individual prosecutors. Its punishments fall with certainty upon the offender, and are formidable, because they are not severe. Atrocities against nature, parricide, infanticide, &c. are rarely committed in France, and that brutal and rapacious violence exercised by those, to whom popular language in England has given the name of "*monsters*," who stab with wanton fury, the helpless female exposed to their horrible and unaccountable attacks, is so unknown in France, and when an anecdote of this nature was read before me, in a French society from an English paper, it not only excited emotions of horror and disgust, but was denied credibility by the greater number



present, as being out of nature and possibility.

The street-population of Paris seemed, indeed, always to me, to be characterized by great temperance, mildness, gaiety, and activity, and to be peculiarly governed by a spirit of innocent, though luxurious enjoyment, evidently influenced by their climate. They are perpetually buying or selling fruit and flowers ; a *charbonnier*, or coal porter, as he drives along his *charrette*, fixes a bouquet of roses in his large white hat, which he has just purchased, for a *centime* ; a *petite-marchande* places a pretty garland of corn-flowers on the head of her little girl, most ingeniously wreathed, and sold by a neighbouring *bouquetière* for a sou. Lemonade and *eau-de-groseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers. Cakes are baking, soup is bubbling, sweetmeats are vending in every quarter, in the open streets, over little stoves, and under temporary sheds. Learned monkies, popular orators, humorous story-tellers, excellent

fiddle-players, and tolerable ballad-singers, present continual amusement and recreation to those, who cannot pay for more expensive and luxurious “*feasts of reason.*” And the inimitable *Polichinello*, and his dear and admirable friend *Gilles*, to both of whom I make this public acknowledgment for many a laughing five minutes, passed before their rostrum, are always ready with their “*gibes and jokes,*” to catch the passing eye and ear, to cheer the care-worn, to amuse the idle, and to occupy the pauses of laborious indigence, with a true *vis-comica*, not always to be purchased by larger prices, at places of higher pretensions to genuine comedy.

The street-population of Paris have scarcely time to *brood and be wicked*; they are working, talking, laughing, listening, recreating, and enjoying,

“ From night till morn,  
From morn till dewy eve.”

They may, perhaps, be deemed frivolous—but they are not vicious—they doubtless commit many follies, but they unquestionably are guilty of few crimes.

From the *multitudinous* population which swarms in the fine evenings of summer, on Sundays and holidays, through the numerous public walks and gardens of Paris, an impression is given to the mind of the English stranger, of a dissipated and light headed people, insensible to the sober interests of home, for whom domestic privacy has no enjoyment, and the close drawn circle of family ties no charm. But it is an error inherent to the narrowness of the human mind, to make its own habits the standard of excellence, the supreme point of wisdom, to others ; and thus overlooking the necessity and fitness which govern different customs in different countries, to forget that climate, soil, and remote institutions produce that variety in manners over the surface of the earth, which diversifies the existence of its various inhabitants.

The caprice of the English climate, the rapid alternation of sunshine and clouds, cold and heat, drought and humidity, excludes all dependence of enjoyment from weather, and inevitably makes the fire-side the most central point of attraction to all domestic society. This habit, arising out

of necessity, is always quoted as a virtue by national partiality ; when opposed to the less domestic habits of other nations. It may, however, be questioned, whether a close room, excluding air and exercise, be more favourable to the social virtues, than open gardens and shaded groves ; and whether the sulphureous atmosphere of a sea-coal fire contributes more to the exhaustion of the kinder feelings and happier humours, so necessary to cheer and enliven an everyday intercourse, than the fresh breathing air of heaven. Most of the domestic life of England, is passed at the fire-side ; most of the domestic life of France, is enjoyed in the open air : the groups which form the circles of both are of the same affinity, and linked by the same ties. It is too true, that the peace of the English fire-side is often disturbed by little bickerings and mutual thwartings ; the result of abundant bile and saturnine humours, and of the close and constant contact of persons, who have nationally a tendency to tedium and *ennui* ; and who, with the greatest qualities and highest powers, have certainly not the art of being very amusing, either to themselves

or others. It is also most certain, that the grove and garden-groupings of France exhibit, in their intimate intercourse, a genial glow of kindness, which perhaps less deep-seated in the heart than English affection, spreads a more brilliant sunshine over the passing hours of domestic life ; softening down all the salient points of selfish humours, and sweetening that “ *bitter draught*,” which all who breathe must quaff.

In contemplating, therefore, the English at their fire-side, and the French in their gardens, it may still be said that each adhere to the natural habits suited to their climate and constitutions ; while it must be allowed, that if the English are the wisest and greatest nation, the French are incontestably the happiest, and the most amiable.

God forbid, that I should utter one condemning word against the “ *holy fane of the domestic hearth*,” which I at least have ever found my *altar of refuge*, against the pursuit of an untoward fortune ; which has, to me, long brightened the gloom of my native “ *isle of storms* ;” and which now, while I trace the flitting groupings of a foreign scene, shines cheerily on my labours

at home : rich in that good “ the world can neither give nor take away,” and like the welcome *beacon-light* of the weary traveller, concentrating within its little circle of radiancy my only hope of rest, and view of happiness.

But in enjoying the domestic habits of my own country, I am cautious of making them the infallible standards of merit, by which to judge a nation, differently constituted. This is the task of party writers paid to foment national prejudice, and to “ *divide*,” that their employers may “ *rule*.” But they, who write unbiassed and unpurchased by any sect or faction, will disdain illiberal representations ; which are often false alike to truth and to taste ; which check the progress of philosophy and illumination, and deepen the sources of disunion and hatred between nations, never intended, by God or nature, to be eternally opposed in contention and hostility.

Nearly the whole of the *bourgeoisie*, or mere citizens of Paris, may be found on a Sunday distributed among the gardens on the Boulevards, in those of the Luxembourg, Tuileries, and Champs-Élysées,—

and upon a more gracious sight the eyes of patriot royalty never dwelt. A clean, healthy, well-dressed multitude, separated into family groupés, partaking of the most innocent amusements, governed by the most perfect temperance, seeking the most healthful recreation, and ruled by the most perfect decency and decorum ;—such are the *dramatis personæ*, which exhibit on the gay scenes of the public places of amusement in Paris. The genuine *badaud*, or French *cockney*, has no idea of pleasure, independent of his wife and children. There are, in Paris, no exclusive clubs for the middle classes, to which the selfish husband shrinks off, to doze and grumble over a pipe and tankard ; not unconscious, but insensible, to the bickerings and scoldings that await him, on his return home, where all is jealousy and discontent at the un-shared enjoyment.

The shop once shut in Paris, its master and mistress, with their children—frequently with their apprentices, (except the heroes of the Rue St. Denis, and la Cité prefer going alone, “ *pour faire leurs farces ;*”) and invariably with *la bonne*, or principal female

servant, desert for the day, the close and noxious street, where they have breathed a vicious air during the week; and seek a purer atmosphere in gayer scenes.

These family groupés, frequently consisting of three generations, proceed to the Tuileries-gardens “*pour voir jouer les eaux*,” and to amuse the children by showing them the gold and silver fish, which float and sparkle on the surface of the pond, in shoals: for it is an indulgence to these little people to be allowed to share their *gâteaux de Nanterre*, brought from the “*Belle Magdeleine*,” at the garden-gate, with “*les petites bêtes*.”—The morning is spent in sauntering through these lovely gardens, and the adjoining Champs-Élysées, until the hour of dinner arrives; and the party then hasten to some of the *restaurants*, whose *salons* are scented by the orange-trees of the Tuilleries, to which they are contiguous.

As soon as the *salon* is entered, *la bonne*, always important and bustling, collects the bonnets and gloves, and hangs them on the pegs over the table; pins the napkins before the children, and arranges the hair of the



girls. Then, waiting till her masters are seated, takes her own place at the same table, but at a modest distance, and enters into consultation with the rest of the party over the *carte*, or bill of fare, which the waiter presents. Every one chooses a dish; *la bonne* as well as the rest, and the quality of the wine is carried by a plurality of votes. A dessert and coffee conclude the dinner; the bonnets and shawls are resumed, and the party again sally forth to the Champs-Élysées. There the children are treated to the “*jeu de bague* ;” the *petit bon homme* mounts the wooden horse, with an air of equestrian dignity; his sisters, seated in the chairs, endeavour, as the machine turns round, to catch the ring on the little wand; while the owner, who presides over the game, cuts his often-reiterated jokes, and the father and mother of the candidates for Olympic honours cry, at every successful effort, “*C’est à Marie !*” “*C’est à Camille !*” “*C’est à Fanchette !*” *La bonne* is sure to succeed into the vacated seat of one of her young mistresses, and even the old lady herself cannot always resist the temptation of renewing the amusements of her girl-hood.

When all have had their turn at the “*jeu de bague*,” the unwearied party proceed through the twilight groves, to one of those splendidly illuminated temples, which are scattered over the Champs-Élysées, and above whose porticos the public are informed, that “*Ici on danse tous les jours*.” There is nothing at all in the same line in London, as these beautiful pavilions, where “*on danse tous les jours*,” at a very cheap rate. They have generally the form of a *rotunda*; the ample dome is supported by gilt pillars; and the piers, covered with magnificent mirrors, reflect a thousand lights from lustres of crystal. A light gilt balustrade incloses the spot dedicated to quadrilles and French country dances; while outside its boundaries, the languid waltzers pursue their circling maze; and the spectators, the friends, relatives, and parents of the gay performers, are ranged round on ottomans, which form the extreme circle of the ring. Arches between the pillars richly draped, open at certain intervals into the gardens, which are lighted up; and refreshments are distributed in different parts of the salon, which communicate with little

offices on the outside. Here the old people repose, the children are amused, and the young men and women dance their graceful and always well-danced quadrilles, to the same beautiful ballet music as is given at the opera, and always performed by a numerous and excellent band. The whole of this pleasant recreation is procured for the price paid for the lemonade, "*cau de groseille*," and sweet cakes, which serve as a collation or supper to the family, before they return home. This they do at an early hour ; and a day, whose enjoyments nothing can disturb but a shower of rain, is thus cheaply finished by the *bon badaud* of Paris, and his family group.

In reading Madame Roland's curious and interesting *Mémoires*, I was forcibly struck by the vivid and delightful picture, drawn of the innocent recreations which were taken by her little family, in the woods of Vincennes, and the groves of St. Cloud, on Sundays and holidays ; and I thought them descriptive of manners, too purely primitive, to belong at the present day, to such a city as Paris. These pictures, however, I saw a hundred times repeated, not only

in the public gardens of the metropolis, but in all the environs of the capital. Wherever nature and art provided an attraction, or afforded accommodation to health and pleasure, gaiety, temperance, and decency seemed invariably to preside over these little festivals of domestic enjoyment.

The *bon bourgeois* of Paris, though singularly industrious, and primitive in his habits, and moral in his conduct, enjoys, however, but a small portion of respect from his compatriots; and he holds precisely the same place in public estimation, as the second rate cockney of London; whose sphere of existence never extends beyond the sound of *Bow bell*. The Parisian *badaud* has no public feeling, and no national spirit.—It is his distinction to be *né natif de Paris*:—he knows no other character, connected with his country: and, provided, (as a shopkeeper once said to me, in the *marché aux Innocents*, on the subject of the political changes which had taken place,) “*pourvu que la boutique aille son train, qu’est-ce que ça nous regarde?*” seems to be the device of the whole fraternity.

The higher classes of citizens, who own

the great *magasins*, or ware-rooms, the *mar-chands* of Paris, are of a higher cast, in character, and habits of life, as well as in condition ; and, though they have not that consideration in society, which belongs to the trading members of a great commercial country ; though they have neither the wealth, the consideration, the political talent, nor political consequence of our Harvey Combes, and Waithmans\*, many of these respectable *bourgeois* enjoy a very agreeable and luxurious existence. They have their *maison bien montée* in town, their *petite maison de plaisance*, and *pied à terre* in the environs ; and they drive their cabriolet, or *demi-fortune* on a Sunday, among the more splendid though not more commodious, vehicles of the higher classes in the Bois de Boulogne. Still, however, it would be

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\* Nothing could exceed the surprise of a party of very well educated French persons, on being told that Whitbread was a brewer ; and when, to illustrate the extent of capital and traffic, engaged in England in that business, I instanced the destruction lately occasioned by the bursting of the great vat, at Meux's brew-house, I am convinced that the tale far exceeded the limits of their powers of belief, or comprehension.

in vain to look, in the great avenues leading to Paris, for those proofs of the independence and prosperity of the citizens of a great capital ; whose snug, neat, happy-looking dwellings, which, on all the high roads leading to London, present themselves on every side, at once the retreat and recompence of industry and probity ; the cheerful and best monuments of the happy condition of a free people.

Surely, if long supported despotism prints deeply its character on every order of the community which it oppresses, and leaves its trace, after its pressure is removed ; the benefits, resulting from a good government, will equally betray themselves, under a thousand lingering forms ; even when the spirit, from which they have arisen, is subdued or quenched. Should circumstances undreamed of in human philosophy, subvert the constitution of England, shade the brilliant lustre of her liberties, and

“ Fright the isle from her propriety,”

still the ruins spread over the land, laid waste by despotism, and corruption, would

long attest her former greatness and prosperity. The effects of her free constitution would be long perceptible in a lingering semblance of prosperity and happiness, when the realities had ceased to exist : as, in the destruction of animated beings, the palpitating quiverings of organic life, outlive sensibility and volition ; and give indications of a force and a spirit, which have already deserted the machine, and are fled for ever.

# FRANCE.

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## BOOK VII.



### FRENCH THEATRE.

Qui me délivrera des Grecs et des Romains ?  
Du sein de leurs tombeaux, ces peuples inhumains  
Feront assurément le malheur de ma vie.—

.....

Quand je fus au théâtre,  
Je n'entendois jamais que Phèdre, Cléopatre,  
Ariane, Didon, leurs amans, leurs époux,  
Tous princes enragés, hurlant comme les loups.  
Rodogune, Jocaste, et puis les Pélopidés,  
Et tant d'autres héros, noblement parricides ;  
Et toi, triste famille à qui Dieu fasse paix,  
Race d'Agamemnon, qui ne finis jamais ;  
Dont je voyois partout les querelles antiques,  
Et les assassinats, mis en vers héroïques.

BERCHOUX, *Poésies Fugitives*.





# FRANCE.

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## BOOK VII.



### THE FRENCH THEATRE.

*The French Tragedy.*—*Racine.*—*Théâtre Français.*  
—*Britannicus.*—*Talma.*—*St. Prix.*—*Style of acting.*—*Of enunciation.*—*Mademoiselle Duchnois.*—*Mademoiselle George.*—*Costume.*—*A first representation.*—*Charlemagne.*—*M. Le Mercier.*  
—*La Fronde.*—*L'Avocat Patelin.*—*French comedy.*—*Molière.*—*Tartuffe.*—*Mademoiselle Mars.*  
—*Mademoiselle Le Vert.*—*Fleury.*—*Michaud.*  
—*The Audience.*—*The Odéon.*—*The Chevalier Canolle.*—*The Académie Royale de Musique.*  
—*French Music.*—*Oedipe.*—*Devin du Village.*  
—*Influence of Buonaparte on the State of Music in France.*—*Paesiello.*—*Cherubini.*—*Cimarosa.*—*Paer.*—*Blangini.*—*Boieldieu.*—*Berton.*  
—*Lambert.*—*Mehul.*—*Le Sueur.*—*The Court Theatre at the Tuileries.*—*Théâtre du Vaudeville.*—*Théâtre des Variétés.*—*Brunet.*—*Potier.*  
—*Théâtres des Boulevards.*—“*Sampson.*”—“*Joseph.*”—“*Sacrifice d'Abraham.*”—“*Pièces de circonstance.*”

IT is difficult to reconcile an inordinate passion for dramatic representation, with

extensive resources of social and conversational enjoyment. The talent of the French for private society, and their taste for theatrical exhibition, are among the solecisms of a nation, whose striking paradoxes and incongruities are only to be solved by the influence of institutions, which never yet have, for any period of time, squared with the general illumination of the people.

In England, the drama is the legitimate offspring of the national genius. “*Gammer Gurton’s Needle*,” and “*Eastwood Hoe*,” have certainly no prototype in the Greek theatre. The early English dramatists were purely original. Nature was the Aristotle of Shakspeare ; and if his genius occasionally partook of her irregularities, still,

“ The light which led astray, was light from Heaven.”

It is curious to observe, that the first dramatic compositions in France, which succeeded to the “*Mysteries*,” imported by the pilgrims from the East, were imitations of the Greek tragedy, given by Jodelle, in 1552.

The most dramatic nation of modern times had no national drama, to oppose to these

classical imitations ; and the track thus early beaten down, has been followed by their writers, with a tameness and servility, from which not even the innovating boldness of philosophy has dared to deviate. Champfort wrote against the “ imitation of nature” in French tragedy ; Voltaire derides it in Shakspeare ; \* and, “ *Hors Dieu, rien*

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\* The French, who take all their notions of Shakspeare from Voltaire, imagine that he understood English, and could appreciate his author. But it may be fairly inferred, that they are wrong in both particulars. The difficulty, which the French always experience in learning English, even under the most favourable circumstances, is evinced in the results of the late emigration of the first class of that nation. Voltaire spent but a few months in England, and was surrounded by a cluster of persons, who all spoke French ; and Shakspeare’s language, (who, the French seem not to know, wrote his best plays during their Henry IV.), replete with obsolete words, disused idioms, and continued references to local habits and cotemporary fashions, affords difficulties not always surmountable even by good English scholars. Voltaire’s translations of Shakspeare, made by the help of his dictionary, are as ill executed, as the passages he attempts, are injudiciously selected for the illustration of his author. His attempts at a version are, indeed, little more than burlesque parodies. His correspondence with D’Alembert, on his own celebrated discourse on Shakspeare, given at the Academy in 1776, is

*n'est beau dans la nature, que ce qui n'existe pas,*" seems, (with some occasional exceptions in the case of Corneille,) to have been a maxim admitted, and a rule pursued, by all the tragic poets of France.

The modern French critics boast that their tragedy is the true "*beau idéal*" of dramatic poetry. But the "*beau idéal*," though a more splendid combination of Nature's finer proportions, must still be true to its original, or it becomes pedantry, mannerism, and affectation. Whatever has not its prototype in reality, is necessarily conventional; it is created for an age, a sect, or a party, but has no kindred with immortality.

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extremely curious, "*au lieu des grossièretés, indésinables publiquement, que vous citez de Shakspeare, substituez y quelques autres passages ridicules et lisibles, qui ne vous manqueront pas.*" The idea of substituting some well-turned French jokes, and ridiculous passages, for the bold, strong English humour of Shakspeare, started by D'Alembert was adopted by Voltaire;—the result may be easily imagined. D'Alembert exclaimed with triumph, "*Il faut faire voir à ces tristes et insolens Anglais, que nos gens de lettres savent mieux se battre contre eux, que nos soldats et nos généraux.*" The *gens de lettres* of Paris opposed to Shakspeare!!

The powerful genius of Corneille was stamped with the hardihood of the times in which he flourished, when the conflicts of the *Fronde*, assuming the character of licentious liberty, had let loose all the passions of society, and energised all its forms. Corneille, even with that bad taste which disfigures his productions, and which was partly referable to the age, and state of letters in France, might have given a bold and passionate direction to the French drama, have thrown *mannerism* aside for *Nature*, and have presented, in the chivalric story of his own "*Cid*," a model to his successors for a national school of tragedy, deviating from the worn-out ancient fable, and superior to it in interest and reference. But the importunate vanity of Louis XIV. found, in the feebleness of Racine's character, and in the elegance of his genius, a fit engine to confirm that *esprit de système*, which enters into every relation under his government, to dazzle and enslave the dramatic taste of the day ; to conform to the cold severity of the Greek rules ; and avoiding all references to national history, to liberty, or government, to weave with the religious and historical fables of antiquity, the characters

and manners of the French court ; to eulogise the feats of its gorgeous king ; and to realize the maxims of the modern Aristarchus :

“ Que Racine enfantant des miracles nouveaux,  
Des ses héros, *sur lui* forme tous ses tableaux.”

Thus writing to the vanity, and under the inspiration of the sovereign, by *whose frowns he died*, and abiding strictly by the advice of Boileau, Racine produced his elegant paraphrases of the Greek dramas ; adhering strictly to their rules and unities, but violating the propriety of action in every scene, by blending the formal frivolity of the French manners, with the grand solemnity of antique fable. Amidst the palaces of Greece and Rome, the Theseus's and Cæsars are all Louis XIV. and the heroines of antiquity, the Hebrew Esther, and Persian Vashti, mere portraits of the reigning or discarded favourites of Versailles. That arrogance must, indeed, be supreme, which would coolly presume to decide on the merits of an author, in a foreign language, without reference to the judgment of those for whom, and to whom he wrote ; or which would lead to the belief, that an

acquired knowledge of any tongue can give an adequate conception of beauty of style, and poetical composition ; which are not always fully appreciated by those, to whom that tongue is vernacular.

During my residence in France, and my intimacy with some of its first literary characters, I endeavoured to correct my original opinion of Racine, long since formed, by that of his nation ; and I demanded, from the judgment of others, what my own had not been able to discover or appreciate.--My memory, furnished with a hundred splendid poetical images of Shakspeare and Dryden, I demanded of the passionate admirers of Racine, those effusions of bold and high-wrought imagination, the brilliant metaphor, the fanciful simile, the sublime allusion, which are the generic features of genius ; in which Shakspeare is so abundant, and Dryden occasionally so rich. But the pages of Racine scarcely furnish one example—there are there no “ cloud-clapt towers,” no “ feathered Mercury, new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,” no “ dew-drop shook from a lion’s mane,” not even the



“ Come purpureo fior languendo more,  
 Che il vomere al passar tagliato lassa,\*” &c. &c.

of Ariosto, or the “ *Virginella come la Rosa*,” of the tender and delicate Metastasio.

I asked for some of those philosophical reflections, which teem in every page of Shakspeare, and speak a knowledge almost intuitive of human character; those delicate, scarcely perceptible shades, in human qualities, passions and interests, which escape the vulgar eye of common observation, and are caught and fixed by the omnipotent glance of genius. But Racine, though an historian, was not a philosopher, in any sense of the word; and it would be vain to search, in his correct pages, for one of the thousand citations referable to every point of human conduct and human feeling, which Shakspeare pre-

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\* See the death of Dardinel, in the “ *Orlando*,” Canto xviii, stanza 143.

*Additional note.*—The impossibility of bringing two nations to a *mezzo termine* in matters of taste, is strongly evinced in the French critiques on this passage. The translator has rendered Shakspeare’s compound epithets, (incapable of literal translation,) by awkward paraphrases, (“ *de tous ayant les nuages pour chapiteaux*,” “ *une montagne qui donne au ciel un baiser* ;”) and the critics, imagining they have a fair transcript of the poet, thank heaven they have no such beauties in their theatre.

sents as the ready illustrations of every text in the moral existence of man. For original conception of character ; for Hamlets, Lears, Macbeths, and Falstaffs, *I did not ask*—and still less for that higher department of poetical genius, invention of fable ; because Racine himself stifles the expectation, when he labours, through many an endless preface, to prove how little he has deviated from the well-known story of antiquity, which he has adopted ; or from the characters drawn by cotemporary historians, which he has copied.

Still, however, the tragedies of Racine, with scarcely one poetical image, one philosophical observation, or any originality of character, and invention of fable, must have some singular dramatic excellence, since one of the most enlightened, and, decidedly, the most literary nation in Europe, prefers him to every other ; and speaks of him with an admiration beyond bounds, and without reservation. Where, however, this mysterious charm, this ‘ *all in all, and all in every part,*’ lies concealed from the apprehension of foreign readers, it is not reserved for me to discover. I only judge of Racine as he affects me, the usual

standard of a woman's judgment: and with a taste, perhaps, too highly excited, by the early and continual perusal of Shakspeare, (to me the book devoutly read and conned and prized, as that traced by an angel's hand for Mussulman devotion, his guide and creed,) I may be wholly unqualified to appreciate the merits of mere faultless diction. Elegant narration, antithesis studiously opposed, points delicately made, inferences artfully hinted, and turns, breaks and inuendos ingeniously contrived, which charm the taste and precision of French criticism, in the smooth and elegant versification of Racine, are flat, cold, and insufficient to warm the imagination, interest the judgment, or rouse the feelings, which have received their tone of exaltation from the passionate, energetic, and splendid dramas of the English bard—irregular and wild, indeed, as the works of nature; but, like them, stampt with the divine impress of original creation; fresh, sublime, and vigorous, beyond the reach of art, and unsusceptible to imitation.

In whatever circle in Paris, I ventured to introduce the subject of Racine, he was not judged, but eulogized. There was no

criticism; all was panegyric. It is so delightful when the first flush of youthful sensation is over, to acquire a capability for a new pleasure and a new taste, that it was my anxious desire to receive delight from the perusal of Racine, and I requested one of his devoted admirers to point me out some instance of his peculiar beauty. He read to me the speech of *Orestes* in *Andromache*, where, in a tone of mingled rage and peevishness, at the cruelty of *Hermione*, and the counsels of his friends, he exclaims,

“ Assez, et trop long tems, mon amitié t'accable,  
 Evite un malheureux, abandonne un coupable ;  
 Cher Pylade, crois-moi, ta pitié t'a séduit,  
 Laisse moi des périls, dont j'attends tout le fruit.  
 Porte aux Grecs cet enfant, que Pyrrhus m'abandonne.’  
*Pylade*.—“ Allons, Seigneur, allons, enlevons Hermione !”

This reply of Pylades, delicately indicating that he perceives the drift of all *Orestes*' arguments, is deemed one of the finest passages of Racine : it gives also the standard, by which his genius is measured and his talent appreciated. True loftiness of conception, and a bold range of the imagination, are utterly incompatible with

the double despotism of Aristotle, and of the political system under which the French authors wrote. Kings, ministers, and generals, are alone considered worthy to fill the buskin ; and the intrigues of the palace are the sole subjects, the motives, and the means admissible in the conduct of the fable. Even rebellion loses its importance, and opposition its virtue, by excluding all notions of freedom and public good ; and by turning for ever upon the frown of a female, or on the rivalry with a royal lover. The fatal necessity of depicting one paramount passion begets also a poverty in the subject, which can only be relieved by dialectic subtlety, and exaggerated diction. Man is never thus influenced ; never thus *unique* in character, and constant in his affections. It is an individual of the human species, not an individual passion, that forms the genuine object of scenic representation ; and the frigid personifications of the *ancient mysteries* are scarcely less tedious, than the abstract and ideal heroes, which this false canon of criticism has produced. The buskined princes of the French stage, indeed, resemble humanity in the

same degree, that an anatomical dissection, or the statue of Condillac, render the life of motion, or the intricacies of volition.

The first tragedy of Racine, which I saw performed in France, was his *Britannicus*; the piece in which, he himself observes, he took the most pains; “*celle de mes tragédies, que je puis dire que j’ai le plus travaillée.*” He, however, confesses that he formed this play so closely on the history of Tacitus, that there is scarcely one “*trait éclatant*” through the whole, which he had not borrowed from his favourite historian. *Britannicus*, thus recommended by its author, and sustained by the whole strength of the company of the *Théâtre Français*; *Britannicus*, so long the fashion, from the inimitable performance of Talma, in *Nero*, awakened my most anxious expectations; and it was not without emotion, that I saw myself, for the first time, in the great national theatre of France, and in a box chosen and procured for me by M. Talma himself. Still, however great my expectation, however lively my impatience for the rising of the curtain, which recalled the long blunted vivacity of feelings of childish solicitude and curiosity,

I soon perceived I was cold, languid, and inanimate to the genuine French audience that surrounded me. The house was an overflow at an early hour; the orchestra, cleared of all its instruments, was filled to suffocation; and the *parterre*, as usual, crowded with men, (chiefly from the public schools and lycées, whose criticisms not unfrequently decide the fate of new pieces, and give weight to the reputation of old ones,) exhibited hundreds of anxious faces, marked countenances, and figures and costumes which might answer alike for the bands of *brigandage*, or the classes of philosophy. Some were reading over the tragedy; others were commenting particular passages:—a low murmur of agitation crept through the house, like the rustling of leaves to a gentle wind, until the rising of the curtain stilled every voice, composed every muscle, and riveted the very *existence of the audience*, (if I may use the expression) upon the scene.

The theatres of other countries assemble *spectators*; but an *audience* is only to be found in a French theatre.—Through the whole five acts, attention never flagged

for a moment ; not an eye was averted— not an ear unattending : every one seemed to have the play by heart, and every one listened, as if they had never seen it before. For myself, it was with the greatest difficulty, and only, I believe, owing to the exquisite acting of Talma, and Mademoiselle George, that I could sit it out. Long and cold recitals, and a succession of antitheses,\* points, and epigrams, were relieved only by a declamation that froze, and by dialogues, where each interlocutor was permitted to speak alternately for half an hour, in all the monotony of recitation, with which some teller

“ ..... Of a twice-told tale  
Vexes the dull ear of a drowsy hearer.”

The first act of *Britannicus* is a series of antithesistical points, which, uttered with great neatness and precision, by the turbulent and haughty *Agrippina*, gave her the air and character of one of the literary *précieuses* of the hotel Rambouillet.

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\* These *jolies tournures* run through all the tragedies of Racine. “ *Mon unique espérance est dans mon désespoir,*” is one out of a hundred in *Bajazet*.



“ Tout, s'il est généreux, lui prescrit cette loi,  
Mais tout, s'il est ingrat, lui parle contre moi.”

“ Mais crains que l'avenir, détruisant le passé,  
Il ne finisse ainsi qu' Auguste a commencé.”

“ Mais sa feinte bonté se tournant en fureur,  
Les délices de Rome en devinrent l'horreur—”

“ Qu'il choisisse, s'il veut, d'Auguste ou de Tibère,  
Qu'il imite, s'il peut, Germanicus mon père.”

“ Soutenir vos rigneurs, par d'autres cruautés,  
Et laver dans le sang, vos bras ensanglantés.”

“ Vous allumez un feu, qui ne pourra s'éteindre,  
Craint de tout l'univers, il vous faudra tout craindre.”

While *Madame Agrippina* indulges in these *conceits*, *Monseigneur Nero* is sentimentally in love ; *Burrhus* prosés in monologues, of a hundred lines, on the good education which he and Seneca gave to their unworthy pupil ; and the tender *Junie*, with that politeness which never forgets itself on any occasion, *asks pardon* of *Agrippina*, for leaving her abruptly, to seek her lover, who is expiring under the hands of his assassins.

*Burrhus*. “ Madame, c'en est fait ; Britannicus expire.”

*Junie*. “ Ah ! mon Prince !”

*Agrippine*. “ Il expire !”

*Burrhus*, “ Ou plutôt il est mort,  
Madame.”

*Junie*. “ Pardonnez, Madame, à ce transport  
\* Je vais le secourir, (si je puis) ou le suivre.”

Such is the powerful influence of the *esprit de système*, and of the high authority of Racine's reputation in France, that these absurdities pass now without a censure, as they would have done when the art was in its infancy ; while the smallest deviation from taste, even from grammar, in a modern tragedy, receives no quarter ; and a *non* or a *oui*, placed *mal-à-propos*, is sufficient to ruin a piece even of considerable merit. As the French tragedy is made up of long details and cold declamations, and as Racine is little more than Tacitus in French rhyme, the actor is usually a mere declaimer. The transitions of emotion are few and strong ;—it is all a dead calm, or a furious rage ; declamatory recitation, or angry blustering. The French tragedy is a trans-

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\* A few nights after I had seen *Britannicus*, I was present at the performance of *Artaxerxes*. When *Artabanes* falls lifeless in the arms of the attendants, he gave a little kick with his foot, as the curtain was dropping, to show that he had not violated the rules, by *dying on the stage*.

cript of the religious mysteries and history of Greece and Rome, copied from their dramas—tied down to their cold facts, and regulated by their severe rules. The more delicate developement of feeling, the finer shades of passion, the tints, touches, and bursts and throes of nature, in all her more intimate, more bosom-felt operations, are unknown to the French drama ; and their exhibition, so favourable to the higher order of genius in the histrionic art, are denied to the actor.

There is no by-play on the French stage. No Othello there becomes the victim of a passion, artfully awakened in an unsuspecting heart. Its first indication could not there be made perceptible, dawning in faint shadows on the tremulous form, and quivering nether lip,—struggling with contending evidences in the heaving breast—sickening, agitating the entire frame,—gloom-ing on the curved brow, distorting the altered feature, flashing from the rolling eye, and wound up by all the frightful indications of doubt, fear, hope, conviction, rage, and confirmed despair. This wonderful composition, which, in combining the high-

est powers of dramatic genius in the author, demands the fullest exercise of histrionic ability in the actor, could have no parallel on the French theatre. A French Othello would hear an account of his wife's perfidy, in a neat and appropriate speech of a hundred and fifty lines ; and no countenance, however flexible and mobile, could shift and change its expression, during the space of a quarter of an hour. The French Othello, therefore, would hear the tale of Iago (who would divide it logically, according to scholastic rule) fairly and politely out—he would then fall into a violent passion, and shake his head, and clench his trembling hands, and recite his rage, and syllogize his fury, according to every classical authority and established rule.

In the famous scene of *Britannicus*, where *Agrippina* is left *tête-à-tête* with her son, to enter on her defence, Mademoiselle George, as the Roman empress, went through a long speech of *a hundred and ten lines*, with great clearness, elegance of enunciation, and graceful calmness of action. But as this eternal speech was simply the history of the early life and reign of *Nero*,

taken from Tacitus, the beautiful and expressive countenance of this fine actress was left at perfect rest ; and Mrs. Siddons, in one of her readings of Milton, was quite as dramatic and animated, as the restless and ambitious mother of the Roman monster, summing up the benefits she had conferred on her son, and exposing his ingratitude. During the first seventy lines of this speech, Talma, as *Nero*, sat a patient and tranquil auditor. No abrupt interruption of haughty impatience, disdaining the curb of a long-neglected authority, was furnished by the genius of the author, or gave play to the talents of the admirable actor ; and the little by-play allowed him, or rather that he allowed himself, was not *risked*, until towards the close of the speech : it was then, however, exquisite ; it was *Nature*. The constraint of forced and half-given attention, the languor of exhaustion, the restlessness of tedium, and the struggle between some little remains of filial deference and habitual respect, blending with the haughty impatience of all dictation, were depicted,—not in strong symptoms and broad touches of grimace and action,—but

with a keeping, a tact, a fidelity to Nature, indescribably fine. His transition of attitude ; his playing with the embroidered scarf, round his neck, his almost appearing to count its threads, in the inanity of his profound *ennui*, were all traits of the highest order of acting. In London, this acting would have produced a thunder of applause ; in Paris it was coldly received, because it was innovation ; and many a black head in the *parterre* was searching its classical recesses, for some example from traditional authority, from Baron, or Le Kain, of an emperor being restless on his chair ; or of the incident of playing with the handkerchief being at all conformable to the necessity “ *de représenter noblement*,” in all kings since the time of Louis le Grand.

Whether on the stage, at the *Théâtre Français*, or in the Tuileries, Talma is eminently superior to the school, whose rules he is obliged to obey. His great genius always appeared to me to be struggling against the methodical obstacles presented to its exertions. He is the *Gulliver* of the French stage, tied down by *Lillipu-*

*tian threads.* Before talents like his can exert their full force, and take their uttermost scope, a new order of drama must succeed to the declamatory and rhyming school, which now occupies the French stage. Talma is a passionate admirer of the English drama, and of Shakspeare. He speaks English fluently, and told me that he had a great desire to play in one of Shakspeare's tragedies. He did not complain, but he *hinted* at the restraint under which his talents laboured, from that *esprit de système*, which the French are banishing from every other art; and which keeps its last hold on the stage. But he said, "If I attempt the least innovation; if I frown a shade deeper to night than I frowned last night, in the same character, the *parterre* are sure to call me to order.\*"

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\* The dignity and tragic powers of Talma, on the stage, are curiously but charmingly contrasted with the simplicity, playfulness, and gaiety of his most unassuming, unpretending manners off the stage. I (who had never seen *Coriolanus* in the drawing room, but as I had seen *Coriolanus* in the Forum,) expected to meet this great tragedian, in private life, in all the pomp and so-

To judge of the strength and originality of Talma's acting, he must be seen with some of the actors of the old school, who still preserve something of the cast and character of the days of Le Kain and Clai-

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lemnity of his profession, the cold address, the measured phrase: in a word, I expected to meet *the actor*; but in the simple, unaffected manners of this celebrated person, I found only the well-bred and accomplished gentleman. Talma had, in his early life, been intimate with Buonaparte; and the ex-Emperor, (who never forgot the friends of the young engineer officer,) accorded the *petites entrées* of the palace to the sovereign of the *Théâtre-Français*. Talma saw him constantly; not, however, to give him *lessons*, (an invention at which Buonaparte and Talma both laughed;) but to discuss his favourite topic, tragedy, of which he was passionately fond. On this subject, however, the actor frequently differed with the Emperor; while the Emperor as frequently dictated to the actor, greeting him with "*Eh bien! Talma, vous n'avez pas usé de vos moyens hier au soir.*" Napoleon always disputed the merits of comedy, and observed to a gentleman, from whom I had the anecdote, "*Si vous préférez la comédie, c'est parceque vous vieillissez.*"—"Et vous, Sire," replied Monsieur——, "*vous aimez la tragédie, parceque vous êtes trop jeune.*" Buonaparte constantly attended the theatres; and frequently without the least parade, and quite unexpected by the audience; who always received these impromptu visits as marks of confidence, and applauded accordingly.



ron. Of this class is the venerable St. Prix, *le doyen du théâtre*. This most respectable man is held in high consideration by the Parisian audience ; yet, his always being the PROSER “ *en permanence*” of every piece, his deep-drawn nasal tones, his mechanical action, his measured walk, his generally opening the tragedy with some *automaton* interlocutor, who meets him from the opposite side of the stage, and “ *imports the argument of the play,*” as Hamlet says, give such an admirable representation of the heroes of *Tom Thumb*, that *Mr. Noodle* meeting *Mr. Doodle* in solemn pomposity of look, word, and motion, could not possibly be more humorously represented, in the mock heroics of that excellent burlesque on all tragedy. Such, also, was the acting of La Rive, the immediate successor of Le Kain.\*

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\* And such also was the style of declamation in the days of Clairon and Le Kain, as described by Marmon-  
tel. He observes, that Voltaire himself taught Clairon  
to “ *déclamer avec une lamentation continuelle et mono-  
tone.*” When she adopted a tone something less pompous  
and declamatory, and played *Electra*, without a hoop,  
Voltaire’s transports of astonishment and admiration  
brought tears into his eyes.

The enunciation of the French actors, like the *rhythm* of the language, is wholly deficient in emphasis. They have no chromatic tones of feeling and passion ; their scale of sounds, like the music of the Chinese, has neither *sharp* nor *flat*. A kind of *nasal* psalmodizing, alternating with a quick mutter on the top of the voice, includes their whole scale of intonation. Their tragedy, both in composition and in recitation, seems to reveal the whole defect of their language, and proves that it is not the language for poetry or music. The Emperor Julian compared the natural sounds of the Gauls to the howling of wild beasts ; and, polished, elegant, and cultivated, as the modern language is, (the first language in the world for conversation,) it is still so deficient in *natural* harmony, and abounds so much in the inharmonic terminations of *en, in, oin, un, an, &c. &c.*, that it will not admit of being thrown into blank verse ; so that it only ceases to be prose, when it is fettered by rhyme. The dramatic poet is thus tied down to limit his genius to the circumscribed powers of the language. Racine ends his *Bérénice* with an “ *hélas ;*” and

Voltaire, in his *Mahomet*, introduces “*peut-être*” more than six times, as a rhyme to any thing he can force into the service to rhyme with it.\* The *r*, that *harsh, growling, snarling*, “*dissonant consonant*,” the proscribed of other nations, is the *enfant chéri* of the French alphabet, and their *douceur, amour, bonheur*, the expressions of their tenderest emotions, depend altogether upon this rough auxiliary.

“ Par quels puissants *accords*.”

“ Dans ce séjour des *morts*.”

“ Malgré tous nos *efforts*.”

“ Il calme les fureurs de nos *transports*.”

The French language, as pronounced on the stage, especially in tragedy, appeared to me most particularly deficient in *accent*, and to be made up of syllables, rather than of words. A friend of Diderot, who accompanied him to the theatre one night, perceived that he put his fingers in his ears during a whole act, and yet was affected, *even to tears*, at the representation. He naturally expressed his astonishment. “ You

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\* It rhymes four times to *maître*, and is always introduced for that purpose.

hear nothing," said his friend, "and yet you are deeply affected."—" *Chacun a sa manière d'écouter,*" replied Diderot ; " I know this tragedy by heart ; I enter strongly into the fine pathetic conceptions of the author, and my imagination lends an effect to the situations, which the *tones* of the actors, if I listened to them, *could not express*, and perhaps *would even destroy*.\*"

The French actors, though they are generally graceful and stately, do not tread the stage with the same ease and freedom as the English. Their movements are more precise, their steps more measured ; and the *rehearsed* air of their attitudes con-

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\* Returning from the representation of a very heavy modern tragedy, one evening, to sup with a very delightful French woman, whose conversation is peculiarly characterized by its *naïvété*, I could not help complaining of the monotony, coldness, and want of incident and action, in the piece I had seen ; till, impatient of a criticism to which she did not agree, she exclaimed, "*Voilà bien une critique à l'Anglaise ! Tenez, Madame ! allez voir L'Iphigénie en Tauride ; Voilà une fille de tuée pour vous,—là ;*" supposing that, accustomed to the "*monstrous farces*" of my national theatre, a *murder* or two was quite necessary, to make any piece interesting to my ferocious English taste.

stantly recalls the anecdote of Gardel, the dancer, who cried out to a prince, who was stabbing a princess, "*que vous tuez mal ! tuez-la donc avec grace.*"

That magnificent tossing of the arms, by which Kemble, in all the grace and variety of his noble and natural action, seems to imitate the agitation of the branches of an oak, thrown into majestic motion by the play of the passing winds, is wholly unknown on the French stage, where the poetical proverb of

*"Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop,"*

has, certainly, not yet been illustrated in any instance. In tragedy the action of the performers, generally speaking, seems confined, from the elbows downward, and is frequently made out by striking down the flat of the hand, and pointing the fore-finger. There is very little variety, none of the abruptness of nature, her irregularities or incongruities, her starts, her graces, or her awkwardness ; all seems imitative and conventional.

Having seen a French tragedy acted, I cannot find **any** thing so ridiculous in the

request of the man, who, having been present at the ballet, in which the "*qu'il mourut*" of Corneille was executed, entreated Noverre to get his troop to dance the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucault.—Still, however, to observations so cursorily made, exceptions are constantly presented, by the originality and genius of some of the actors themselves. La Fond is spirited, rapid, and energetic ; Mademoiselle Duchenois is exquisitely pathetic "*l'art n'est par fait pour elle, elle n'en a pas besoin.*" Mistress of all the softer passions, I have known even those who did not understand a word she uttered, moved to tears at her performance. All that is elegant in diction, dignified in gesture, perfect in grace, majestic in beauty, and symmetrical in form, is combined in the acting and appearance of Mademoiselle George. Her fine countenance, (so little aided by art, that her very colour seems to vary in her transparent complexion) is of the true heroic cast. It is susceptible of all the stronger passions ; but most of indignation, or of hatred, brooding and suppressed, but ennobled by the passion that awakens it. Her *Hermione* is one of the

finest pieces of acting I saw on the French theatre. Dressed in her *gothic costume*, as *Régine*, in *Charlemagne*, or in her imperial robes, as *Agrippina*, I think she is one of the finest specimens of the human form I ever beheld.

The strict adherence to classical authority, which gives such a freezing sameness to the French stage,—the UNITY OF PLACE, always representing one cold scene, the eternal hall of the eternal palace, are alone relieved by the splendour, and above all, by the rigidly characteristic and classical costume, in which I should suppose the French theatre a century in advance with England. Mademoiselle George would no more appear in her *corset* and *shoes*, in her Greek and Roman heroines, than she would adopt the hoop, formerly worn by the mourning widow of *Pompey*, or the double ruffles carried by *Bérénice* into her Eastern drapery. The reform began by Le Kain and Clairon, at the instigation of Voltaire and Marmontel ; and dramatic *costume* has been carried to the utmost point of perfection by Talma, who has made it his peculiar study. In the Roman coins, under the

reign of the Emperor, and those of the latter ages, which I saw at the *hôtel de Monnaie*, I could trace, almost to a fold, the robes and draperies of Cæsar, Nero, and Charlemagne. This strict adherence to *costume*, is not confined to the superior characters of the piece ;—it descends to the servants who remove the chair, or place the throne, and whose dress is not one year in advance with the historical personages, on whom they attend.

I had so long and so often heard of the interest excited in Paris, by the first representation of a new tragedy, that I considered it a piece of unusual good fortune, that Monsieur Le Mercier brought out his long expected *Charlemagne*, during my residence in that capital. Notwithstanding the political agitations of the day, *Charlemagne* had become an object of the most intense and universal interest. It was even discussed in the salons, as being a sort of *pierre de touche* of political sentiment ; and its failure or success was a point of solicitude, beyond the mere triumph or fall of an ordinary tragedy.

Its author, Le Mercier, had become al-



ready almost an historical character. The brilliant success of his tragedy of *Agamemnon*—his filling so ably the professor's chair at the *Athénée*, as successor to La Harpe ; the part he had taken in the revolution, but above all, his relations with the late Emperor of France, under whose eye *Charlemagne* was written, together with the well known, bold and independent principles of the author, and the eccentricity of his genius and character, combined to excite an interest for the first representation of *Charlemagne*, which perhaps had not been felt in Paris, since the *Irene* of Voltaire.

On the night of the representation, although I took possession of my box at half after six o'clock, I found the house already overflowing. Even the orchestra was full ; and the murmurs, the commotions, gradually swelling into tumult, like the sullen rising of a storm, the agitation of the many-waving heads, the impatience and energy of the strong marked countenances, gave me an impression of the vivacity of a French multitude, wound up to its utmost capability of emotion, almost frightful. Long before the play began, it was easy to dis-

cover the drawing-up of the different political parties, as if the "*côté du Roi*," and "*côté de la Reine*" were still in being—Powdered heads, *coëffure aile-de-pigeon*, and stars and crosses, were not the only insignia of one party, nor the rough black crops, and black silk handkerchiefs of the other, for all external distinction was rather avoided. and I was obliged to the gentleman who accompanied me to the theatre, and who knew all parties, for pointing out to me the different factions, as they ranged themselves in the *parterre*, or appeared in their *loges*.

The play at length began, and the emotion, far from having subsided, was now so intense, that the *first scene* was very imperfectly heard, and was loudly *encored* by one party, and hissed by another, without being listened to by either. It was repeated; and several sentences spiritedly uttered by La Fond, as *Charlemagne*, were called for over again, with the usual "*bis, bis, bis*." Buonaparte had been so often likened to *Charlemagne*, that the two Emperors were confounded on the scene, and the *pours* and the *contres* distributed their hisses and ap-

plauses, as their party feelings directed. The plot of the piece is a conspiracy against the life of *Charlemagne* by the brother and friends of his beautiful mistress *Régine*, the mother of his son *Hugues*; whom he had promised to marry, but whom he is about to abandon for a political alliance with *Irène*, the Empress of Constantinople. The mere plot was, however, of little moment; the sentiments incidentally uttered by the characters, and the peculiarity of their situations were *every thing*. Occasional glimpses of the Empress Josephine were caught, in the character of the devoted, but abandoned *Régine*. The imperial *Irène* was not without her type. The traitor *Astrate* conspiring against the man who had raised him, had too many parallels in France; the situation of the little *Hugues* was not without its original, and *Charlemagne* and *Napoléon* were every where the same.

A number of sentiments for and against military despotism, the interference of meddling priests, the influence of bigotry, the effects of conspiracy, and characters of conspirators, all drew forth the various and contending passions of the audience, and

produced an endless uproar and contest ; while every word was so guarded, and every personality so delicately avoided, that even the minister of the police could not have passed a censure on the piece ; and in this management the tact and talent of the author chiefly lay. At the lines,

“ . . . . . Ces furieux

Vouloient vous arracher la couronne, et les yeux : ”

and

“ Il tient le juste en paix, le méchant en effroi,

On diroit à ces traits, *que vous peignez le Roi ;* ”

the emotion of the royalist party expressed itself almost in shouts. But when *Charlemagne* recounts the benefits of his long and able administration, the brilliancy of his conquests, the glory with which he had covered his empire, his devotion to the nation, and, above all, when he prophecies the place he is to hold with posterity in the history of his own times, when all cotemporary prejudice shall be laid at rest, the emotion of the majority of the audience became so great, the cries of “ *bis, bis,* ” so violently reiterated, the uproar so wild, so insupportable, that I think a more terrible image of popular commotion could scarcely be con-

ceived. I saw them in the pit, springing several inches high—frantic—wild ! These people, with all their prompt sensibility and strong passions thus readily rising to the surface, must make the most formidable multitude, when congregated for violent purposes, in the world.

In all this wild contention, however, not the slightest personal offence was given ; no riot, no brutality, no rude language ; one party hissed and the other clapped, and all stamped, jumped, grimaced, and shouted, in the most perfect abstraction of principles ;—not as enemies, but as partisans ;—not as men hating each other, but as enthusiasts, in different causes. While faction, however, was deciding the merits of a political tragedy, criticism, never slumbering in a French pit, frequently united both parties in her decisions. At the tautological expressions, “ *La passion, qui m’anime,*” and a “ *meurtre irréparable,*” all parties joined in shouts of laughter ;—and an unfortunate “ *non,*” misplaced, nearly damned the piece in the third act. But an eternal dialogue between two conspirators, who illustrated the maxim that “ *l’art*

*d'ennuyer est l'art de tout dire*,"—and above all, a long prosing monologue of a sentimental murderer, had such an effect on the audience, that convulsions of laughter from every part of the house were only interrupted by those fearful sounds to the ear of author and actor,—“*à bas ! à bas !*” —“*à la porte ! à la porte !*”\*

The friends of the author, who were numerous, opposed this fatal decision with such force, that the fifth act was permitted to go on. But the tumults of party, criticism, and friendship, were now so great, that not a word that was uttered on the stage could be heard, even in the stage box. La Foud, as *Charlemagne*, which he had performed hitherto with infinite spirit, and with a brilliant rapidity of declamation, that took from the insupportable length of the speeches, was now wholly confounded:—a deadly paleness covered his face, and he stopped abruptly in the middle of his speech. Mademoiselle George, as *Régine*, retaining more presence of mind, seemed

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\* “*A bas la toile*,” down with the curtain,—and “*à la porte*,” commanding *the exit of the actor*, are generally decisive of the fate of the condemned piece.

either to support him by some word, whispered in his ear, or to give him his cue,—but it was in vain; the “*bis*,” and the “*à bas*,” wholly overpowered him. He advanced in great agitation to the front of the stage. The whole house was now standing up; he declared that “*il avait perdu la tête*,”—that his memory was gone. The prompter presented him the book, and he looked over his part; while Mademoiselle George recommenced her own speech, and the piece, amidst hisses and applauses, was thus suffered to proceed, and to be finished. Of course it holds its place; for the curtain not being dropped during the performance, it was saved from failure, if not crowned with success, and was given several nights afterwards, with various corrections and omissions.

The uproar did not finish with the tragedy; but I had suffered so much from fear, agitation, heat, and noise, that the moment the curtain dropt I left the box, and accompanied my party to the *foyer*, to take some refreshments, while the hurricane of the house still assailed our ears.

We had all felt infinite sympathy for the author, whose head we had from time to time seen in an opposite box ; and some of my party, who knew him intimately, and felt great anxiety about the fate of *Charlemagne*, were going to seek him, to cheer, rather than console him, when M. Le Mercier appeared himself, walking up and down the *foyer*, with the beautiful Madame de B \* \* \* \*de, talking with great earnestness and gaiety ; and, at every fresh burst of uproar that reached him from the theatre, stopping to indulge in violent fits of laughter, in which he was joined by his fair companion. Observing the author thus gay and composed, and finding the noise gradually subsiding, we finished our ice and capillaire, and returned to our box, contrary to our first intention, to see the oldest French play extant, as we had just seen the newest ; for “ *L'Avocat Patelin*” was the *petite pièce*,\* given after the first awful representation of *Charlemagne*.

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\* “ *L'Avocat Patelin*” given on our stage, under the title of the “ *Village Lawyer*,” was played in France for half a century, before it was written down ; and it varied according to the talent and humour of the actors.—About



“Who is the greatest man that has illustrated my reign?” demanded Louis XIV. of Boileau. “*Sire, c’est Molière*,” was the candid and just reply.—Corneille and Racine are allowed to have rivals among their successors; Molière stands alone. Corneille imitated, and Racine paraphrased the drama of other nations; Molière invented: and if France has a national theatre, she owes it to Molière. This great writer, stamp’d with all the original characteristics of genius, is alone, of all the dramatists France has produced, comparable to Shakspeare. He has not, indeed, his sublimity; he is deficient in his pathos: he wants those powerful touches, which an imagination “*that exhausted old worlds, and created new*,” flung in splendid prodigality over pages that breathe of inspiration. He wants the fairy powers of his aerial fancy. The high-wrought character, and incidents, and stories of Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, &c. &c. are far beyond the reach of Molière’s conception. Wholly destitute of those brilliant conceptions, which glance from “earth

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a hundred years back, it was committed to paper, and arranged in its present form for the stage. The English farce is a most literal translation.

to heaven," and take within the range of their combination all that material and immaterial worlds present to their view, Molière was yet, like Shakspeare, a wit, a humourist, a philosopher, a deep searcher into human character, a shrewd detector of the follies and vices that disfigure it, and he held up to *life a mirror*, so faithful to its reflection, that his dramas were more calculated to benefit the morals, improve the taste, extend the philosophy, correct the manners, and benefit the various relations of society of his day, than all that ever was written and said by Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Pascal, Bossuet, Fénelon, Boudaloue, or all the combined talents of the age he adorned;—one simple modest exception only admitted, in favour of the delightful "*philosophe, sans s'en douter*," the admirable La Fontaine.

Amidst the false glare, which has been flung over the reign of Louis XIV., the ascribing a more than proportionate share of talent to the day in which he flourished, and the attributing its existence to the munificent patronage of the sovereign; are positions

equally false and unfounded. A state, just rising out of semi-barbarism, presents a strong relief to the lustre of genius, drawing from the *unworked* mine of fancy and imagination. But there has been in France, as in all nations, a floating capital of superior ability, to which the circumstances of the time and state of society give their particular character and direction. The national stock of talent, which under the reign of Louis XIV., was directed by interest to consecrate all its powers to flattering the vanity, or frightening the conscience of a superstitious despot; in the reigns of his successors, and under the developement of other times and circumstances, produced, instead of poets and preachers, a school of moral and political philosophers. It would be impossible to deny the wreath of genius (granted to Racine, Boileau, and Massillon) to Voltaire, Montesquieu, Turgot, D'Alembert, Diderot, and Lavoisiere; or to exclude from this legion of honour, Condorcet, Cuvier, La Place, Jussieu, and Dessaix;—men whose powers for legislation, science, and war, belonged to the age and country in which they lived;

when preaching and poetry no longer found the same market for their productions, and were abandoned for pursuits more consonant to public utility, and general opinion.

The encouragement of literary men was first urged to Louis XIV. by Cardinal Mazarin, who always held before his royal pupil's eyes the example of Augustus Cæsar. The vanity of the sovereign followed up the suggestion of the minister ; and all poets were pensioned, who flattered the king, and who “ *de leurs héros, sur lui, formèrent tous leurs tableaux.*”

La Fontaine, however, the exquisite, the admirable La Fontaine, was suffered to live in obscurity, and to die almost in want. He would not, or he could not flatter ; and without the talent of sycophancy, he soon found, as he himself observes, that

“ Ce n'est pas près du Roi, que l'on fait sa fortune.”

Saint Real also, whose works have since been so highly esteemed, lived and died in indigent obscurity, under the same reign of ostentatious patronage. La Bruyere, though in the suite of the Duc de Bourgogne, was scarcely known to his royal

grandsire ; and Molière had already nearly ran his great career of glory, and was crowned with fame and opulence beyond his desires, before his pieces formed the amusement of the court, before he received a salary of forty pounds a year, (1000 francs) as manager of the “ *troupe de Monsieur.*” Unknown to courtly favour, during the greater part of his arduous life, he was denied *Christian burial*, after his death, in the Augustan age of France ! For, though the King condescended to solicit the archbishop of Paris, the profligate Harley, to permit the rights of sepulture to the remains of the greatest genius his reign produced, the haughty prelate refused the request of this despotic monarch, of this tyrant of the people, and slave of the church. In England, the remains of Molière would have been inurned amidst the ashes of her kings, and his tomb would have arisen between the monuments of her Shakspeare and her Garrick. Long may that land preserve her liberty, whose free government alone is favourable to the high career of genius ; which could alone have produced a Shakspeare, and organized a people, capable of

appreciating his genius, and revering his memory.

Molière was the creator of the French comedy, and, it may be said, the founder of a national theatre. It was, as the strolling leader of a little itinerant band, rambing from province to province, that he composed and acted his "*Etourdi*;" his "*Dépit Amoureux*;" his inimitable "*Précieuses Ridicules*;" his "*Médecin malgré lui*," and many other of his best comedies; and his *début* in Paris was a complete failure. It was not till after many struggles, that the force of his genius bore all before it. It was long after he had banished the gross farces of *Gros-Guillaume* and *Turlupin* from the stage; and had founded, with his own company, and his own pieces, a French comedy, as it is represented in the present day, by the name of the *Troupe de la Comédie Française*, that he grew into favour with the people, or attracted the attention of the court. He was already entertaining the marshals of France at his villa, near Paris, when the sun of royal favour first turned its rays on him. When he first arrived with his *troupe* in Paris, in 1635, he played at the sign of *La Croix Blanche*, in the

faubourg St. Germain. He did not receive his patent from the king for his theatre, in the *Palais Royal*, till the year 1660.\*

Among the expectations which accompanied me to Paris, that of seeing a comedy of Molière's played at the *Théâtre Français* was certainly not the faintest; and the first of his pieces I saw performed was his inimitable "*Tartuffe*." It was a great disappointment to be disappointed with Molière, on his *own* stage, and with *Tartuffe*, cast with all the strength of the company of the *Comédie Française*; but not a scene, not a situation, not a character answered my expectation. I had already been delighted with the pure and excellent comedy of some of their modern pieces, and their exquisite comic actors; I could have attended the representation of the *Mariage de Figaro* every night it was played, and could have seen Michaud, Brunet, and Potier for ever. And yet the ini-

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\**Additional note.*—This passage has been blamed, as if it condemned Louis the XIV. for not patronising Molière, before he had arrived at the government of his kingdom. The drift of the argument is plainly confined to proving *the fact*, that Louis was not *himself* the cause of the golden age of literature, with which he co-existed: nor is there the least shadow of blame expressed or implied, to justify the censure of *ultra* criticism.

mitable *Tartuffe*, inimitably acted, (as I was assured by some first rate French critics) almost put me to sleep.

The grand comedies of Molière, and particularly his *Tartuffe*, are nearly as classical in rule and arrangement, as the tragedies of Racine. The dialogues are almost as cold, and the monologues as long. Nothing can be more just, more philosophic, than the disquisition of *Cléante* upon the true character of religious hypocrisy,

.....“ Ces francs charlatans, ces dévots de place,  
De qui la sacrilège et trompeuse grimace,” &c. &c. ;  
and this speech is read in the closet, with all the admiration merited by the satires of Donne, Pope, or Juvenal. But this admirable treatise given in rhyme, and in little less than *seventy lines*, while the person to whom it is addressed, is obliged to listen in cold attention, is at least foreign to our English ideas of genuine comedy ; and fails to amuse on the stage, though it cannot fail of delighting in the study. Rhyme, too, (to an English ear, at least) seems so inapplicable to the free, unfettered genius of comedy, (which, being the reflection of life and manners, should partake of their native and incidental irregularities ;) that the serious



rhyming comedies of Molière always appeared to me poetical satires, sententiously recited; and scarcely more dramatic than Johnson's *London*, or Churchill's *Rosciad*.\*

There was no instance in which the *esprit de système*, omnipotent in its influence over the French stage, struck me so forcibly as in the performance of Molière's comedies. The style of acting them is evidently traditional and conventional; and has descended to each successive "*troupe*," with the periwigs and ruffles of Louis XIVth's day. For it is curious to observe, that while the *Elmires* and *Mariannes* are dressed like modern fine ladies, the young *Valère* makes love in a *toupet*, *et en ailes de pigeon* with an embroidered coat, and long sword, *Cléante* is ready dressed for a levee of Madame de Maintenon, and *Orgon* ready habited to await the orders of *Père-de-la-Chaise*. The business of the stage appears very evidently traditional. In the little quarrel between *Valère* and *Marianne*, certain evolutions are

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\* The most humorous and amusing of Molière's comedies are in prose. While I was in Paris, a Monsieur Demontbrun versified the "*Médecin malgré lui*:"—it was only played three times; and the wits of Paris gave it the title of "*Le Médecin en vers, malgré lui*."

performed, that seem, by their formality, to have descended from the original representation at Versailles ; and when *Dorine* at last effects a reconciliation between the pouting lovers, the manner in which they advanced to each other, with measured step and calculated movements, and then suddenly embraced, had all the *automaton* air of two puppets ; moved with much less ingenuity, than that with which I have seen *Punch* embrace his adversary, the Devil, in one of their celebrated *rencontres* ; when *Gilles*, with his usual admirable *sang-froid*, leaves them to fight it out, with “ *Arrangez-vous ensemble, Messieurs.*”

From the scene, where *Elvire* undertakes to discover the perfidy of *Tartuffe* to her husband, I expected much ; even after I had been disappointed through four successive acts. But, affecting as it is in perusal, it was in action, flat, cold and ineffective. Mademoiselle Mars, as *Elvire*, received the declaration of *Tartuffe*, and reached the most interesting and piquant point of the *dénouement*, with the most freezing inanimation. Her beautiful eyes, generally so rapid and so shifting in their brilliant glan-

ces, were here fixed and at rest and when she occasionally coughed, or raised up the cloth of the table, under which *Orgon* lies concealed, it seemed as if she took her cue from the prompter, and performed this little bye-play entirely by his dictation.\*

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\* I have no recollection of Miss Farren; but from all I have heard of her style of acting, Mademoiselle Mars is the Miss Farren of the French stage. Of the perfection of her acting, I never heard a dissentient opinion; and I have heard more than one French lady observe, that Mademoiselle Mars, on the stage, is what every French woman of fashion might wish to be, in the salon. Her rival, Mademoiselle Le Vert, is accused of being less *nüive*, less lady-like, and too high in her colouring. Mademoiselle Le Vert would be irresistible on the English stage; and always is so on the French stage, to the *foreign part* of the audience. She is the Miss De Camp of the *Théâtre Français*; full of accomplishment, which she incidentally displays in her character;—singing, not finely but deliciously;—playing the harp tastefully;—full of life, animation, and spirit, always diverting the attention from the actress to the woman, and inspiring the desire to follow her from the stage to her *loge*, to converse with one, whose pleasantry and good sense seem always prevailing through the character she adopts. The French critics, however, deny the palm of originality to Mademoiselle Le Vert; and observe that she is but an admirable and close imitation of the late celebrated comic actress, Mademoiselle Contat.

The French critics assured me, that nothing could be finer than her acting in this scene ; that, already acquainted with the intentions of *Tartuffe*, she should receive his declaration passively, without emotion, and without betraying either triumph or surprize. All bye-play was here inadmissible, and the severity of French criticism admits no intelligence between the performer and the audience. The *keeping*, indeed, in this instance, is so cold and rigid, that neither accentuation nor emphasis are admitted in the dialogues of genteel comedy ; and, though the enunciation of the first class of actresses, or, as they are called, in the *technicality* of the French theatre, the “ *premiers rôles*,” or “ *jeunes premières*,” is extremely elegant and pure, yet they recite with the same little monotonous utterance, on the top of their voice, as a French woman of high fashion affects in her *boudoir*, without cadence or inflection ; and they use so little action, that the perfection of genteel comedy, on the stage, is a fair uncharged transcript of the manners of the *alon*. To a taste, formed upon the broad humour and high colouring of the English

stage, this style of acting appears cold, tame, and even tiresome ; and it was not until I had seen several French comedies performed, and wearied my French friends by observations on the *absence of nature*, in all the acting I had seen on the great national theatre, that I learned, by comparing the dramatic representation with the real life and manners of French society, that nature adopts a diversified mode of expression for the same feelings, in different countries ; and that what would be true to nature, on an English stage, as applied to genteel comedy, would be very false to it, on a French one. The error of judgment, however, lies principally in a confusion of terms, where nature is substituted for life ; for genuine comedy takes the relations of civilized and modern society for its subject : and the actor embodies them in the manners and forms of the country, for which they are written, and to which he represents.

It is, however, extremely observable, even to a foreign spectator, that the style of acting the serious comedies of Molière is wholly different from that pursued in

modern and lighter pieces. Modern manners are there copied with great fidelity, and every thing is less conventional and more faithful to life. In this style of acting Michaud is unrivalled ; and his pure, genuine, and truly comic humour is wholly unsupported by any attempt at grimace or overcharging. Fleury, in a higher cast of parts, if less broadly amusing, is not less excellent and eminent. The *Théâtre Français*, the first theatre of the nation, is confined to tragedy, and the higher walks of comedy, and holds a distinct and superior place in public estimation over all the other spectacles ; the Opera, or *Académie de Musique*, excepted. It has neither manager nor proprietor ; it belongs to a company, composed of the principal actors and actresses, under the title of *Sociétaires*, who share the receipts of the house after the expenditures are defrayed.

The strictest propriety, the most delicate observance of *bienséance*, govern the audience of the *Théâtre Français* ; and women of the highest rank go to the theatre, and enter their boxes alone ; in the full confidence that they are there equally safe from

intrusion, insult, or annoyance, as in their own houses. Some years ago, the *parterre* gave a proof of its gallantry, by obliging two gentlemen to quit the *front row* of the box they occupied, in favor of two ladies, who had come in late, and seated themselves in a back row ; and I myself was present, when an instance of attention to moral decency was observed, which was at once curious and singular, in a people so vehemently accused of having no morals.

During the performance of the second act of the *Tartuffe*, an English nobleman, of fashionable notoriety, entered one of the boxes, on the second tier, which are particularly exposed, with a female, whose notoriety was not *strictly nor merely fashionable*, and who was also rather *less severely* draped, than it is the custom for women of any description to appear in the public places of Paris. The *parterre* immediately took the alarm ; no Frenchman dare appear in public with an *entretenu*, in Paris ; and it was very evident that no indulgence would be granted to an Englishman so situated. For, though respect to Molière kept the *parterre* quiet during the performance of *Tartuffe*,

and confined their strictures to pointing their *lorgnettes* to the box of Lord \* \* \*, the moment the curtain dropped, the tumult of displeasure was universal from every part. Although a Scotch gentleman in my box, who knew Lord \* \* \*, immediately perceived he was the unpopular object of attention, I thought the circumstance so improbable, that I asked one of the most tumultuous censors in the *gallerie*, under our box, what was the cause of the uproar. He answered laughingly, “ *C’est cet Anglais et son amie, dont le fichu n’est pas trop bien arrangé.*” Lord \* \* \* and his frail companion seemed, at first, quite unconscious that they were the objects of the commotion; and when they leaned over the box to observe who was, the shouts of laughter and the uproar became so great, that they at last took the hint and retired.

While the *devant de la scène* is, at least, as decent as it ever was, I am told that all *behind the curtain* is infinitely improved; or at least, more apparently consistent with good manners. It is a sort of fashion now, in straying from the rigid path of morality, to err by “stealth, and blush to



find it fame;" and though the *Lucretias* of the theatres are neither more cruel, nor more rigid, than in the days of the Couvreurs, the Fells, and the Sophie Arnoults, there are no *sultans de coulisses*, like the Duc de Richelieu; and the admittance once so liberally granted behind the scenes, to the *aimables roués* of Paris, is now greatly restricted. If the *morale* of the theatre is not intrinsically improved, the exterior forms of its arrangements have lost nothing, by the general improvement in public morals, which has taken place in France within the last thirty years.—The *Théâtre Français*, during the reign of the ex-emperor, took the title of "*Comédiens ordinaires de l'Empereur.*"

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The *Odéon*, or theatre royal, the second in point of rank, I believe, after the *Théâtre Français*, owes its Greek name to the classical associations of the revolution: it was thus denominated, in allusion to the Athenian edifice, raised to celebrate some solemn festivals, by Pericles. The patent of its *royalty* is doubtless granted to its *loyalty*; it being the resort of all that is most loyal

in the capital ; namely, the inhabitants of the faubourg St. Germain, in which it is situated. The acting is generally reckoned below mediocrity ; and the pieces usually are of the same stamp ; except when M. Picard, the *administrateur-général* of the establishment, brings forward some of his own excellent little pieces, which have acquired for him the flattering *sobriquet* of the “ *petit Molière*.”

The *Odéon*, notwithstanding its loyalty, was generally very thinly attended, until a very singular piece brought out there, during my residence in Paris, turned the tide of popularity and fashion for a moment in its favour ; and all parties and all factions hurried to the Odeon, to see the *Chevalier de Canolle*. This piece, for a time, produced the same effect on the French public, as *Cato* had done on the English, when the *tories* and the *whigs* went equally to applaud sentiments, which each adopted as their own. The *Chevalier* is founded on a very slight *historical fact*, in the history of the wars of the *Fronde* ; but in the spirited and gallant character of the *Chevalier* himself—the victim of faction con-

demned under the law of reprisal to be publicly executed, the public chose to see the character and misfortunes of the late Marshal Ney. What gave colour to this supposition, was the coincidence of the situation, and even the words of the *Chevalier*, and of the Marechal, a few minutes before the intended execution of both. When the fatal hour arrived, which was to terminate the life of Ney, the officers and guard who came to conduct him to the place of execution, found him still asleep, for the dawn had only just broke. One of the officers complimented him on a state of mind, which, in a moment like that, enabled him to indulge in a repose so calm and profound;—the Marechal replied with a smile, “*Je m’essayais*,” in allusion to that long sleep he was then rehearsing, and as if indeed, death was to him

“To sleep—no more!”

In the last act of the *Chevalier Canolle*, he is found asleep by his mistress and his friends, who come to bid him a last farewell, a few minutes before his execution. To the observation of his young mistress:

“ *Vous dormiez,*” he replies smilingly, “ *Je m’essayais.*” The effect of this answer was still electric, even when I saw the “*Chevalier de Canolle,*” after it had been played above twenty nights; and though the Duke and Duchess de Berri, and the greatest part of the court were present. Another speech had also its immediate application, and a model was instantly found for the following observation:—“*J’admire, comme votre sexe, qu’on appelle faible, et que je trouve charmant, se prononce toujours, tout en douceur, pour les partis les plus violents?*”

To counteract the occasional triumph of one party, every passage of loyalty was applauded vehemently by the other; and when, at the winding up of the catastrophe, by a reconciliation of all parties, the mayor of Bourdeaux declares, that cries of “*vive le Roi,*” resounded through the city, the shout of “*vive le Roi*” was, indeed, echoed, with a thousand reiterations, through the house; and every white handkerchief in the faubourg St. Germain, waved over the boxes. “*Vive Henri Quatre*” was commanded at least a dozen times, during the evening,

from the orchestra, and was accompanied by shouts of loyal enthusiasm.

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The judicious opinion of Rousseau, on the subject of French music, which had nearly proved so fatal to his liberty and life, and which excited more persecution than either his religious or political heresies, has long been confirmed by the decision of Europe, and is now scarcely disputed by the French themselves. The French, observes Rousseau, “ *n’ayant, et ne pouvant avoir une mélodie à eux, dans une langue qui n’a point d’accent, sur une poésie maniérée qui ne connut jamais la nature, ils n’imaginent d’effets que ceux de l’harmonie, et sont si malheureux dans leurs prétentions, que cette harmonie même qu’ils cherchent, leur échappe.*” It belongs, therefore, to the national solecisms of this ingenious people, that, with a language neither harmonious nor accentuated, and, strictly speaking, without *national music*, they should yet be almost the only country in Europe, Italy always excepted as the natural region of melody and musical science, which boasts of a *grand national opera*.

Opera, however, and Greek tragedy were both given, almost at the same time, to the French people, as an ordinance from the government. Royal despotism interfered with both, and France owes to the ministry of Mazarin the origin of an opera, which he first introduced at court, to flatter the musical taste of his royal mistress, Anne of Austria. The music and the singers were both brought from Italy, and the first piece represented, in 1645, was the “*Finta Pazza*.” But the beauty of Italian music must have found but few votaries ; for within a very few years after its introduction, scarcely a trace of its influence remained ; and the heavy gorgeous edifice of the “*Académie Royale de Musique*” rose out of the early ruins of this fragile temple of taste and harmony. Louis XIV. not only took the French opera under his special protection, but when Sourdac added his splendid machinery, and Benserade his ballets, to the musical tragedies of “*Andromeda*” and “*L’Ariadne*,” (whose chants and chorusses must have resembled the psalmody of a parish clerk, and the nasal unisons of his bray-

ing choir,) the king then condescended to *dance himself* in the *divertissement*. *Letters patent* indicated, that persons of the highest rank might take a part in the representation, without derogating from their nobility; and the illustrious de Montmorency and de Villeroi were seen performing in the opera of “*Les fêtes de L’Amour et de Bacchus*.”

Cambert, whose compositions, I believe, are now wholly unknown, appears to have been the court composer of the day, until Lulli obtained letters patent as director of the opera; and in conjunction with Rameau produced that “*lourde psalmodie*,” as Rousseau calls it, which supplied the opera, and governed the musical taste of France for nearly a century; and which *St. Preux* humorously advises his *Julie* to collect and commit to the flames, “*afin que tant de glace puisse y brûler, et donner de la chaleur, au moins une fois*.”

The arrival of an *Italian buffa company* in Paris, who were permitted to play at the theatre of the opera, though extremely inferior, and though their compositions were miserably executed by the French orches-

tra, gave a blow to the French opera, from which it never recovered. “ *Il n’y eut personne,*” says Rousseau, speaking of the French music, “ *qui put endurer la traînerie de leur musique ; après l’accent vif et marqué de l’Italienne ; sitôt que les bouffons avaient fini, tout s’en alloit.*”

Paris soon divided into two formidable musical factions, which, however, were not without their political colour. The privileged class cried out against innovation, even in crotchets and quavers ; and the noble and the rich, the women and the court, clung to the monotonous discords of Lulli, Rameau, and Mondonville, as belonging to the ancient and established order of things : while the musical connoisseurs and amateurs, the men of talent, genius, and letters, were enthusiastic for nature, taste, and Italian music.\* The establishment of the German composer, Gluck, in France, under the protection of the queen Marie Antoi-

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\* When Marmontel proposed D’Alembert to Madame de Pompadour, as worthy of a pension granted to men of letters on the *Mercur de France*, she refused him, because, she said, “ he was *passioné pour la musique Italienne.*”



nette, and the arrival of Piccini from Naples, occasioned a final revolution in French music, and was the origin of that famous quarrel, which so long agitated the public mind in France, as if the most sacred rights of the nation had been the point in debate.

Italian music had already been adapted to French words, by Gretry, at the comic opera.—The “*Roland*” of Marmontel and Piccini was the first attempt at a union of the French tragedy, with Italian composition brought forward on the grand opera ; and in spite of the cabals of the court and the Gluckists, “*Roland*” was crowned with complete success.

The discordant period of the revolution was unfavorable to the *Académie de Musique*, which then took the name of “*L’Opéra*.\*” It was, as the *Académie Impériale de Musique*, that it recovered its ancient splendor ; and that the musical taste of France received a brilliant improvement from the combined talents of Paesiello, Cimarosa, Cherubini, and Paer.

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\* The first violists in France were ordered to attend in the public places to play national airs to the “*peuple souverain*.”

Buonaparte was in music a true Italian ; and his despotic interference with the composers, whom he brought from Italy, and liberally recompensed, was consonant at once to his taste for the art, and love of dictation. He had himself been a performer on the piano-forte ; and knew enough of the theory and terms of the science, to be enabled to dictate even to the genius of Paisiello, without betraying more ignorance of the mechanism of the subject, than might be permitted in an Emperor. I have heard his anxiety about the operas of Paisiello, and his arguments with that delightful composer, related with great humour by those who were present when, by special command, he brought his half-finished operas to the Tuileries, for the inspection and criticism of the imperial amateur.—The composer was quite as independent as the sovereign was dictatorial ; and argued out every point, bar by bar, and note by note. Sometimes Buonaparte demanded the erasure of half or a whole scene, exclaiming, as he measured the score with his fingers,—“ From *this* to *this* is good ; it means something ; it is *melody* :—but from *this* to *this* is mere *science* ; there is neither

expression nor passion ; it is not dramatic, —it *will not do.*” Paesiello seldom complied implicitly ; and the composer and the critic usually compromised the difference between melody and harmony, and science and expression, as well as their respective predilections would allow them, by each yielding something of their own judgment to the opinion of the other.

I had the pleasure of knowing Cherubini during my residence in Paris ; and mentioning these anecdotes to him, he so far corroborated them, as to speak with great indignation of the Emperor’s interference with the compositions of a man of Paesiello’s eminence and unrivalled genius ; while he inveighed against his despotism, in preventing that venerable person from returning to his own country, a permission which he had in vain solicited. “ Napoleon,” added Cherubini, “ frequently endeavoured to dictate to me, as he had done to Paesiello. He loved only *une musique assoupissante* ; he required that an opera should be a succession of andantes or motivos of marked and accentuated expressions ; and demanded the sacrifice of harmony and effect to melody. One day that he complained to me

of the strength and fullness of some of my accompaniments, and observed that they were “*trop bruyans*,” I could not help replying—“*Sire, vous voulez que notre musique vous laisse libre de rêver aux affaires d'état.\**”

From all indeed I could learn of the influence, which Buonaparte assumed over music in France, his object was to establish that style of enunciation and expression; which Rousseau, so many years before, had so strongly recommended and illustrated, in the recitatives of his own “*Devin du Vil-*

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\* This little conversation took place in the music room of M. Gerard, at one of his delightful musical parties. The celebrated Paer was at the piano-forte, and I was greatly amused to observe Cherubini seating himself opposite to his rival composer, and listening to his most wonderful performance, with all the transports of a young pupil, who for the first time listens to his master. The rhapsodies of Paer on the piano-forte are, I believe, without any parallel in musical performance, and his *improviso* accompaniments, that night, to some of the finest scenes of his own “*Grisilda*,” were rich, varied, and brilliant, beyond I should think even his own power of noting down in score. He went through some *caricatura* songs with infinite humour. On the excellence of his numerous operas it is unnecessary to dwell. He taught the Empress Marie Louise, during her residence in France, and enjoyed places of great emolument under the imperial government.

lage,\*" a style which Mr. Moore, who has so many claims to reputation, has introduced into English composition by the example of his own original and exquisite melodies, and which is gradually giving its tone and character to the music of the present day. This style, dictated by taste and nature, and

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\* A French lady, with whom Buonaparte was no very distinguished favourite, talking to me one day of his despotism and his talents, observed, "*Madame, c'est la moitié d'un grand homme.*"---The man, who at the head of a great empire, could plan great and lasting works, conquer nations, and yet talk astronomy with La Place, tragedy with Talma, music with Cherubini, painting with Girard, *virtù* with Denon, and literature and science with any one who would listen to him, was certainly "out of the *roll* of common men;" even allowing he had taken "the royal road to learning," and was, as he is said to have been, but superficially acquainted with the various subjects, which engrossed his restless and all-grasping capacity. But as one of the many enemies, whom power had armed against the liberties of mankind, his brilliant qualities give but a deeper shadow to his faults. These were the qualities that dazzled the nation he first eminently served, and then despotically governed, and thus marred the progress of an event, which, forwarded by time and experience, might have terminated in the example of a wise and beneficent government, belonging to the genius and spirit of the age out of which it arose, and favourable alike to liberty, illumination, and happiness.

speaking to the passions and to the heart, without abandoning the aid of science, or grace of harmony, prevails with a very obvious influence over the works of the modern French composers, (who write wholly in the Italian school) and breathes in the flowing and gracious strains of Blangini ; it softens the brilliant *verve* of Boieldieu, and is discoverable in the melodies of Berton, and in the charming romances of Lambert ; while the fine harmonies of Mehul, and the grave and learned compositions of Le Sueur, are less susceptible of its influence, and almost incompatible with its genius.

My first time of visiting the *Académie Royale de Musique*, (which, though a French opera, holds the same rank in the world of fashion in Paris, as the Italian opera in London,) was merely accidental. I was preparing for one of the *petits spectacles*, when tickets were sent me for the box of the *gentilhommes ordinaires du Roi*, at the opera ; and I arrived at the theatre, without knowing what pieces were to be represented. I was delighted to find I had come in at the first scene of the “ *Devin du Vil-*

*lage*," which was given as a prelude before "*Oedipe à Colonne*," and the superb ballet of "*Flore et Zéphire*."

The sensation excited by the first performance of this piece at the court theatre of Fontainebleau, before the King and Madame de Pompadour, can easily be conceived, when the superiority of its composition over the music of that day is understood. The music, even now, appears full of simplicity and expression, and fairly stands the test with Italian composition. The little ballad of "*J'ai perdu mon serviteur*," which Rousseau says, Louis XV. was wont to sing, "*avec la voix la plus fausse de son royaume*," particularly interested me, as being a favourite of the author, and the first air he composed for the opera. It is well known, that Rousseau made more by this little piece, which he composed in a few weeks, than by his "*Emile*," which cost him twenty years' meditation. Notwithstanding its merit, however, the secret of its profits lay in its fashion at the court; Madame de Pompadour having played herself the part of *Colin*. Had I commanded the performance of the evening, I should un-

doubtedly have fixed on the *Devin du Village*,—the audience seemed to be of the same opinion. The music of “*Oedipe*” is by Sacchini, and its fine chorusses were got up and executed in a style infinitely superior to any chorusses I ever heard on the Italian opera of London. The French opera is entirely supplied, even in its most subordinate parts, from the *Conservatoire de Musique*, where four hundred pupils receive their musical education, and furnish the choirs of the cathedrals and the national opera, with well-taught and scientific singers. The chorusses, therefore, at the opera are always well got up ; but some of the principal singers, most particularly the women, belong only to the French school, and could be heard out only by a French audience.

It would be vain in the French opera, to look for

“ E’l cantar che nell’ anima si sente.”

The despair of *Ariadne*, the tenderness of *Antigone*, are screamed on the top of the voice, without flexibility, execution, taste or expression. Nothing seems necessary to form the *prima donna*, but those “*éclats de*



*voix*," which the French fifty years back preferred to every other style of vocal exertion ; and to which they are still so indulgent, that it often struck me, the more their principal female singers sung out of tune, the more they gave loose to their *criailleries*, the more the audience applauded.

Paris, however, has an audience, as it has a public, for every thing. The worst style, the most untunable voices are not only tolerated, but applauded, at the French opera to-night. To-morrow the most rigid, the severest criticism governs the public judgment, at the Italian opera: the most delicate division of a semi-tone is there appreciated, and the audience appear composed of a colony from Naples or Palermo. Still, the French opera, the *Académie Royale de Musique*, is the national opera of France. The costume, the acting, and the machinery are all superior in splendor and arrangement to the opera of London. The dancing, which seems to constitute the most material part of both exhibitions, as it is executed in Paris, has no parallel in the world. All in front of the stage is more elegant, brilliant, and attractive in the London Opera

House—the audience looks there more distinguished and better dressed—and the beauty of the female part so superior to that of every other nation, that it makes, perhaps, the most brilliant and attractive part of the representation.

I saw nothing, indeed, in Paris, that approached to the general *éclat*, splendor, and elegance of the Opera House of London, but the court theatre of the Tuileries, at which each company from the great theatres performed in turn, during the festivities given on the occasion of the marriage of the Duc de Berri. The arrangements of this comparatively small theatre, combine all that is chaste, elegant, light, and splendid, in architecture and decoration. Illuminated with its thousand lights reflected from their crystal branches, it appears some fairy palace of burnished gold, at once noble and simple, magnificent and tasteful. To this splendid theatre no one was admitted, who had not been presented at court, and received a special invitation through the *premier gentilhomme de la chambre*, or through their own ambassador. Every one appeared in full court dress ; and the boxes,

or rather the gallery, which was round the theatre, is so constructed, that every individual is distinctly seen. The King and the royal family occupy a centre box. On one side, the ministers and ambassadors occupied a box, and on the other sat the French duchesses ; for the men do not mingle with the women under the present regime, in the court of the most gallant country in the world. The *parterre* was exclusively occupied by the male part of the audience.

The first night I received my billet for one of these court plays, I went particularly early to observe the etiquette of arrangement. The halls, the corridors, and anti-rooms were guarded by files of soldiers. The *Cent Suisses*, in their ancient and most picturesque dress, which has not been changed since the days of Henry IV. were on duty. The noblemen in waiting, the *huissiers*, the officers of the court, appeared every where officiously attentive and polite. The ladies, with the exception of the duchesses, were conducted to their seats without any precedence or order, and were presented with books of the entertainment ; and

it was very obvious that the *Duchesses* took their *tabourets*, in their own exclusive box with a certain little air of triumph, and consciousness of superiority, very excusable in those, who for twenty years had lamented over this forfeited distinction, the precious object of hereditary ambition.—I observed among them one of my own beautiful countrywomen, who has lately wreathed her fair brows with the ducal coronet of France,

“ Though last, not least.”

On the arrival of the royal family, a *huissier* came to the front of the royal box, and announced “ *Le Roi.*” Every one arose to receive him, and to return his always very gracious and smiling salute. The royal family ranged themselves on either side of his majesty ;—the Duchesse d’Angouleme and Duc de Berri on one side—the Duchesse de Berri and Monsieur d’Artois and Angouleme on the other. Monsieur Talleyrand, in his official *costume*, as *grand chambellan*, took his wonted station behind the king’s chair.

I had frequently seen this celebrated personage, and future historical character,

at court, upon other public occasions, in the bustle of processions, at the nuptial pomp of royalty, under the holy dome of Notre Dame, at the deepest tragedy, at the liveliest comedy, amidst the solemnity of the royal chapel, and the revelry of the feasting court—but I saw him always the same. Cold, motionless ; not abstracted, but unoccupied ; not absent, but unmoved !—no tint varying the colourless hue of his livid complexion, no expression marking its character on his passive countenance ; his figure seemed the shell of a human frame, despoiled of its organic arrangements : and if the heart beat, or the brain vibrated, no power of penetration could reach the recesses of the one, or guess at the workings of the other. From the mind of this man the world seemed contemptuously shut out—and if this most impassable form and face indicated any character or opinion, one would have thought, at the first glance, this is surely the being, who has said, “ *speech was given to man, to conceal his thoughts.* ” It seemed as if the intimacy of love, the confidence of friendship, the community of counsel, could never draw the

mind to that countenance, which amidst all the vicissitudes, versatility, changes, and contrasts in the life of its owner, had never been

“ A book in which men read *strange things*.”

It was indeed a book, written in a dead language.

On the two occasions that I was present at the court play, the company of the comic opera performed, on one night, the drama of *La fête du village voisin*, and a “ *pièce de circonstance*,” where the king and the royal family were eulogised, till even they could hold out no longer. The king fell asleep in the midst of his own praises ; the ambassadors yawned without instructions ; the duchesses winked their pretty eyes, until they could no longer contemplate their own greatness ; and a gentle doze occasionally seized the senses of all the French marchionesses, and English peeresses that surrounded me ; while the beaux in the pit no longer ogled the “ *sleeping beauties*” in the boxes. Never did “ *Nature’s sweet restorer his ready visit pay, where fortune smiled,*” with a more importunate influence. The performance lasted many hours ; and, as it is against the etiquette

of the court to applaud when the King is present, the opera, ballet, and *pièce de circonstance*, all passed on in melancholy silence : an *encore* would have looked like treason, and a laugh been *lèse majesté*.

On the other night, the company of the *Théâtre Français* gave the *Adélaïde de Guesclin*, of Voltaire ; a strange selection, considering that the Duke of Wellington, the English ambassador, and half the house of lords were present.

“ Je prévois que bientôt cette guerre fatale,  
Ces troubles intestins de la maison royale,  
Ces tristes factions céderont au danger,  
D’abandonner la France au fils de l’étranger.  
*Je vois que de l’Anglais la race est peu chérie,*  
*Que leur joug est pèsant ! qu’on n’aime pas leur*  
*patrie.”*

.....

.....“ N’acceptera, pour maître  
*L’allié des Anglais, quelque grand qu’il puisse être ”*

.....

“ Je ne veux pas que l’Anglais en ces lieux,  
*Protecteur insolent, commande sous mes yeux.*  
*Les Anglais avec moi pourraient mal s’accorder,*  
*Jusqu’au dernier moment, je veux seul commander.”*

Such were the sentiments of a play selected for representation for the court, and at which so many of the heroes of *Waterloo* were present ; whose “ *joug*,” it may, there-

fore, be concluded, had become rather “*pésant*” to those, *for* whom, as well as those, *against* whom, they had fought.

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The *Théâtres du Vaudeville*, and *des Variétés* rank after the comic opera, and are most genuinely French. It is to Le Sage, the inimitable author of *Gil Blas*, that France owes the origin of *La Comédie en Vaudeville*, one of the most delightful of her amusements.

Rousseau, in his musical dictionary, defines a *Vaudeville* to be “*Sorte de chanson à couplets, qui roule ordinairement sur des sujets badins ou satyriques.*” He adds, that, though the air is little more than a recitative, to give accentuation to the words, and not always very musical, they are yet very *piquant* and spirited.

The *Vaudeville* is exclusively French. It is said to be as ancient as the time of Charlemagne, and every body in France seems to have ear enough to learn them, and voice enough to sing them. Of five hundred *airs de Vaudeville*, which I have brought over with me from France, I never mentioned one to a French person, that was not instantly hummed for me. To these well



known and popular airs, new words are almost daily composed, both for the *petites pièces* of the theatres, and as the medium of political opinion, personal satire, or personal eulogium. The French have at all times vented their spleen and their good humour in a song. Mazarin trembled when there were no *Vaudevilles*; and Menage observes, that “ *Un recueil de Vaudevilles, est une pièce des plus nécessaires à un historien, qui veut écrire sincèrement.*”\*

All the actors and actresses on the smaller theatres of Paris sing *tant bien que mal*, for all their pieces are operatical, or rather a compilation of popular *Vaudevilles*, and short dialogues. In going from one theatre to another, as is usual in Paris, I have not only found the airs I had just heard at the *Vaudeville*, repeated at the “ *Variétés*,” but the audiences of both spectacles delighted with the repetition, and humming them over, as they left the theatres, at the conclusion of the piece.

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\* “ Qu’on l’opprime, il peste, il crie ;  
Il s’agit en cent façons  
Tout finit par des chansons.”

If the French have a national music, it is undoubtedly the *Vaudeville*, which is perfectly consonant to the genius of their language, and almost as epigrammatic. The pretty little pieces brought out at the *Théâtre du Vaudeville*, are thickly sprinkled with madrigals, and epigrams, extremely ingenious and well turned, and admirably adapted to the popular airs for which they are composed; though the pure taste of Parisian criticism justly reprobates the eternal puns and *jeux de mots*, which constitute too large a part of the wit of some of these dramas. The *Théâtre du Vaudeville* is rich in parodies, which follow rapidly upon the new pieces given at the Opera, or at the *Théâtre Français*. The parody upon Hamlet is too ludicrous for description, but irresistibly laughable; and the elegant light ballet of *La Colombe Retrouvée*, I saw parodied at the *Vaudeville*, as “*La Maison Retrouvée*,” with a breadth of farce quite beyond the genius of Sadler’s Wells. Some of the acting here, particularly that of the men, is exquisite; and the orchestra, like all the orchestras in Paris, is full and excellent.

The *Théâtre des Variétés* has obtained its

present fashion, from the inimitable acting of Brunet and Potier, notwithstanding its eternal puns and false conceits, infinitely less delicate and pointed than those of the *Vaudeville*. The pieces usually given at the *Variétés* are what the French call "*pièces de caricature*;"—but which are generally speaking (at least those that we saw) not more broad than the usual cast of farces on the English stage. If fidelity to nature be the test of fine acting, whatever line of representation he assumed, Brunet is one of the finest actors I ever saw. It is not effort, it is not acting, it is nature itself, in all its truth and simplicity. There is nothing like it on the English stage; Emery alone approaches Brunet: and if acting is not all conventional, all *mannerism*, this is the true genius of acting.

There may be a thousand readings and conceptions of tragedy, according to the times and tastes of mankind; but genuine comedy has always her standard of reference before her, in *real life*. By this she can be always tried, judged, and estimated; and Garrick doubtlessly displayed more genius, when he succeeded in *Scrub*, than when he

excelled in Richard: for comedy is founded on the truth of nature; while tragedy, built on its violation and extravagance, has no infallible standard, by which it can be appreciated.—Voltaire observes that the French language, *rich en termes burlesques et naïves, est très stérile en termes nobles et harmonieux*; and in their rhyming dictionaries, twenty terms may be found suited to comic poetry, for one applicable to a higher subject.—I should suppose that comedy is the true genius of the French drama, and that the French comedians are the finest in the world.

The *Théâtres des Boulevards, de la Porte Saint Martin, de l'Ambigu Comique, de La Gaîté*, and some of inferior notoriety, divide among them dramas, melo-dramas, pantomime, dancing, and *petites pièces* of every description: and, though it is a sort of *ton* for persons of fashion to go in large parties to these most amusing theatres, two or three times in a season, yet the audience, generally speaking, appeared to me to be extremely coarse, and so loud and vivacious in their disapprobation, or applause, and so curious and varied in their

costume and appearance, as to form almost as entertaining a part of the spectacle, as the representations on the stage.

One of the most fashionable melo-dramas, brought out at the *Porte St. Martin*, was *Sampson*, very literally taken from the Bible ; except that, out of moral decency, the treacherous mistress was represented as a feeble wife ; whose affection was overruled by the interests of her country, and the influence of her father. Notwithstanding, however, this purification, if any moral could be insisted on from a melo-drama, it would not have been found in *Sampson* ; which indeed formed a sort of dancing satire on this sacred text. The superior merit of physical force, the success of treachery, and the pleasures of vengeance, were all ably sustained and illustrated through this brilliant *ballet d'action* ; but, like all other human comments on holy writ, it rather took from, than added to its edification.

The tragedy of *Joseph* had been brought out some time before, with great success *aux Français*. Voltaire had long recommended this sacred story, as being eminently dramatic, and equally rich in interest

as the story of *Phédra* and *Hippolytus*, which it resembles. The acting of Mademoiselle Mars, in this tragedy, who rarely plays out of her line ; and the able personification of *Joseph*, by La Fond, gave it a certain fashion for a certain time. But the French critics having declared that the story was too *familiar* for the dignity of tragedy ; that in their own words, “ *Madame Putiphar*” was “ *ignoble autant que méchante*,” and *Joseph*, though “ *un charmant garçon, n’étoit qu’un esclave* ;” and the piece, all consecrated as it was, lost much of its *éclat*. Political interest also brought its share of censure ; for the advice which *Joseph* gives to the Egyptian king, to profit by the famine of his subjects, to take possession of their property, and reduce them to slavery, was thought rather a dangerous hint to the imperial Pharaoh of the day, when backed by an authority of such high influence. The Bible while I was in France, supplied the “ *Sacrifice d’Abraham*” to the *Théâtre de la Gaîté* ; and furnished M. Chateaubriand with his “ *Moïse*.”

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While the theatres thus abound in sacred

dramas, they were, during my residence in Paris, the very focus of loyalty ; and, on the occasion of the Duc de Berri's marriage, Racine and Molière, Corneille and Voltaire, were wholly laid aside, for those "*pièces de circonstance*" which all in praise of the royal family, are founded not only on historical facts in the history of the Bourbons, but on the *bon mots*, *mots de cœur*, and *mots de sentiment* daily uttered, or composed for the king, princes, and princesses: for this illustrious family, whose intellectual splendors lay so long veiled amidst the shades of Hartwell, now blaze forth in all the brilliant scintillations of *propos* and *impromptus* ; and, like Falstaff, they appear not only eminently witty themselves, but are the cause of wit in others. Those dramatists and poets, who, under the imperial regime, in praising the Emperor, were "*not touched, but wrapt* ;" are now under the influence of royalty, in praising the King,

" Not awakened—but inspired."

The King, however, who is a person of literary taste, and in the words of his eulogists, "*passioné. pour les lettres*," must oc-

asionally not only revolt from the matter but the manner of his panegyrics, which do infinitely more credit to the loyalty of his eulogists, than to their talents: and though it may make a *part of his divine right*, to hear the inordinate, base flattery, levied on his judgment, with patient resignation; yet his *legitimacy* cannot always be proof against such a tiresome farrago of fulsome homage. For, as the Chevalier de Boufflers says, with more levity than becomes the subject, “*Il n’y a que Dieu, qui ait un assez grand fond de gaieté, pour ne pas s’ennuyer de tous les hommages qu’on lui rend.*”

Of these *pièces de circonstance*, I saw about twenty performed; all on the subject of royal virtue and royal wit, under different titles and fictions;—besides the *thousand and one Henrys the Fourth*, every incident of whose life nearly, has been dramatised. There was “*Charles de France* ;”—the “*Chemin de Fontainebleau*,” “*Une Journée à Versailles*,” “*Une Soirée au Tuileries* ;” “*Les Filles à marier* ;” “*La Pensée d’un bon Roi* ;—“*Le Bonheur d’un bon Roi* ;” “*Le Roi et la Ligue*,” “*L’Impromptu de Provence*,” and a



hundred others of the “ *self-same cast and mould.*”

A little piece at the *Vaudeville*, particularly amused me, by its loyal ingenuity. The characters were composed of *flowers*; the presiding deity was *Flora*. I expected, from the opening of the piece, that the author had dramatised the “ *Loves of the Plants* ;” and when I saw the heroines of the *Vaudeville* appear upon the scene, as the *modest snow-drop, pale primrose, bashful violet, playful tulip, and young carnation, with its blushing cheek*, I naturally expected that Zephyr, with his attendant aides-de-camp of fluttering gales, who “ *crowd the gawdy grove,*” would

“ Woo, and win their vegetable loves,”

and—

“ Love out their hour, and live in air,”

as I had seen them do a few nights before at the Opera. This *pièce de circonstance*, however, represented, not the *loves*, but the *loyalty* of the plants. It is needless to say, that the *lily* was particularly distinguished by *Flora*, who crowned her *queen of the garden*, and who relates to her odorous sub-

jects, that having made a *tour through the world*, in search of *virtue,—vegetable, animal, or moral*, (for she was not particular,) she was returning to her native bowers, when *accidentally passing by the gardens of the Tuileries*, she was attracted, not, as might be expected, by one of its beautiful parterres, but by the King in one of the windows; and she winds up her speech in a solemn declamatory tone, with

“ *Je cherchai la vertu—et je trouvai Louis.*”

The flowers are all delighted at this *rencontre*, particularly the lily, as making a part of the royal establishment; but their expressions of joy are interrupted, by *Flora* observing, on a remote part of the stage one of her fragrant train covered with a dark veil of

“ Purple and cobaltic blue.”

She inquires who is that sulky flower, that stands in a “ *morne silence*,” pouting in the corner; and after some delicate hesitation, the sister blossoms reply, that it is the *guilty, proscribed, usurping violet*, who alone, of all the flowers, had refused obedience to the “ *crowned lily*,” in the absence of the

goddess.—The *violet* is instantly called into court, reprobated, and condemned ;\* but, as *clemency is the order of the day*, the culpable flower receives the benefit of *l'amnistie*. By this term I thought we should have seen her pretty head cut off,—but her dark veil only was removed : and she was permitted to take her place in the *parterre* of royalty with the other flowers, which surrounded the goddess, and sung a finale in praise of *Flora* and Louis XVIII.

Notwithstanding that the loyalty of the audience seemed equal to any claims, made on it, upon this occasion, the scene of the guilty violet, her condemnation, and reprieve, was a little too strong for the critical acumen of the *parterre* ; and as in a piece expressly written in praise of the royal marriage, it would have been impossible to have cried “ *à la porte,*” or commanded the dropping of the curtain,—a man in the pit evinced at once his loyalty, taste, and ingenuity, by jumping up and crying out, “ *Mes amis, crions : vive le Roi !*” and amidst shouts of laughter, clapping, and *Vive le Roi !* the piece was dismissed from the stage. The flowers drooped their fair

heads, as if a sharp north-east wind had suddenly blasted their beauties, and the curtain dropped ; but dropped only to rise again, for the representation of

“ *La Pensée d'un bon Roi.*”

This *Pensée d'un bon Roi*, was, that the money usually laid out on fire-works, on the occasion of royal marriages, should now be expended in portioning a certain number of young girls in marriage ; and every verse in the *finale*, which consists of fifty, ends with—

“ *C'est ainsi que pense le Roi.*”

A few nights before the *finale* of one of these *occasional pieccs* had ended with the “ *mot sublime*” of the Duc D'Angouleme,

“ *Mon ami, j'ai la vue basse :*”

and as his royal highness was present, with his glass to his eye, he seemed a personal comment on the text, and added considerably to its effect. Such is the miserable, tasteless, injudicious, and fulsome stuff, administered, as exciting draughts of loyalty, to the people of Paris : which, purchased at stated prices from the hireling poetasters and scribblers of the day, disgrace their thea-

tres, shame the public taste, and render those who praise, those who are praised, and those who applaud such praises, equally ludicrous in the eyes of all foreigners.

# FRANCE.

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## BOOK VIII.



### EMINENT AND LITERARY CHARACTERS.

“ On veut essayer de peindre à la postérité, non les actions d’un seul homme, mais l’esprit des hommes dans le siècle le plus éclairé qui fût jamais.”

*Siècle de Louis XIV.*



# FRANCE.

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## BOOK VIII.



### EMINENT AND LITERARY CHARACTERS.

*Academies of France.—The Institut Impérial.—First sitting of the Institut Royal.—Notices of Eminent and Literary Characters.—L'Abbé Morellet.—Duc de Brancas.—Suard.—Lally Tollendal.—La Fayette.—Ginguené.—Gregoire.—Le Mercier. — Volney. — Segur. — Denon.—Duc de Levis.—Châteaubriant.—Pastoret.—A. Pastoret.—Pigault Le Brun.—Picard.—Mesdames de Stael,—de Genlis,—de Souza,—de Villette.—Conclusion.*

“ **Q**U'EST-CE que l'Académie Française? —à quoi sert-elle?” This was a question often propounded, but never satisfactorily answered, even under the ancient regime.—The object of this body was, however, clearly analogous to that of the “*Académie des belles lettres*,” as defined by Mabillon, who



laid it down that “*L’occupation de l’Académie des belles lettres doit être la gloire du Roi.*”

It was in the same spirit, that the *Académie Française* gave as a prize subject to its members, “*Laquelle des vertus du Roi est la plus digne de l’admiration?*” When this programme was presented to Louis XIV., he changed colour. The flattery of nearly fifty years had not prepared him for the disgusting homage of this servile body.

The French Academy originated with the Cardinal de Richelieu, who made it an instrument of that system of despotism, the extension of which he pursued through every direct and indirect engine of influence or corruption.—A few men, of distinguished talents and independent principles, assembled at each others’ houses, in the early part of the reign of Louis XIII., for the purpose of a free discussion of subjects of taste, literature, and philosophy.—There was a taint of liberty in this little knot of *Literati*, thus congregating without patent or ordinance from the government, that alarmed the cardinal-minister; and those, whom he could not punish, he resolved to degrade,

by forcing on them his protection, and converting their voluntary communion, into a corporate and authorised body. From the ruin of this small, but free society, arose the stupendous and pretending edifice of the *Académie Française*. Confined, restricted, and debased by its institution, it became a mere theatre of exhibition, a *Grotto del Cane* to aspiring genius, stifling its breathings, corrupting the source of its existence, enfeebling the main-springs of its energy, and compensating its degradation, by one of those fulsome *éloges*, which came too late to repay the sacrifices made to obtain it.\*

The first object of the French Academy seems to have been, to oppose and crush the aspiration of superior and original genius : and when royal authority did not

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\* In this school of flattery and servility, all were panegyriized with indiscriminate admiration. Every man was eulogized in his presence by another, whom he had himself just eulogized according to statute ; and while thus

“ One was be-Roscious’d, the other be-praised,”  
the public, who were always called in to assist at these ludicrous solemnities of bad taste and vanity *laughed at both*. See *Memoires de Grimm, passim*.

interfere to favor the election of those, who with talents of higher direction, devoted their powers to flattery and adulation, the first men in France both for ability and celebrity were passed over and neglected. Racine had written most of his finest tragedies, and Boileau his best satires, when they were proposed, and rejected by the Academy. It was the "*je le veux*" of the king, that, like a *lettre de cachet*, obtained the admission of these two geniuses into this *state prison* of intellect and ability ; whose members bowed to the regal *fiat*, and accorded to *power*, what they had refused to *merit*.

Molière never was admitted to the honour of the *fauteuil*. Dufresny and Le Sage never sought the distinction. La Fontaine was nearly seventy, when his name was reluctantly admitted among the "*quarante*," who were said to have had "*l'esprit comme quatre*." Corneille first learned the existence of this body, by their outcry against his tragedies ; and he then wittily exclaimed : "*J'imite l'un des mes trois Horaces ; j'en appelle au peuple*." The appeal was admitted ; and the French people, at all

times, have crowned him their poet.—The gates of the Academy were closed against Montesquieu, by *royal authority* : and he forfeited his independence, and he denied his own words, to obtain an indispensable but degrading dignity, which he had so ably ridiculed in his “ *Persian Letters*.”

Voltaire satirized the Academy through the whole of a correspondence of fifty years ; and when after almost as many years’ unavailing struggle, he was at last received, he found this luminous body wholly incapable of managing the interests of his “ *chères vingt-quatre lettres de l’alphabet* ;” which he at last took out of their hands ; and began himself the reform of their dictionary, their great work ; the monument of their insufficiency, their indolence, and mediocrity.

The Academy was to D’Alembert another Mademoiselle De L’Espinasse. In his connexion with either, there was not a trace of energy of character, or of mental manhood. All was feebleness and subjection. He carried the love letters of the one to his rivals, and he seconded the tyranny of the other in his discourses ; and when, after talking of

the “*chains*” of the Academy, he abandoned his independence for its *fautenil*, he proved that the genius of calculation, if among the most useful, was not necessarily among the most elevated of human endowments.

Voltaire reproached the geometrician with suffering his ambition *de lui couper les ailes*. It was, perhaps, to preserve *their wings unclipped*, that Helvetius, Rousseau, Diderot, Raynal, and many other distinguished men, who flourished immediately before the revolution, refused to seek, and never obtained admission into the French Academy. The venerable Abbé St. Pierre, the single and solitary patriot admitted into their servile band, was expelled, on the alledged crime, of having judged the reign of Louis XIV. by principles of justice, of reason, and of truth.

While the Academy was the subject of contempt and ridicule to men of genius, it still remained in general the object of their ambition; and it thus presents one of the many solecisms, which arise out of the incongruity of political institutions with the state of national illumination.

Opinion becomes easily perverted, under

despotism, and fashion will always hold a predominant authority, in proportion as principles are unknown.—Prejudices, thus nurtured by political power, rendered it indispensable to the *gens-de-lettres* of France to obtain a *fauteuil* in the Academy ; because it was “ *un état*,” a term almost untranslatable in the language of a free country ; a term which in royal France was the indispensable passport to all the suffrages of society. As *citizenship* did not then exist, *brotherhood* was substituted ; and corporate bodies were multiplied, because there were no public, and no people.

The *gens-de-lettres* of France, from the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV. were marked with a seal of degradation, whose impress is not even yet effaced. To live in sordid and servile dependance on the great ; to *niche* themselves into an *entre-sol*, in some noble hotel ; to make the charm of the society of their patron or patroness ; to be always ready with their “ *vers de circonstance*,” and “ *impromptus à loisir*,” and, like the Academy in its corporate capacity, to make compliments and *éloges* to kings, queens, princes, princesses,

cardinals and ministers, seemed to be their general mode and means of existence. A curious summary of the *meanness* of genius, thus degraded by institutions, might easily be drawn up, and some of the brightest names in French literature might be quoted, as illustrations.—Segrais was turned out of the service of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, because he ventured to advise his patroness, on the subject of her ludicrous passion for De Lauzun ; and on that occasion was taken into the house of Madame la Fayette, on the proviso of his ushering her insipid novel of “*Zayde*” into the world, under his already celebrated name ; and of giving it up to the authoress, when experience should have determined its success.

The same want of independence is marked in the groups of *litterati*, who combined their whole genius to produce their “*guirlandes de Julie*,” in return for the dinners and protection of the hôtel de Rambouillet ; in Boileau, the stern censor of France, but unwearied adulator of its sovereign ; in Racine, writing for a court, and dying of a broken heart, because the

King frowned upon the first truth he had ventured to utter;\* and in the whole brilliant corps of talent, taste, and philosophy of Louis XVth's day, prostrate at the feet of a minister or a mistress, deprecating the frowns of a De Choiseul or a D'Aumont, canvassing the smiles of a Pompadour, or a Du Barry, sent by a glance from the presence of a haughty Tensin, or of an *ennuyée* Du Deffand, and silenced, in all the effervescence of wit, spirit, and conversation, by the frigid "*voilà qui est bien*," of the little-minded Mad. de Geoffrin.—Even Voltaire could panegyryze the vices of a Duke de Richelieu; and Rousseau, who

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\* Racine, pressed by Madame de Maintenon to give his opinion on the cause of the miseries and discontents of the people, was weak enough, on a solemn vow of secrecy, to draw up a statement for her private perusal, which exposed the errors of government, as the cause of the public distresses.—Madame de Maintenon betrayed him to the King, and the royal displeasure had such an effect on the frame and feelings of the nervous and susceptible poet, that it is thought to have preyed on his health, and produced his death.—For an account of this transaction, see *Madame de Maintenon, peinte par elle-même*.



talked so much of liberty, never knew the blessing of independence.\*

Poets have, in all times and regions, (with an exception in favour of a few modern British poets,†) been the parasites of courts; and tyranny has sedulously sought and recompensed those suffrages, which tended to throw a brilliant *halo* over its crimes, and to palliate or excuse its errors to posterity.—Too many of the poets and *gens-de-lettres* of France, from the reign of Louis XIV., became the privileged Swiss of literature, ready

“To fight for any King, or any God,”

who ruled the hour. Their effusions, when released from the dictation of interest, were

\* Rousseau lived alternately in dependence on the bounty and generosity of Mesdames de Warren, d’Epinay, and de Luxembourg. To these three ladies he was under such serious and solemn obligations, as a noble mind would have disdained to contract.

† High, among these distinguished few, stands my own eminent countryman, Thomas Moore, Esq. beyond all doubt the finest lyric poet of the age, and the true genuine bard of a land, once celebrated for “her song of other times,” whose wrongs have been so often his inspiration, and whose sufferings so frequently his theme.

still inspired by sentiments purely personal; and general principles and public spirit were alike neglected and unknown.

While the *Académie Française* owed its origin to the Cardinal de Richelieu, Madame de Montespan, who had dictated the history of Louis XIV. to Boileau and Racine, suggested the idea of the *Académie des inscriptions et belles lettres*; charged with the task of eternizing the glory of the king, in a series of medals, and of judging the paintings, monuments, and sculptures, consecrated to the same service. The ancient academies of France, in all six in number, were suppressed by a decree of the National Convention, in 1793, and replaced by the National Institute.

The Institute, which combined all the faculties of the preceding academies, was projected by those members of the Convention most distinguished for their abilities, and their devotion to the real interests of their country. They felt the strong necessity for concentrating the various talents of the nation into one great focus, and of thus bringing the several arts to bear reciprocally upon each other. The Institute was,

at its formation, divided into three classes, and these again subdivided into fifteen sections. The three great divisions embraced the *belles lettres*, the natural sciences, and moral and political economy ; the last a class hitherto overlooked, although of all sciences the most influential on human happiness, the most necessary to good government, and as yet the most imperfectly cultivated. This arrangement of the Institute, although somewhat imperfect, was still essentially good ; and it might have readily accommodated itself to such changes, as experience would have indicated. But when, under the reign of Napoleon, the *Institut National* became *L'Institut Impérial*, it was totally re-modelled ; and instead of three, was divided into four classes ;—that of physical and mathematical sciences,—of French literature,—of history and ancient languages,—and of the fine arts. Thus, the whole of the moral sciences, political economy, statistics, moral philosophy, &c. &c. were discarded from its precincts as anarchical, democratical, and innovating, and as utterly subversive of “ sound learning and religious education.” These enquiries, to-

lerated only under the freest governments, have ever been regarded with jealousy by those who hold, and seek to tighten, the reins of power. Their tendency is to rescue the authority of the minister from the caprice of the man ; and contemplating the happiness of millions, they will never be cordially cherished, while personality and intrigue environ the throne, and substitute the interests of an oligarchy, for the prosperity of nations.

On the return of the Bourbon dynasty, the Institute, already sufficiently under the controul of authority, was destined to undergo a still further degradation, in the expulsion of some of its most valuable members ; and in the erasure, from its catalogue, of names already belonging to history, and consecrated to immortality. The first public meeting of all the classes of the “ *Institut Royal de France*,” which had occurred since the *banishment* of some of its most illustrious members ; of Carnot, Monge, Gregoire, &c. &c. &c. was fixed to take place on the 24th of April, 1816. So much was said, so much was expected, of this sitting of the Institute, that interest

was made for tickets of admission, with all the solicitude, eagerness, and anxiety, which I had afterwards seen exhibited for the court entertainments, or the royal *trousseau*. The men and women were alike desirous to be present : “ *discours*,” and “ *lectures*,” had quite as much attraction, as cachemirs, and embroidered pocket handkerchiefs.

We were so fortunate as to have tickets ; but though we repaired to the “ *Collège des Quatre Nations*” an hour before the time of opening the sittings, we found all the avenues thronged by an impatient multitude, who had quitted their carriages ; and we owed our easy admission entirely to the kindness of Monsieur Laffonde de La Debat,\* who brought us in by a private door, as we did the excellent seats we occupied in the Hall of Sitting, to the politeness of the venerable M. Suard, the *Secrétaire perpétuel* of the *Académie Française*. The beautiful chapel of the *Quatre Nations* was already filled when we took our places,

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\* This gentleman, who was among the number of the *déportés à Cayenne*, is no less distinguished by his amiable manners, than by his high talents.

exactly in front of the great tribunal, where, under draperies of green velvet and silver, the bust of the King, and embroidered garlands of the victorious lily, sat as President, the Duke de Richelieu ; le Comte de Vaublanc, then minister of the Interior ; the Vice President, the Comte de Fontanes, and the *Sécretaire perpétuel*, M. Suard.

On either side, in a semicircle (formed round an area in the centre) sat the members of the Institute, the representatives of the four Academies. Behind these distinguished persons, and in the centre galleries, rose an amphitheatre of female beauty and fashion, mingled with the curious and the learned of the other sex. Wigs and flowers, spectacles and opera-glasses, thoughtful brows and coquettish smiles were all closely allied in the cause of literature, science, and the *Institut Royal de France*. Above this variegated *parterre*, (capable of confounding the brain of learning, and of producing abstractions, not all philosophical) appeared several distinguished groups niched in the *loges*, or boxes of this splendid theatre.

Guards occupied the vestibules, and appeared at every door:—even within the hallowed precincts of science and philosophy, amidst the benches where beauty reclined, and learning meditated, were seen the appalling forms of armed soldiers ; their bright bayonets glittering amidst feathers and flowers, and gleaming between the marble busts of departed genius,—while statesmen, presiding at the shrine of philosophy, preached the blessings of peace, and vaunted the security of a reign, so favourable to its existence.

This incongruous *mélange* of ladies and sages, of gallantry and learning, of the frippery of dress and of literature, with *an armed power filling up the back of the scene*, presented to my imagination a picture at once rare and curious. It was a singular, I might almost say, an agitating *coup-d'œil* ! It was a representation of the far-famed sittings of the ancient Academy of France, of which I had read so much, and so long. It was an assemblage of nearly all that France at that moment possessed of eminence in talent or genius, acquirement or celebrity, of

statesmen, philosophers, naturalists, poets, or artists. It was also my first observation of a great congregated French auditory of both sexes, bringing to the scene of action all the zeal, enthusiasm, prejudice, and pretension of the day, and of the nation.

It was impossible to confound the members of the Institute with the rest of the congregation, for they all sat together, and were all dressed in green uniform ; and in their embroidered suits and point ruffles, they appeared as ready for the levee of a prince or a minister, as for the temple of Minerva. The sword, which once in France armed the sacred hands of faith, was now attached to the side of peaceful philosophy ; and Cuvier preached the efficacy of steam, and de Choiseuil Gouffier read a *Mémoire* on Homer, armed in the defence of their subjects, like chivalrous knights, about to combat the “ *chimeras dire*” of their own fanciful creation. Thus in France, men of science, like men of fashion, *l'homme de lettres*, and *l'homme comme il faut*, are obliged to “ *représenter noblement ;*” and talent in a plain coat, upon



public occasions, would cut but a poor figure in company with so much embroidered genius.

The black *Brutus* heads of many of this learned body, formed a singular contrast with their very fine and very studied dresses ; and, from my first view of this assembly, I was struck by a mould and physiognomy to me new and singular. All seemed picturesque or grotesque ; I never saw so many fine formed heads, so many marked and intelligent countenances. Few were handsome ; but the features of all were strongly chiselled, spirited and animated. There was a sort of general personification of mind, extremely impressive to the stranger's eye ; and on this occasion, one might almost say, "*the body thought.*" To me, however, all were strangers, for I had only a few days arrived in Paris ; and I was indebted to a gentleman, who sat near me, for the names, and occasionally, for some little biographical anecdotes of the various distinguished persons ranged before me. He was a middle-aged man, of a keen sarcastic countenance, and a manner full of

caustic pleasantry. He seemed amused by the strong impression made on me by a scene so calculated to interest, and volunteered his services with an air, that convinced me he consulted his own amusement as much as mine. I did not, however, suffer the privilege of asking questions to lie idle ; but took the first person on the first row of the academical benches, as the object of my inquiry. The countenance of this person was calm and still, as sleeping infancy ; his folded hands, and closing eyes, seemed not to belong to the place he occupied. “ *Cependant,*” (said my Cicerone in reply to an observation of this cast,) “ *c’est M. Talleyrand ;—mais jamais visage ne fut moins barometre !!*”

I pointed to another. “ *Oh, pour celui là ; c’est le comte de Fontanes ;—toujours grand partisan de ce qui existe.*”

I asked the name of a third :—after some hesitation, he replied “ *C’est je crois Baour Lormian—homme et poète de circonstance ; habile à prévoir le jour d’une fête impériale, ou un anniversaire royal.*”

I was extremely curious to know the

name of a person who, like the witches in Macbeth, seemed

..... Not to belong to Earth,  
But yet was of it .....

Seated above the academicians, and distinguished by a dress of blue and silver, covered (as I thought) with *imperial bees*, but which proved, however, to be *royal lilies*; more remarkable still by an air of picturesque abstraction, and though the flattered object of many a lady's eye-glass, apparently self-wrapt and unattending.—“ Ah !” said my informant, brightening up, “ that is indeed a notable person ; the last of the ‘ *antiques croisés*’ and noble pilgrims of Europe ; the solitary and unrivalled successor of the de Coucys, de Nesles, de Chatillons, and de Montforts. After having made the tour of the Mediterranean, and visited Sparta, and Rhodes, and Jerusalem ; Alexandria, and Cairo, and Carthage, and Cordova, and Grenada, and Madrid ; and finally saluted the Ebro, he returned to his own country ; bringing with him trophies of his piety, and testimonies of that useful spirit of research, which leads men to visit other nations, in order that they may enrich, enlighten, and

benefit their own. To use his own words, he returned, with a dozen of pebbles of Sparta, Argos, and Corinth; a chaplet, a little bottle of the waters of Jordan, a phial of the waters of the Dead Sea, and a few reeds gathered on the banks of the Nile!!" In addition to these treasures, which will doubtless form a new class in the Museums of France, he has himself told us "*Je tâcherai d'élever en silence un monument à ma patrie.*" He is now, most likely, working at *this edifice*, which, it is thought, will take the form of *political science*; for the philosopher of the desert, it is supposed, is now ambitious to be the philosopher of the Tuileries. By this description I recognised M. Chateaubriand, whose "*Itinéraire*" I had just finished.

My informant then pointed out to my observation in rapid and interesting succession, Bertholet, Choiseul-Gouffier, Cuvier, Denon, Humboldt, Gerard, La Place, Lanjuinais, Langles, Le Mercier, Pastoret, Pinel, Picard, Etienne, Prony, Segur, Siccard, Lacretelle, Geoffry, and many other distinguished persons, with whose names or works I had long been acquainted.

The opening of the *Séance* closed at once

my list of questions, and his very amusing replies. I held in my hand the “*ordre des lecteurs* ;” and, though acquainted with the subjects which were to be discussed, I found it extremely difficult to follow the speakers, or rather the readers ;—the same unmarked enunciation, monotonous equality, and psalmodising accent, as had disgusted me in some of the inferior actors of the *Théâtre Français*, distinguished the public recitations of the Institute. Not an inflexion of voice, not a single variety of intonation ;—all was nasal and unemphatic, and comparable only to the drone of an untunable bagpipe. His Excellency, the Comte de Vaublanc, opened the sitting, by a *discours*, which was the genuine oration of a minister of state ; proving that, “ whatever is, is right,” and that the present happy position of France is the most favourable to the cultivation of arts, learning, and science.

He was answered by the Duc de Richelieu, as president of the sitting, in the same tone and tendency. On the subject of this reply, there is little to be said ; but I could not help observing, that the Duc de Richelieu, has prevented his celebrated grand-

father from being the last *grand Seigneur Français*; for high blood and high birth were never more finely represented, than in the fine countenance, the noble aspect, and distinguished air of the present representative of that illustrious house. The Duc de Richelieu is, indeed, the very personification of nobility.

The Comte de Fontanes, as vice-president, pronounced a discourse on the solemnity; which was followed by a *Mémoire* upon Homer, by the Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier, president of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. The name of this eminent and interesting person was alone sufficient to command my profound and undivided attention to whatever he should utter. The author of the delightful *Travels in Greece and Asia*, (made for the benefit of science and of art, calculated to amuse the lightest, and to instruct the gravest,) the able ambassador of the Porte, who turned a place, usually accepted as one of sordid profit, to the purposes of knowledge and illumination, M. de Choiseul is also eminently respectable by his adherence to the family of the Bourbons, from

principle and sentiment, when interest and ambition might have pointed out to him a more certain path to wealth and honours.

The *discours* on Homer, a subject by no means pregnant with novelty, was followed by “*Réflexions sur la Marche actuelle des Sciences, et sur leurs Rapports avec la Société,*” pronounced with an unusual degree of vivacity by Cuvier. This luminous and able discourse was irradiated with brilliant points, and delivered with great animation. The ladies, by far the most audible part of the assembly, in their manifestations of approbation, applauded almost every word.—“*C’est charmant !*”—“*C’est beau,*—with repeated “*bravos,*” followed every sentence ; and when M. Cuvier observed of *steam*, in his ardent eulogium on its qualities, that it had one superiority over the human mind itself ;—namely, that it was not “*susceptible ni de fatigue ni de distraction,*”—a hundred pretty lips were heard to echo, “*Ah ! que c’est juste et fin, et ingénieux !*” and one lady, observing that I admired the energy of enunciation of this great naturalist, remarked to me, “*Madame, voilà comme on parle*

*dans votre chambre des communes ! N'est-ce pas !*"

A short time after this my first view of M. Cuvier, I had the pleasure of joining his Saturday evening circle at his own house in the *Jardin des Plantes* ;—and I confess, I admired the amiable man in the bosom of a charming happy family, all smiling round him, as much as I had done the celebrated philosopher, in the public sittings of the Institute.

M. Cuvier gave place to M. Quatremere de Quincy, perpetual secretary of the class des *beaux arts*, who pronounced a discourse on the monuments of art, “ DUS à la Restauration ! ! ! ” and the sitting was terminated by a poetical epistle from the late M. Ducis, the translator of Shakspeare, to the Chevalier de Boufflers, and read by Mons. Campenon, member of the *classe des belles lettres*.

Something wearied by the discordant and declamatory tones I had so long listened to, and not particularly edified or entertained by the subjects or compositions of the various discourses, I felt both my ear and spirits relieved by the breaking up of the



Institute, which upon the whole gave me an impression little favourable to incorporated bodies of learning, or confraternities of taste. Such societies, more adapted, perhaps, to the subtlety and vanity of mediocrity and pretension, may present an object and give a direction to inferior ability. But Homer and Ossian, and Milton and Shakspeare, were of no academy ; and Aristotle, who gave rules to others, received the principles of his own from nature only. Learned academies and literary reviews belong, perhaps, to the decline of national literature.—They are at least never found existing in its infancy, rarely in its prime.\* Engines to prejudice public taste, or to bias its judgment, they may give currency to second rate talent, or afford temporary opposition to superior genius ;—but their fiats belonging to their own day, and, governed by its passions, may amuse, but will scarcely influence posterity. The “ one Milton” will still reach the immortality which nature meant to be his birth-right ;

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\* These observations do not extend to scientific academies ; but are hazarded, as applying exclusively to arts, governed in their own nature by taste and opinion.

when the name of his critical reviewer, now rescued from obscurity by the ridicule attached to it, shall be forgotten, even with that claim to preservation.

While the Institute thus presented a sort of *bird's-eye* view of the talent of France, it did not concentrate all that was estimable in its genius and its worth ; and I counted it among the proudest privileges enjoyed during my residence in that country, that I was occasionally permitted to behold those, on whom the world's eye had been so long fixed, but who had now withdrawn in weariness or indignation, in sorrow or infirmity from its gaze. Too often, however, this valuable privilege was overshadowed by sadness ; too often the hope it held forth was frustrated by the precariousness of malady, or the suddenness of dissolution. Chenier, De Lille, Le Brun, Boufflers, Ducis, St. Pierre, had but recently paid the debt of nature, when I arrived in France ; and she too, whose name is never there pronounced but with eyes that glisten, and tones that melt, the sublime, the tender Madame Cottin, with her true woman's genius, was likewise no more ; and where I sought for

traces of her life, I found but the history of her virtues. \*

Of that brilliant constellation of genius and philosophy, which shed a lustre upon the reign of Louis XV., a few even still linger on the horizon of literature. The Abbé Morellet, the *doyen de la littérature*, still lives, (at least I hope he lives) maintaining to the last something of that ethereal glow, which Marmontel describes as brightening every sphere in which he shone. I was honoured by an invitation and most kind message, through his excellent and amiable niece, (a true *Antigone*,) saying, that the moment he was able to sit up in his bed, he would be glad to receive me : for it is

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\* Madame Cottin was one of the most popular writers in France. She united all suffrages in her favour ; and the modest simplicity and blameless excellence of her life have contributed greatly to her popularity. Without beauty, almost without those graces which supply its place, Madame de Cottin inspired two ardent and fatal passions, which ceased only with the lives of her lovers. Her young kinsman, Monsieur D \* \* \*, shot himself in her garden ; his unsuccessful and sexagenary rival, Monsieur \* \* \* \*, poisoned himself, ashamed, it is said, of a passion equally hopeless and unbecoming his years.

long since even that privilege had been granted him by age or infirmity.—To find the Abbé Morellet still living, was to me a subject of pleasurable astonishment. The friend of Voltaire, of Rousseau, Diderot, and Marmontel, whose name is to be found in every page of the history of the last sixty years of the French literature !

Marmontel \* compares the humour of the Abbé Morellet to that of Swift ; who he observes alone surpassed him in *les tours de plaisanterie finement ironiques*. “ *Il se montrait,*” says Marmontel, “ *à nos dîners avec une âme ouverte et ferme, et dans le cœur autant de justice que dans l’esprit.*” To this charming character he adds, that his conversation was “ *une source d’idées saines, pures, profondes qui sans jamais tarir, ne débordoit jamais.*” The Abbé was the intimate friend of Diderot ; and when the latter was attacked by Palissot, in his comedy of “ *Les Philosophes,*”—Morellet became the champion of the god of his idolatry, in a little work called “ *the Vision.*”

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\* Marmontel was married to a niece of Morellet, whose charms and virtues he has celebrated in his own delightful *Mémoires*.

It was in this work, that some lines, offensive to Madame de Robeck, the protectress of Palissot, caused a *lettre de cachet* to be issued against the Abbé, who for an idle pleasantry was thrown into the Bastille; and his imprisonment would have terminated in banishment, but for the timely intercession of Madame La Duchesse de Luxembourg, who, at the instigation of Rousseau, went in person to Versailles to solicit the minister St. Florentin; and finally obtained the release of the captive, whose imprisonment and emancipation were equally the result of undue influence, strongly characteristic of the times.

The Abbé Morellet, the dear friend of Diderot, who had nearly lost his reason in the *donjon* of Vincennes;—of Marmontel, who had been thrown into the Bastille for reciting a humorous satire;—of Rousseau, banished for the novelty of his paradoxes;—of Voltaire, to whom, the night before his death, the court sent a *lettre de cachet*, and the parliament a writ of *prise de corps*, himself the victim of the abuse of power, delegated to so many corrupt hands;—the Abbé Morellet was naturally led to favour

a revolution, which promised the annihilation of evils so fatal to the liberty, reason, and happiness of mankind. He was among its early and strenuous advocates ; and had previously distinguished himself among the economists of the ministry of Turgot. His “ *Manuel des Inquisiteurs*,” — “ *Mémoires contre la Compagnie des Indes* ;” — his “ *Traité des Délits et des Peines*,” and his writings on public economy, and general theories of commerce, &c. &c. obtained his reception into the *Académie Française*, in the place of l’Abbé Milot.\*

A short time before I arrived in Paris, at the advanced age of ninety, he had fractured a limb, which had increased his general infirmities, and confined him perpetually to his bed. But he talked of recovery, —receiving visits,—at times exhibited his faculties in full force,—and still emitted some of those sparks of Rabelaisian humour, attributed to him by cotemporary wits.

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\* Morellet was among the veterans of literature, whom Buonaparte liberally pensioned. Before I left Paris, it was understood that the king also had granted him an annuity.

But he never rose from his pillow during my residence at Paris, and when I left it, he was, I understood, at the last extremity.

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The once gay, gallant, eccentric Duc de Brancas assured me, through the medium of his friend and physician, the excellent and ingenious Doctor Montêgre, that if I would venture to see a cross old man, as soon as his health would permit, he would be happy to receive me.

In a "cross old man" verging on eighty, it is difficult to recall the brilliant, witty, eccentric Comte de Lauraguais; the lover of Sophie Arnoult, † the author of a *Mémoire*, interesting by the pleasantry, humour, and wit, of its compositions, if not by its subject; and once among the leaders of those in France who, to the fear and horror of the court of Versailles, first became infected with the disease then called the *Anglomanie*. The Duc de Brancas was among the earliest

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† The Duc de Brancas demanded of his physicians, whether *ennui* could kill? being answered, "*that it was possible*," he immediately flew to Sophie Arnoult, and urged her to commence a suit against the Prince D'Henin, who was at that time wearying her with his addresses.

and most passionate admirers of the government of England, where he resided in 1773, and brought back to France those principles, in favour of a free constitution, which, for twenty years before the Revolution, were universally received and discussed among the thinking part of a nation, to whom they were only known as Utopian theories.

When the Duc de Brancas (then Comte de Lauraguais,) first appeared at court, after his return from England, Louis XVI. asked, in an ironical tone, “ what he had learned there ?”

“ *A penser, Sire !*” replied the Duke, bowing ;—“ *à panser les chevaux !*” replied the King disdainfully, and turned on his heel.

I believe Maupertuis has observed, that “ *le corps humain est un fruit qui est vert jusque à la vieillesse ; le moment de la mort est la maturité.*” This curious hypothesis seems strictly applicable to the French temperament. Time rather mellows than withers its powers, and the last hours of life are neither the most feeble, nor the least precious of prolonged existence. With a constitution greatly impaired, and al-



most a confirmed. valetudinarian, the Duc de Brancas still retains great brilliancy and force of mind ; and, after having run the rounds of pleasure, politics, and literature, he is involved, in the decline of life, in studies adapted to the vigour, it may be almost said, the *illusions* of its dawn. Engaged in metaphysical pursuits, of the most profound abstraction, the once gay, gallant de Lauragnais, the votary of the graces, is found surrounded by volumes of philosophy and metaphysics, still giving his decided preference to every thing that is English ; the works of our best metaphysicians are his constant study and delight ; and Locke, Priestley, and Stuart are now usurping the place of the “*Gentil Bernard*,”—“*Les Muses Gallantes*,” and the *Mémoires*, and light literature, which once formed the library of a Frenchman of rank and fashion.

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“*Parmi mes connoissances*,” says Marmontel, “*il y avoit à Paris un jeune homme, appelé Suard, d’un esprit fin, délié, juste, et sage ; d’un caractère aimable, d’un commerce doux et liant ; assez imbu de belles lettres,*

*parlant bien, écrivant d'un style pur, aisé, naturel, et du meilleur goût ; discret surtout, et réservé, avec des sentimens honnêtes."* When the original of this amiable picture, at the distance of nearly sixty years from the moment in which it was drawn, was announced to me in my own apartments in Paris, the name of Suard was not heard without emotions of pleasure and interest. The youth excepted, the resemblance to the picture was still perfect. The character, the manners of Monsieur Suard, possess, at this moment, all the mildness, suavity, and amiability, attributed to them by his friend Marmontel ; but he is no longer a young *débutant* in the world of literature, "*assez imbu de belles lettres ;*" he has for more than twenty years filled the place of *secrétaire perpétuel*, to the French Academy, and succeeding immediately to his friend Marmontel, in that high office, occupies the first magisterial chair of the literary empire, once solicited with such warmth and anxiety by contending wits.

Monsieur Suard was received into the French Academy in 1774, with his friend

the Abbé de Lille ; and, as he himself related to me, in spite of the intrigues of the celebrated Marechal Duc de Richelieu, who represented these two elegant writers, and excellent men, to Louis XV. as “ *Encyclopédistes !*” a term which, at that time, was the most fearful and offensive to royal ears. In his *discours de réception*, M. Suard made many strong allusions to the resistance offered to the progress of philosophy and illumination ; and ingeniously observed, “ *que l’esprit est comme une plante, dont on ne saurait arrêter la végétation, sans la faire périr.*” When the Duc de Richelieu learned the election of the two “ *Encyclopédistes*,” he forswore the Academy ; exclaiming with great violence : “ *C’est un despotisme intolérable, chacun y fait ce qu’il veut.*”

It was in this “ *discours de réception*,” that M. Suard made an enthusiastic *éloge* on Voltaire, which was the foundation of their friendship, and the origin of their intimacy ; “ and never,” (observed M. Suard, speaking on the subject of his illustrious friend) “ never was his name mentioned in the sittings of the Academy, that it was not followed with shouts of applause.”—

The friend of Turgot, of Condorcet, and of Voltaire, and *stigmatised* himself as an *Encyclopédiste*, M. Suard could scarcely fail to be among the advocates of the first revolution ; for it was a cause that then embraced all the genius and worth of the nation, with much of its rank and much of its opulence. When the reign of terror arose out of the frightful fermentation of this extraordinary and unparalleled event, M. Suard was among the many whose principles of moderation marked them out as victims of persecution, to the infuriate and the anti-revolutionary faction ; and he was among the number of the *déportés* to Cayenne. After his return to France, and the elevation of Buonaparte to the imperial throne, Suard was made member of the Legion of Honor, and preserved his distinguished place in the academy, though Napoleon, with his wonted *naïveté* and impatience was heard to say, “ *Monsieur Suard, est-il toujours Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie ?* ”

M. Suard is considered as well affected to the reigning government ; for though “ *rebellion lay in his way,*” as Falstaff says, yet

*eighty* is not an age, in which a man would be likely “*to find it.*” The king, in 1814, created M. Suard officer of the Legion of Honor, and *Censeur Royal honoraire* !\*

I was indebted to the lovely, the pleasant Countess G. de la Rochefaucault, for my acquaintance with Monsieur and Madame Suard, to whose *soirées*, I had a very kind and frequent invitation. Madame de Suard, the friend of Mademoiselle de L’Espinasse, and of many other distinguished women of that day, was once celebrated for her beauty, and is still distinguished by her literary acquirements. The guest of Voltaire, at Ferney, and on the list of his female favourites, when it was observed to him that if all his works were lost, they would be found in the head of Madame Suard, he replied : “*Ils doivent donc être bien corrigés.*”

Madame Suard always spoke to me of Voltaire, with a veneration the most profound and filial. To judge of the amiability of his character, she said it was necessary to live under the same roof with him. She asked him one day, why he kept the melancholy picture of the *Calas*’ family, which

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\* Mons. Suard is since dead.

hung at the foot of his bed, always before his eyes ; he replied that he had become identified with them and their misfortunes ; and that, until he had redeemed all that was then redeemable of their wrongs, he should never laugh, without feeling self reproach. When he gave up his time, his talents, his peace, in the cause of this unfortunate family, (added Mademoiselle Suard,) his efforts caused a general emotion in society, "*c'étoit un soulevement du cœur universel.*"

Madame Suard is author of "*Madame de Maintenon, peint par elle-même,*" and some other literary productions, to which her modesty has declined lending her name.

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I was one evening at the Princesse de Henin's, (once so celebrated for her beauty, and always so distinguished for the excellence of a disposition, to which her fine countenance is "*a faire index,*") and conversing with the venerable Princesse de Poix, to whom I had been just introduced, when a gentleman was presented to me by the almost startling name of the Comte Lally Tollendal. Ireland should be proud to know that a character, so marked by worth and talent, and particularly distinguished

by those virtues which, belonging to nature, honor every country in which they appear, that Lally Tollendal claims *her* as his native land. “At least,” said Monsieur Tollendal, “it is so by sentiment, as it was by birth-right to my ancestors.” He added, that his family belonged to the county of Galway; and he made me repeat the word Connaught to him, till he mastered the pronounciation. It is believed that the last line traced by that hand, which had traced so many for immortality,—the last line ever written by Voltaire, was addressed to Lally Tollendal, the virtuous and successful champion of the honor of a legally murdered father, who, placed on the criminal seat, bared his breast, and asked whether that was the recompence bestowed on fifty years’ service?\*

The fate of this wronged father determined the cast of character of the son; and the influence of a first and powerful impression betrayed itself through the course of his life and actions,—formed his

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\* See *Discours du Comte de Lally Tollendal, en qualité de curateur à la Mémoire du Comte du Lally, son père*, 1783.

eloquence, and decided his principles.—He found, or *fancied* he found, in the history and life of Stafford, an allegorical model of injured and condemned virtue, which associated with all the feelings of his heart and genius, and made the death of this tyrannical minister, but ill-requited friend, the subject of a tragedy. When this production was read to Gibbon, at Lausanne, he observed, “*I know now, how Tacitus would have composed a tragedy.*”

In 1795, the Comte Lally Tollendal published in London an “*Essai historique sur la Vie de Thomas Wentworth, Comte de Stafford.*” This work, reprinted in 1814, as applicable to the times, is supposed to exhibit a confession of his political principles, and a defence against a charge of political apostacy ; to which something like tergiversation in his conduct had subjected him. He had already made it in his tragedy, on the same subject :—

“ Ah ! pour ces droits du peuple et pour la liberté,  
Nul n’a fait plus que moi, tonner la vérité.  
Par des freins plus puissans, nul n’a voulu restreindre  
Ce pouvoir, qu’il nous faut et respecter, et craindre ;  
Mais quand j’ai vu de loin, dans tous ces zélateurs,



Bien moins des citoyens, que des conspirateurs,  
 L'un mettant à prix d'or ses passions factices,  
 Ne parlant de vertu, que pour teindre les vices.  
 L'autre avide d'honneurs, indigne d'y monter  
 Voulant puer la main, qui dût s'en écarter.

.....  
 Et ce peuple égaré, qui d'abîme en abîme,  
 On conduit au malheur, par les sentiers du crime,  
 Hélas ! j'ai dû frémir ; et je me suis armé,  
 Pour l'état en péril, pour le trône opprimé."

The life of the Earl of Stafford is partially sketched, and warmly coloured, by the amiable author's own feelings. His *hero* is a *victim*, a virtuous man innocently suffering the penalty of crime—but never the advocate and minister of an undue influence of the crown, which ended in the sacrifice of the prince, who abandoned him,—never the heartless oppressor of an unfortunate country, to whose misery his measures of coercion and injustice so greatly contributed ;—a country, of which Lally Tollendal boasts of being a native, and of whose long sufferings he observes, “ *Ni la guerre des Tartares ; ni les brigandages des Normands, ni la persécution du Dioclétien n'offre rien de plus horrible.*”

The Comte de Lally Tollendal enjoys

the high consideration in France due to his talents and his virtues. The early friend of La Fayette, and Malesherbes, he now takes his seat among the constitutional members of the house of peers : and is among the most distinguished ornaments of the private circles of Paris. Full, to corpulence, in his person ; his air, manner, and tone of conversation, are that of a man still in the prime of life, and early habituated to the first ranks of society.

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The name of La Fayette has long been consecrated to fame ; and his existence has been so intimately woven into the history of his country, that her records and her chronicles must have mouldered into nothing, ere his renown shall be forgotten, or the memory of his deeds have faded into oblivion. The recent and extraordinary events, which again, for the moment, forced this modern *Cincinnatus* from his plough to assist in councils, which had for their object the fate of an empire, have brought him before the eyes of the world, in all the original splendor of his long-tried virtue ; and have naturally refreshed recol-

lections, which time might have tarnished, or policy discoloured or repressed.

The Marquis de la Fayette appeared at the French court, to which his rank had called him, while yet a boy. Too young to be insensible to its pleasures, but too noble to be tainted by its corruptions, he obstinately refused a place, voluntarily offered to him, as the stepping-stone to such honours as courtiers eagerly solicit. He had already, at the age of sixteen, felt and acknowledged another vocation. The star of political liberty was at that period observed rising brightly in the west, and La Fayette was among the first who went forth from a distant land, to worship it. The young and illustrious pilgrim was received with joyous admiration by those, whose cause he came to defend. The genuine French cavalier entered the American army, as a simple volunteer ; and fought his way to military distinction, till his own feats obtained for him that rank, which his modesty and pride had before rejected, as an unmerited gift. He was made Major-General by Washington, who opposed his valour to the experience of Clinton, and to

the skill of Cornwallis. After having received a sword from the hands of Franklin, presented by the American states, he returned to France, the leader of armies, the counsellor of statesmen, and the friend of philosophers, at the premature age of twenty-two !!!

The court and the people alike came forward to receive and welcome the young hero, who had reflected such credit on his country ; who united the gay, gallant, fearless spirit of ancient chivalry, to the modern principles of philosophic liberty. His mission to France, in which he was joined with Franklin, to obtain men and money from the government, for the promotion of the American cause, was eminently successful. The court did not then foresee the result of its own mistaken and selfish policy. Governed by every-day expediency, it sought only to feed a flame, which consumed the strength of England ; and little dreamed that from that flame a spark would proceed, which would eventually kindle the inflammable mass collected within its own bosom.

It was after the peace with America,

that General La Fayette, visiting once more the land of his early and successful enterprize, was received in the congress of the United States, with a sort of Roman triumph ; while his journey through the villages was one perpetuated scene of joy and festivity. On his return to Europe, in 1785, he travelled through Germany, and brought even to the court of the Cæsars, as he had done to the pavilions of Versailles, the spirit of a pure and antique attachment to liberty, with the graces of a gallant soldier, and accomplished gentleman ; and he was received by Joseph the Second, and Frederick the Great, with flattering distinction. It was in accompanying the latter to his reviews, that he had an opportunity afforded him of close observation of the military genius of that royal tactician, with which he doubtless enriched his own experience.

A restless activity in the cause of all that is great or good, united the efforts of General La Fayette to those of Malesherbes, for the amelioration of the condition of the French protestants ; and, at the same time, he devoted his powers and for-

tune to the gradual redemption of the blacks. While the court of Versailles protected the barbarity corsairs, he opposed the measure at home, and he assisted Jefferson in his league against that piratical band, so long the shame and scourge of Europe. Called to the assembly of the Notables, in 1787, La Fayette was the first to raise his voice for the suppression of *lettres-de-cachet*, and of state prisons ; to obtain a favourable decree for the French protestants, and to propose a national assembly to France ! “ *Quoi !* ” said the timid courtier, the Count D \* \* \* \*, “ *vous faites la motion des états-généraux ?* ” — “ *Et même mieux que cela !* ” replied La Fayette.

The part which General La Fayette took in the first revolution, was too conspicuous to require at the present day a minute detail. Actuated exclusively by the love of his country, his motives and conduct have, however, been alike calumniated by the emigrants and the jacobins ; to whose selfishness and personality his example and his influence were equally opposed ; and while the family of Louis XVI. rejected his proffered assistance, in distrust of his exer-

tions in the cause of freedom, he was already marked out for destruction by the clubs, for his strenuous attachment to constitutional monarchy. The spirit by which he was governed, cannot be better displayed, than in his reply to the eager enthusiasm of the mob ; when, in the day of his brightest popularity, the ever-memorable [fourteenth of July, he exclaimed to those who pressed round him, “ *Aimez les amis du peuple, mais réservez l’aveugle soumission pour la loi, et l’enthousiasme pour la liberté.*”

When the march of the revolution was interrupted, and its objects frustrated by the intrigues of faction, and the fury of democracy, La Fayette exposed himself steadily to the colossal and disorganising power of the Jacobins. “ *Que le règne des clubs,*” he exclaimed ; “ *anéanti par vous, fasse place au règne de la loi.*” But his genius and his sentiments no longer belonged to that day of blood. Denounced by the Jacobins, and brought to trial by their machinations, his conduct placed him above the reach of their calumnies, and he was acquitted. When, however, the sanguinary law of proscription was fulminated

against him, he disdained to degrade himself by an useless defence. Accompanied by his friend Maubourg, of whom he himself observes, “ *l’union avec moi est aussi ancienne que notre vie ;*” and by his aid-de-camp, Alexandre Lameth, he quitted the polluted territory of his country.

The object of the patriot fugitives was, to gain either the neutral states of Holland or England ; and they had already safely arrived beyond the frontiers of France, when they were taken by a corps of Austrian troops, and delivered over to the power of the coalition. Sent successively, as prisoners of war, to the fortresses of Luxembourg, Wezel, Magdebourg, and Olmutz, their patriotism was punished by privations and hardships, which exceeded the rigours of inquisitorial severity. La Fayette was soon separated from the companions of his flight ; and worn out by suffering and persecution, he was dying in the dungeons of Wezel, when a ray of hope was offered to his despair by Frederick William ; who proposed as the purchase of his liberty, that he should *furnish a plan against France* ; ungrateful France ! in whose



cause he then suffered. The energy of his reply, evinced his high disdain of the shameless proposal. "No, never," said Mr. Fox, speaking of this event, "never could such perfidy approach that heart, which never, for one moment, ceased to nourish the sacred fire of patriotism, the purest and most religious."

At length the moment of liberation arrived; a liberation, for which La Fayette was more indebted to the good feeling of an individual, than to compatriot generosity or national repentance. It was upon his own responsibility, that Buonaparte made the surrender of La Fayette, Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, (Lameth had previously been delivered, through the intercession of his mother,) an article in the treaty which he dictated to Austria, at Leoben. In this clause the directory were so far from participating, that they then refused to reverse the outlawry of those, whom their general had thus restored to liberty.\* I have heard General La Fayette

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\*The American government were laudably active to procure La Fayette's release. When Washington had

revert to the obligation he thus incurred to the late Emperor, with sentiments of the warmest gratitude; but in this instance, his feelings held no influence over a conduct invariably governed by principles.

Returned to his country, he remained steady to those principles which had guided him through life,—which had led him to the deserts of America,—which had inspired him in the conflicts of revolutionary France,—had shielded him from the corruption of courts, and consoled him in the dungeons of captivity. When he discovered that his opinions of the character and views of Buonaparte were ill founded, that he who had generously unlocked his own chains, was

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in vain reclaimed him of the Austrian government, clandestine attempts were made, by American agents, to procure his escape, which were so far successful that they succeeded in releasing him from Olmutz. But the general being wounded in the adventure, he was retaken within eight leagues of his prison. It is reported, that when Madame La Fayette solicited the emperor in her husband's favour, he made her this singular answer:—*“J'ai les mains liées.”* If this be true, there was at the time but *one* cabinet capable of exerting such an influence; and a Briton would be the last to believe the “damning tale.”

already engaged in weaving shackles for his country, he broke off all intercourse with his deliverer, refused the share offered to him in public affairs, declined the senatorial dignity anxiously pressed on his acceptance, and by his bold restrictive vote against the consulship for life, snapped for ever the tye, which, under the paramount influence of gratitude, had for a moment bound him to a man, whose views differed so widely from his own.

Firm of purpose, steady, inflexible, pursuing with the same undeviating step the luminous path of patriotism, from which ambition had never seduced, nor interest misled him, he retreated from public life, sheathed a sword, no longer to be brandished in the cause of freedom, and forgot, in the simple occupations of his farm, that he had once shared and influenced the destinies of an empire. Refusing inflexibly to bow before the sun of imperial power, he accepted his *retraite de général*, and gave himself up exclusively to the endearments of domestic life, the pursuits of literature and science, and the interests and improvements of agriculture.

General La Fayette had, early in life, sacrificed a large part of his fortune to the popular cause ; and it was in the name of that cause, he was deprived of nearly all that his prodigality had permitted him to reserve. . He had refused emoluments and restitutions in the two hemispheres, but the territories of the Duchess de Noailles, who was guillotined by Robespierre, were restored to her son-in-law ; which placed him, on his return to France, at the head of a property, at least competent to his desires.

General La Fayette had married a daughter of the illustrious house of Noailles ; and the history of female virtue and female heroism presents nothing more rare in excellence, than the life and character of Madame La Fayette.—“ *Such characters,*” — says Charles Fox, speaking of this admirable pair, —“ *should flourish in the annals of the world, and live to posterity, when kings and the crowns they wear must have mouldered into dust.*”—While La Fayette, rescued by flight from the scaffold in France, lay incarcerated in the dungeons of Olmutz, his devoted wife, uncertain even of his exist-

ence, and saved herself, by the death of Robespierre, from the guillotine, where so many of her family had perished, sent her young and only son to the care and protection of General Washington ; and, accompanied by her two daughters, with a constitution already broken down by suffering and grief, she hastened to Vienna, and obtained an interview with the Emperor, at whose feet she solicited permission to entomb herself and her children in the dungeon of her husband. This was all that was asked, and all that was obtained. On the point of falling a victim to conjugal tenderness, reduced almost to the grave by a few months' confinement, amidst noxious vapours and unwholesome damps, the permission she solicited to go to Vienna, to consult a physician, was only granted her on the proviso of never returning to Olmutz. The alternative was instantly accepted, and Madame de La Fayette composed herself for death, in the arms and the dungeon of her husband. His delivery produced a reprieve to a life so precious. He bore her to her native France, to her own patrimonial woods of La Grange. Revi-

ved, not rescued, she lived to behold the return of her brave son, the re-union of her family, and then sunk into the tomb.

On the return of Napoleon from Elba, he deputed his brother Joseph to solicit General La Fayette's acceptance of the peerage. "Should I ever again appear on the scene of public life," replied La Fayette to the ex-king of Spain, "it can only be as a representative of the people." He was accordingly elected, by his own department, a member of the *corps législatif*, and as he himself expresses it in the chamber of deputies, "a veteran in the cause of liberty, a stranger to the spirit of faction;" he exhibited, in 1816, to his country a bright untarnished model of the true, pure, incorruptible constitutionalists of 1789;—whose views for the liberty and happiness of their country had been successively and effectually frustrated, by the sordid selfishness of antiquated privilege, by the factious intrigues of sanguinary democracy, and by the aspiring views of bold, boundless, and despotic ambition.

At the expiration of thirty years La

Fayette appeared before his country, with the same immutability of principle, the same energy of spirit and force of eloquence, as were possessed by him, to whom America raised statues, ere manhood had shed its down upon his cheek!—to whom the military spirit of France, devoted a sword of victory, formed out of the dungeon-bars of the Bastille, *which he had broken!*

It was among the generous feelings of Buonaparte, (and he had not a few) that he held the virtues of La Fayette in veneration. When intelligence was brought him to the Bourbon Elysée, pending the discussions respecting the dictatorship, that La Fayette was in the tribune, haranguing the assembly; he reiterated the disastrous intelligence:—“La Fayette in the tribune!!” while a spoon with which he was trifling, fell from his hand; and his altered countenance proclaimed his conviction, that “all was over.”

The conduct of La Fayette during this most eventful period, when he invoked the representatives of the people “to rally round the national standard of 1789;” when he asserted that “it belonged to them to

defend the honor and independence of France against the pretensions of the enemy ;" is fresh in every recollection. But it may not be uninteresting to those, who have admired him only in public life, to follow this brave warrior and real patriot, from the scene of unequal contention, to that retreat of peace, where the milder excellencies of the man are called into full existence, and even now appear fresh and unadulterated by time and suffering, in all the unpretending simplicity of genuine intrinsic virtue.

General La Fayette has not appeared in Paris since the return of the Bourbon dynasty to France.—And I should have left that country without having seen one of its greatest ornaments, had not a flattering invitation from the Château La Grange enabled me to gratify a wish, long and devoutly cherished, of knowing, or at least of beholding its illustrious master.—Introduced by proxy to the family of La Fayette, by the young and amiable Princess Charles de B \* \* \*, we undertook our journey to La Grange with the same pleasure, as the



pilgrim begins his first unwearied steps to the shrine of sainted excellence.

The Château of La Grange-Blessnau lies in the fertile district of La Brie; so remote from any high road, so lonely, so wood-embosomed, that a spot more sequestered, more apparently distant from the bustling world, and all its scenes of conflict and activity, can scarcely be imagined.—Having left the public road about thirty miles from Paris, and struck into an almost impassable *chemin-de-travers*, we trusted to the hints and guidance of shepherds, woodcutters and *gardes-champêtres* for a clue to the labyrinth we were pursuing. They all knew the Château la Grange; and by their directions, we proceeded from one “deep-entangled glen,” to another jolting over stony brooks, floundering through rapid mill-streams; sometimes buried in forests of fruit trees, and sometimes driving through farm-yards to the dismay of the poultry, and the amusement of their owners; while our coachman and a French servant, who accompanied us, had always some question to ask, or some courtesy to offer and receive.

In crossing a *chemin-paré*, as it was called, we were pointed out the remains of a Roman road ; and the spot was marked where a battle was fought, in March, 1814, between Buonaparte and the Austrians, called the battle of Mormans, in which the French arms were victorious. This skirmish prefaced the great engagement of Montreau.

In the midst of this fertile and luxuriant wilderness, rising above prolific orchards and antiquated woods, appeared the five towers of La Grange-Blessnau, tinged with the golden rays of the setting sun. Through the boles of the trees, appeared the pretty village of Aubepierre, once, perhaps, the dependency of the castle, and clustering near the protection of its walls. A remoter view of the village of D'Hieres, with its gleaming river and romantic valley, was caught and lost alternately, in the serpentine mazes of the rugged road ; which, accommodated to the groupings of the trees, wound amidst branches laden with ripening fruit, till its rudeness sullenly subsided in the velvet lawn that immediately surround-

ed the castle. The deep moat, the draw-bridge, the ivied tower, and arched portals, opening into the square court, had a feudal and picturesque character ; and, combined with the reserved tints and fine repose of evening, associated with that exaltation of feeling which belonged to the moment preceding a first interview with those, on whom the mind has long dwelt with admiration or interest.

We found Général La Fayette surrounded by his patriarchal family ;—his excellent son and daughter-in-law, his two daughters (the sharers of his dungeon in Olmutz) and their husbands ; eleven grand-children, and a venerable grand-uncle, the ex-grand prior of Malta, with hair as white as snow, and his cross and his order worn, as proudly as when he had issued forth at the head of his pious troops, against the “ *paynim foe*,” or Christian enemy. Such was the groupe that received us in the salon of La Grange ; such was the close-knit circle that made our breakfast and our dinner party ; accompanied us in our delightful rambles through the grounds and woods of La Grange,

and constantly presented the most perfect unity of family interests, habits, taste, and affections.

We naturally expect to find strong traces of time in the form of those, with whose name and deeds we have been long acquainted ; of those who had obtained the suffrages of the world, almost before we had entered it. But, on the person of La Fayette, time has left no impression ; not a wrinkle furrows the ample brow ; and his unbent, and noble figure, is still as upright, bold, and vigorous, as the mind that informs it. Grace, strength, and dignity, still distinguish the fine person of this extraordinary man ; who, though more than forty years before the world, engaged in scenes of strange and eventful conflict, does not yet appear to have reached his climacteric. Bustling and active in his farm, graceful and elegant in his salon, it is difficult to trace, in one of the most successful agriculturists, and one of the most perfect fine gentlemen that France has produced, a warrior and a legislator. The patriot, however, is always discernible.

In the full possession of every faculty

and talent he ever possessed, the memory of M. La Fayette has all the tenacity of unworn youthful recollection ; and besides these high views of all that is most elevated in the mind's conception. His conversation is brilliantly enriched with anecdotes of all that is celebrated, in character and event, for the last fifty years. He still talks with unwearied delight of his short visit to England, to his friend Mr. Fox ; and dwelt on the *witchery* of the late Duchess of Devonshire, with almost boyish enthusiasm. He speaks and writes English with the same elegance he does his native tongue. He has made himself master of all that is best worth knowing in English literature and philosophy. I observed that his library contained many of our most eminent authors upon all subjects. His elegant, and well chosen, collection of books, occupies the highest apartments in one of the towers of the château ; and, like the study of Montaigne, hangs over the farm-yard of the philosophical agriculturist.—“ It frequently happens,” said M. La Fayette, as we were looking out of the window at some flocks which were moving beneath,

“ it frequently happens that my Merinos, and my hay carts, dispute my attention with your Hume, or our own Voltaire.”

He spoke with great pleasure on the visit paid him at La Grange some years ago, by Mr. Fox and General Fitzpatrick. He took me out, the morning after my arrival, to show me a tower richly covered with ivy :—“ It was Fox,” he said, “ who planted that ivy ! I have taught my grandchildren to venerate it.”

The château La Grange does not, however, want other points of interest.\*—Founded by Louis Le Gros, and occupied by the princes of Lorraine, the mark of a cannon ball is still visible in one of its towers, which penetrated the masonry, when attacked by Marechal Turenne. Here, in the plain, but spacious, *salon-à-manger*, the peasantry of the neighbourhood, and the domestics of the castle, assemble every Sunday evening in winter, to dance to the violin of the *concierge*, and are regaled with cakes, and *eau-sucrée*.

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\* The château and territory of La Grange Blessnau, belonged to the Noailles' family, and came into M. La Fayette's hands, in right of Madame La Fayette.

The General is usually, and his family are *always*, present at these rustic balls. The young people occasionally dance among the tenantry, and set the examples of new steps, freshly imported by their Paris dancing-master.\*

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\* At the château D'Orsonville, the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness de Colbert Chabanais, I observed great attention was paid to procuring innocent recreation for their tenantry and peasantry. In the lawn before the castle windows there was a "*jeu de bague*," (a sort of merry go-round) a swing, a spot cleared for them to dance on, and many little sources of amusement, invented and multiplied, to preserve them from the temptation of the village *guingette*. On Sundays, they crowded on the lawn with a confidence in their welcome, that was quite delightful. In the good old times, when the "*manie de bergerie*," peopled the grounds of the château, for a few weeks in the summer, with shepherds à *toupet frisé*, and shepherdesses in court-hoops, (the originals of the figures, which ornament chimney-pieces in Sevres china, and biscuit,) it was the fashion to talk in raptures of the country, but to stipulate, at the same time, in the marriage articles, that it should only be visited for a certain period in the year. Then, as now, the peasants were occasionally invited to rural festivities on the box-lined lawns of the château; but a dance à *la ronde*, was liable to be interrupted by its members being sent to the *gallies*, for some recent violation of the *droits de chasse*, and the gay candidates for the "*jeu de bague*" to be dispatched, à *l'impromptu*, to fulfil the duties of

In the summer, this patriarchal re-union takes place in the park, where a space is cleared for the purpose, shaded by the lofty trees which encircle it. A thousand times, in contemplating La Fayette, in the midst of this charming family, the last years of the life of the Chancellor de l'Hopital recurred to me,—he, whom the naïve Brantome likens to Cato ; and who, loving liberty as he hated faction, retired from a court unworthy of his virtues, to his little domain of Vignay, which he cultivated himself. There, surrounded by his wife and children, nine grand-children, and a number of faithful servants, grown grey in his service, he describes his life in the following simple and natural manner : “ *Je vis comme Laërte, cultivant mes champs, et ne regrettant rien de ce que j'ai laissé. Je voudrais plus cette retraite, qui satisfait mon coeur et flatte également ma vanité ; j'aime à me représenter, à la suite de ces fameux exiles d'Athènes et de Rome, que leur vertu avait*

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the *corvée*, in some distant district. There were then *no rights, no securities* for the people, and there could be *no confidence*, and but *little enjoyment*.



*rendu redoutables à leurs concitoyens. Je vis au milieu d'une famille nombreuse que j'aime ; je lis, et écris, je médite, je prends plaisir aux jeux de mes petits enfans ; leurs occupations les plus simples m'intéressent. Enfin tous mes momens sont remplis, et rien ne manquerait à mon bonheur, sans ce voisinage affreux, qui vient quelquefois porter le trouble et la désolation dans mon cœur."* This letter of de l'Hopital, might form the journal of La Fayette, in all its details and spirit.

In accompanying this "*last of the Romans*" through his extensive farms, visiting his sheep-folds, his cow-stalls, his dairies, (of all of which he was justly proud, and occasionally asking me, whether it was not something in the English style,) I was struck with his gracious manner to the peasantry, and to the workmen engaged in the various rustic offices of his domains. He almost always addressed them with "*mon ami,*"—"*mon bon ami,*"—"*mon cher garçon ;*" while "*ma bonne mère,*" and "*ma chère fille*" were invited to display the delicacies of the cream-pans and cheese-presses, or to parade their turkeys and ducklings for our observation and amusement. And this con-

descending kindness seems repaid by boundless affection, and respect amounting to veneration. What was once the *verger* of the château, where anciently the feudal seigneur regaled himself in the evening, with the officers of his household, and played chess with his chaplain, is now extended, behind the castle, into a noble park, cut out of the luxuriant woods ; the trees being so cleared away, and disposed of, as to sprinkle its green and velvet lawn with innumerable clumps of lofty oaks, and fantastic elms. “ This is rather English, too,” said General La Fayette ; “ but it owes the greater part of its beauty to the taste of our celebrated landscape-painter, Robert, who assisted me in laying out the grounds, and disposing of my wood scenery.”

It was whilst walking by a bright moonlight, in these lovely grounds, that I have listened to their illustrious master, conversing upon almost every subject worthy to engage the mind of a great and good man ; sometimes in French, sometimes in English ; always with eloquence, fluency, and spirit.

Our mid-day ramble was of a less serious

character ; for, as the young people were let loose from their studies to accompany us, we issued forth a party of twenty strong. Upon these occasions the *Grand Prior* took a very distinguished part. He was evidently a popular leader upon such expeditions, and having given orders to a party to go in search of some peculiarly beautiful corn-flowers, which were destined to assist the dinner toilette, the veteran knight marshalled his divisions, and commanded the expedition, with an earnestness and a gravity, which very evidently showed him as much interested in this predatory warfare upon blooms and odours, as his well-disciplined little troops. Some error, however, in their evolutions, just as the word of command was given, struck the General, La Fayette himself, who commanded a halt, and suggested the experience of his counsel to the science of the Maltese tactics. It was curious to observe the representative of the Grand Masters of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the General-commandant of the national army of France, manœuvring this little rifle corps, and turning powers that had once their influence over

th fate of Europe, against corn-flowers, and May-sweets.

I was desirous to learn how Buonaparte seemed affected at the moment that General La Fayette, at the head of the deputation who came to thank him in the name of the chamber for his voluntary abdication, appeared before him. “ We found him,” said General La Fayette, “ upon this occasion, as upon many others, acting out of the ordinary rules of calculation ; neither affecting the pathetic dignity of fallen greatness, nor evincing the uncontrollable dejection of disappointed ambition,—of hopes, crushed, never to revive, and of splendor quenched, never to rekindle. We found him calm and serene :—he received us with a faint, but gracious smile—he spoke with firmness and precision. I think the parallel for this moment was that, when he presented his breast to the troops drawn out against him, on his return from Elba, exclaiming, ‘ I am your emperor, strike if you will,’ There have been splendid traits in the life of this man, not to be reconciled to his other modes of conduct :—his character is out of all ordinary keeping, and to him the doctrine of

probabilities could never, in any instance, be applied."

A few days before this memorable interview, La Fayette had said in the assembly, in answer to Lucien Buonaparte's reproaches, who accused the nation of levity in its conduct towards the Emperor, "Go, tell your brother, that we will *trust him no longer* ; we will ourselves undertake the salvation of our country." And Napoleon had learnt that, if his abdication was not sent to the chamber within one hour, M. La Fayette had resolved to *move for his expulsion*. Yet Buonaparte received this firm opposer of all his views with graciousness and serenity ; and it was this resolute and determined foe to his power, who, after this interview, demanded that the liberty and life of Napoleon should be put under the protection of the French people. But Napoleon, always greater in adversity than in prosperity, chose to trust to the generosity of the English nation, and to seek safety and protection amidst what he deemed a great and a free people. This voluntary trust, so confidingly placed, so sacredly reposed, was a splendid event in the his-

tory of England's greatness—it was a bright reflection on the records of her virtues ! It illuminated a page in her chronicles, on which the eye of posterity might have dwelt with transport ! It placed her pre-eminent among coteremporary nations ! Her powerful enemy, against whom she had successfully armed and coalesced the civilized world, chose his place of refuge, in the hour of adversity, in her bosom, because he knew her brave, and believed her magnanimous !

Alone, in his desolate dwelling ; deprived of every solace of humanity ; torn from those ties, which alone throw a ray of brightness over the darkest shades of misfortune ; wanting all the comforts, and many of the necessaries of life ; the victim of the caprice of petty delegated power ; harrassed by every-day oppression ; mortified by mean, reiterated, hourly privation ; chained to a solitary and inaccessible rock, with no object on which to fix his attention, but the sky, to whose inclemency he is exposed ; or that little spot of earth, within whose narrow bounds he is destined to wear away the dreary hours of unvaried captivity, in hope-

less, cheerless, life-consuming misery ! Where now is his faith in the magnanimity of England ? his trust in her generosity ? his hopes in her beneficence ?

The regret we felt in leaving La Grange, was proportioned to the expectations, with which we arrived before its gates, to the pleasure we enjoyed under its roof. It is a memorable event in the life of ordinary beings, to be permitted a proximate view of a great and good man ! It is refreshment to the feelings, which the world may have withered !—it is expansion to the mind, which the world may have narrowed ! It chases from the memory the traces of all the littlenesses, the low, mean, and sordid passions, by which the multitudes of society are actuated ; the successes of plodding mediocrity ; the triumphs of time-serving obsequiousness ; and the selfish views of power and ambition, for the destruction of the many, and the debasement of all ! To have lived under the roof of La Fayette ; to have conversed with him, and listened to him, was opening a splendid page in the history of man. It was perused with edifi-

cation and delight, and its impression can only fade with memory and life.\*

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\* *Additional Note.*—Among the many unfair artifices employed to diminish the authenticity of these volumes, the attempt to represent their authors, alternately as Napoleonists and as partizans of anarchy, stands conspicuous. Whoever dares to pourtray the ex-Emperor with that due mixture of light and shadow, which belongs to real life, will afford abundant materials for misrepresentation; the isolated and uncontrasted passages of such a work, furnishing evidence to condemn the writer, of the most oppo site heresies.

As a confession of political faith has thus been rendered necessary, the authors of these pages profess themselves desirous of being judged, in that particular, by the reverence they have expressed for the principles, conduct, and character of General La Fayette; and by the friendship with which he continues to honor them.

The total alienation of certain individuals from every form of government, consistent with freedom, is marked beyond the possibility of mistake, in the vulgar abuse, which they have poured forth against this illustrious constitutional statesman. La Fayette! Franklin! Fox! glorious and immortal names! The sordid and servile spirits, which, unable to elevate themselves to a conception either of the great or the good, in the infatuation of their ignorance, dare to couple ye with obloquy, are traitors (not merely to a particular government, to an individual constitution, but) to the common charities and affections of humanity. Their *motives* cannot be pure, their *means* cannot be generous, and their ends are too plainly the ignorance, slavery, and depression of civilized man.



In the brief history of the French republic, the name of Ginguené holds a place among those, whose pure intentions, and patriotic views, stand nobly opposed to the selfish and sanguinary democracy that succeeded to, and overwhelmed them.—His character has been said to have been of that true antique mould, which the best pages of Greek and Roman history present, for the example and admiration of mankind, and his works have long had a distinguished place allotted them, in the classical literature of his country.—With many claims to poetical reputation, on the continent, which have been long admitted, Monsieur Ginguené is best known, in England, by his able and elegant work on Italian literature.—He made his *début* in Paris in 1772, then scarcely twenty, and fresh from his province. His pretty poem of “*La Confession de Zulmé*,” obtained him the universal suffrage of the higher circles; and the severe republican of future times was then only known, as a charming poet, and as, “*un homme de bonne compagnie*.”

The friend of the celebrated and unfortunate Chamfort, Ginguené participated in his political principles; and distinguished

himself among the writers of the "*feuille villageoise*."—During the early part of the revolution, he was sole manager of the committee of public instruction, and was soon elected member of the Institute of France. Having refused the place of minister to the Hanseatic cities, he was sent ambassador to Sardinia ; and in 1798, concluded an arrangement with the then reigning sovereign, who placed the citadel of Turin in the power of France. After the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, Monsieur Ginguéné was elected tribune ;—but retiring from public life in 1802, he gave up his talents and time to the exclusive pursuits of literature, and produced works, which have reflected equal credit on his genius and his heart.

The republican spirit of Ginguéné forbade his bending the knee before the imperial power ; and though he remained member of the Institute, and professor of Italian literature, at the *Athénée*, he neither sought, nor was offered any place under the government. His well known hostility to despotism deprived him of the favor of the sovereign, but drew down no persecution ; and he was passed over in silence, and distinguished only by neglect,—after he rejected

offers, and refused solicitations, which might have drawn down a heavier penalty from mortified greatness.

On the second abdication of Napoleon, a proposal was made to Ginguené, to celebrate the event in verse, by enumerating the *crimes* of the “*usurper*.”—“*Qui? moi!*” replied Ginguené, with indignation, to the courtier who made the proposal, “*adressez-vous pour cela à ceux qui l’ont loué!*”—This hint was not suffered to lie idle. Of the many who lived by flattering the Emperor, nearly all were found willing to owe their subsistence to the abuse they lavished on him.

On the second restoration of the Bourbons it was rumoured, and perhaps idly, that Ginguené had become an object of state aversion, out of compliment to Sardinia; the part he had played there, during the abdication of the present sovereign, being still fresh in remembrance. A letter too had been recently brought to light, written by Ginguené to a French friend, at that period, in which he boasted, that “*Madame Ginguené, in the true costume of a republican ambassadress, had appeared at the court of Turin in cotton stockings*”—“*What a triumph for republicanism!*” added

M. Ginguéné, with more *gaieté de cœur*, than became a minister. It was vainly urged, that *cotton stockings* were now admitted into the royalist toilette ; that the prettiest *ultra* ankles in France had adopted them, in preference to the silken hose of the old regime ; and that even the least decided female politician in Paris, might appear in silk on one day, or cotton on another, without incurring the odium of tergiversation, or being added to the list of *giroïettes*. The cotton stockings were “ *damning proofs*” of inveterate republicanism, not to be gotten over ; and M. Ginguéné consulted his peace, as well as his health, by retiring from Paris, where he might no longer be permitted to “ *rest on roses*,” and to abandon, for the solitude of the country, those enlightened circles, in which his distinguished name is never mentioned, but with the endearing epithet of “ *le bon Ginguéné*.”\*

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\* *Additional Note.*—This anecdote, though in general circulation at Paris, is not quite correct. From the best authority we have lately been assured, that the point in dispute, was whether the ambassadress should appear in the dress of French, or of Sardinian etiquette. The good people of Turin had imagined that the French revolutionary ladies copied the *undress* costume of antique statuary ; and ex-

It was in the beginning of the year 1816, that M. Ginguen  sought a permanent and peaceful retreat in his cottage, at Eaubonne, accompanied by his excellent, his inestimable wife, and an adopted son, a young English boy, the object of their mutual care and instruction.\* It was to this cottage we received an invitation from Monsieur and Madame Ginguen  ; and few invitations, during our residence in France, were received with more pleasure, or accepted with more willingness. Eaubonne, the residence of St. Lambert, of Madame d'Houdetot, the shrine of so many of the enamoured pilgrimages of Rousseau, has many claims to celebrity. It is a retired and romantic little village, hanging over the valley of Montmorency, and adding much

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pected to see Mad. G. in a state of equipment, not far removed from that of "our general mother." Neither the ambassador nor his wife were very anxious for the honor of presentation ; but the court were, and they consented to receive her on her own terms. She accordingly appeared without an hoop, the principal point of altercation ; but as the informant states, "*je vous jure, tres bien par e.*"

\* A son of the once celebrated P——, the *quondam* editor of a London evening paper, now no longer remarkable for its love of liberty.

to the picturesque beauty of that delicious scene. We approached Eaubonne through a wood of cherry-trees and vine-yards, the one in full fruit, the other in full blossom ; and by a path-way, so wild and intricate, and so steep in its ascent, that we were obliged to walk for more than the distance of half a mile, while our carriage followed us, with difficulty, up the ascent.

The sweet dwelling of Monsieur Ginguéné lay immediately under the heights of Montmorenci, on the brow of a steep acclivity, and in the midst of a beautiful garden, then rich in all the blooms and odours of the season, whose emanations were called forth by the ardours of a brilliant, but almost insupportable sun. We found the excellent and distinguished master of this delicious scene, drooping, and fading, in the midst of all that breathed of animation. M. Ginguéné, even then, appeared to us fast approaching to the last stage of a consumption. But the first flutter over, with which a confirmed invalid receives the stranger's first visit all bodily infirmity disappeared before the brilliant vigour of a mind, which flowed

through endless pleasantries, and which, by its pointed turns and happy allusions, gave to the conversation of a philosopher the epigrammatic vein, that makes a reputation for wit in the mere man of the world. M. Ginguené had come down from his study to receive us; and, in spite of our remonstrances, he would accompany us to the garden, and would even have attempted the heights of Montmorenci, to point out to us some peculiarly fine views of the valley beneath, if we had not almost forcibly obliged him to relinquish an attempt, to which he must have found himself unequal.

M. Ginguené is a passionate lover of rural life: and when he talked to me of the peace and happiness of his retreat; when he pointed out the variety of his roses; when he spoke of the grafts he intended to make for the future seasons, it was at once pleasant and melancholy to listen to him. Death was imprinted on his brow, and he talked only of the renovated life of a future spring! As I was assisting him in gathering some flowers, the gardener, a fat, good-humoured looking peasant, rolled his bar-

row closely by us. M. Ginguéné asked him for a string to tie up our nosegays, by the endearing appellation of “*Mon bon Charles.*” I repeated, from his own charming fable of the “*Peach Tree,*”

“ ..... Mon bon Charles,  
Qui plus et mieux qu’un oiseau parle.”

“ Yes,” said M. Ginguéné, “ you are quite right ; that is ‘ *Mon bon Charles,*’ the hero of ‘ *Le vieux Pêcher,*’ which you have the goodness to remember.”

The whole of this pretty fable is so indicative of the character and pursuits of the amiable fabulist, and so peculiarly illustrative of the simplicity of his manners, and the peculiar pleasantry of his conversation, that I may perhaps be pardoned, if from an elegant little work, as yet I believe scarcely known in England, I cite here, as the best comment on a text, otherwise unworthy of its distinguished subject, the fable I have alluded to.—

#### LE VIEUX PECHER.

“ Depuis que la muse naïve,  
Qui remit sous mes doigts ma lyre fugitive,  
De moi, tant bien que mal, a fait un Fablier



Je suis plus que jamais, en ma saison tardive,  
Amateur des jardins, si ce n'est jardinier.  
Souvent j'y passe un jour entier :  
A quoi ? Je ne sais trop, mais heureux de n'entendre  
Des bruits, ni vrais, ni faux, point de devoirs à rendre  
Point de bavards, pour m'ennuyer,  
Point d'œil malin, pour m'épier,  
Et toujours des leçons à prendre ;  
Leçons de langue des oiseaux,  
Et des fleurs, et même des arbres,  
Je les entends ; j'entends les moindres arbrisseaux,  
J'entendrais, je crois jusqu'aux marbres,  
Si marbres habitaient sous mes humbles berceaux.

Dans ce jardin, chéri de Palès et de Flore,  
Est un antique et beau pêcher,  
Dont les fruits, qu'en naissant le Dieu du jour colore,  
Flattent l'oeil, l'odorat, le goût et le toucher.  
Mais ce favori de Pomone  
Vieillit : déjà son front porte cette couronne,  
Qui marque à ses pareils l'instant du noir nocher ;  
Sa feuille tombe avant l'automne,  
On voit son tronc se dessécher,  
Et bientôt la Nature, et si dure et si bonne,  
Qui des Arbres, de nous, également ordonne,  
Lui trace le chemin du jardin au bucher.

Près de lui, d'une main prudente,  
Charles, mon jardinier, mit par précaution,  
Un pêcher jeune encore, mais d'une belle attente,  
Et dont une greffe savante  
A fini l'éducation.

De ce nouveau venu, le vieux pêcheur se fâche,  
 “ Pourquoi,” dit il, “ m’associer  
 Un blanc-bec—un mince écolier,  
 Je ne le puis souffrir—je prétends qu’on l’arrache,  
 Ou je fais l’an prochain banqueroute au fruitier ?”  
 A ce dur propos mon bon Charles,  
 Qui plus et mieux, qu’un oiseau parle,  
 Et souvent adoucît l’ennui de travailler,  
 Par le plaisir de babiller,  
 Concis pour cette fois, autant qu’un Spartiate,  
 Répond—“ S’il faut choisir, crains que je ne t’abatte,  
 J’aurai de lui des biens, qu’avec toi j’ai perdus,  
 Il plaira par ses fruits, quand tu n’en auras plus.”

Mes chers amis, moi, qui vous fais ce conte,  
 Je prétends, pour mon propre compte,  
 En profiter. Toujours j’aimai, les jeunes gens,  
 Je veux de plus en plus, en faveur de leur âge,  
 Excuser leur défauts, accueillir leurs talents,  
 Et brisé des écueils mais bientôt au rivage  
 De l’orageux Neptune, où je les vois flottants,  
 Des mains et de la voix animer leur courage.  
 Aidons nos successeurs ; c’est le conseil du sage.  
 Ainsi de mon Pêcher quinteux,  
 Je sais mettre à profit la leçon pour moi-même.  
 Tel vieillard savant et hargneux,  
 Qui me traite en jeune homme, et fait le dédaigneux,  
 En profitera-t-il de même ?”

This day at Eaubonne, the first and the  
 last of my acquaintance with Monsieur

Ginguené, passed but too rapidly away. We were kindly pressed, and willingly promised, to renew our visit, and to renew it often.—Imperious circumstances, however, interfered with our wishes and our intentions. We saw the enlightened, the excellent Ginguené no more; but we carried from his retreat impressions of human excellence and human wisdom, which raised our estimation of the species to which he belonged; and we left this amiable sage with sentiments of admiration and regret, which would have been still more profound, had we known we were taking leave of him for ever.\*

Madame Ginguené, the model of devoted wives, is a woman of talent and considerable acquirement; and, though plain in her person and dress, and simple and unpretending in her manners, the moment she enters into conversation she gives that impression of mind never to be mistaken; which a sentence is sufficient to disclose, and a word sometimes betrays. It was impossible, how-

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\* Since the commencement of this work, I have received letters from France, announcing the death of this excellent and highly gifted personage.

ever, to trace the gay ambassadress of Sardinia, in the watchful and worn-out nurse-tender of the valetudinarian husband.

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There is scarcely an era in the political transactions of France, for the last eight and twenty years, in which the name of Gregoire, bishop of Blois, has not had a place;—while his numerous works, his “*Histoire des Sectes*,” his “*Traité de l’Esclavage des Noirs et des Blancs*,” his “*Discours sur la Liberté des Cultes*,” and “*sur la Domesticité*,” have made him known to Europe, by sentiments the most philanthropic, and by views the most philosophical. Of the many political tracts of the ex-bishop of Blois, his “*De la Constitution Française, de l’An 1814*,” is, perhaps, the most celebrated; and it is esteemed in France, by the unprejudiced and unbiassed, as one of the best pamphlets that appeared among the multitude of *brochures*, which issued from the French press, at that momentous period.

The Abbé Gregoire, a native of Luneville, was a simple curé at Embermesnil, when, already distinguished by his virtues, and

his talents, he was elected deputy of the clergy of the bailliage of Nancy to the *états-généraux*, in 1789. He was among the first of the ecclesiastical order, who joined the national assembly, and took the constitutional oath : and his first effort was, to interest the humanity of that assembly in favour of the Jews, then undergoing persecution in Alsace. Preferred to the bishoprick of Blois, and made president of the "*Society of the Friends of the Negroes*," he solicited, in 1791, the rights of denization for people of colour ; as he was always the active friend, the steady champion, and able apologist of this unhappy and oppressed race. Desirous only that France should have a free constitution, he was equally strenuous in his opposition to the ancient regime, and the influence of the *terroristes* :—always preaching universal toleration for religious opinions, he alone had courage to appear at the convention, in defence of Christianity ; and, when he heard the Archbishop of Paris, at the head of his grand vicars, abjure the Christian religion at the bar of that assembly, he started up in undisguised horror, and had the bold-

ness to exclaim, “ *Infame ! vous osez nier votre Dieu !*”\*

In 1795, the Bishop of Blois was admitted into the council of Five Hundred, and was named successively, under the consulate and imperial regime, president of the *Corps Législatif*, member of the *Sénat-Conservateur*, *Commandant de la Légion d'Honneur*, member of the Institute of France, and Count of the Empire. Thus loaded with honors, it might naturally be supposed he was among the warm advocates of the imperial power : but he was, invariably and inveterately, the opponent and the foe of the increasing influence and final despotism of Napoleon. Always among the few who composed the opposition in the senate, he spoke against *him*, who was so rarely offended with impunity, with a hardihood, which the most enthusiastic zeal in the cause of constitutional principles could alone have

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\* The committee of public instruction was ordered to present a project, “ *tendant à substituer un culte raisonnable au culte Catholique !*”

instigated : and it is thought that he would more than once have fallen the victim of his principles, had not Buonaparte stood in too much awe of that public opinion, by which he himself rose, and which had never varied in favor of the revered Bishop of Blois.

During the last scenes of Napoleon's eventful drama, Gregoire, in utter despondency for the liberties of France, left the country, travelled into England and Germany, and only returned into France, when, as he believed, the light of freedom again appeared brightening her horizon. He was at that period among the first to vote the expulsion of the Napoleon family from the throne of France for ever.

During the sittings of the Chambers of Representatives, in 1815, when the wild passions of the various political factions of the nation were again drawn into conflict ; Gregoire appeared in the assembly, offering his works in token of homage to its acceptance, and demanding that the *abolition of the slave trade* should make a part of the new constitutional decrees.

On the second restoration of the Bour-

bons, the Abbé Gregoire was falsely accused of having been among the number who voted the death of Louis XVI., and was consequently placed under the ban of royal aversion. Deprived alike of his temporal and spiritual honours, of his legislative and literary functions, no longer a bishop nor a peer,—his seat vacated in the senate, his name erased from the list of the Institute, this venerable prelate and beneficent man seeks safety in profound retreat ; and living wholly out of the world, he devotes his time to religious duties, and to the composition of works of philanthropy and utility.

It was with great pride and pleasure that I found the card of the bishop of Blois among the names of our earliest visitors, on our arrival in Paris ; and it is unnecessary to add, we lost little time in acknowledging so highly valued and so flattering an attention. When we went to return his visit, the good bishop received us in his study, a retired apartment, at the rear of his hotel, remote and silent as the cell of monkish retreat. The apartment of habitual occupation of eminent persons is always



interesting ; it seems to partake of their existence ; and traces of their tastes and pursuits are every where sought for, to feed curiosity, or fascinate attention. As I threw my eyes round the apartment of the Abbé, it appeared to me strictly analogous to his character and views and habits ;—books of moral philosophy and devotion lay on every side ; a crucifix hung at the foot of his couch ; a slave-ship, admirably carved and constructed by Mirabeau, lay upon a table near him ; and the mixture of the man of the world and the man of God, of the devout minister and able legislator, was every where observable. We found him occupied in looking over papers, which he was committing to the flames. “ I have just,” he said, “ burnt a parcel of billets of Mirabeau, which have, more than once made me smile ; one in particular, in which, after discussing some great political question of the day, he invites me to come off immediately, and hear him play the tabor and pipe, which he had just learned : adding, we should have a gay evening, as La Rochefoucault and others were to join us.”

The character and talents of Mirabeau naturally became the subject of discussion. The bishop said, “ he had splendid talents, and great vices ; but his talents were necessary to the cause in which we then had all so sanguinely embarked, and his vices were those of the state of society of that day in France, and of the class to which he peculiarly belonged.” The Abbé, however, with this charitable preface to the errors he condemned, spoke with vehemence of the immorality of Mirabeau ; but it was more in the language and tone of reprehension of a religious recluse, than in the manner, or with the experience of a man of the world. The fact was, that the immorality of Mirabeau was neither more nor less than what constituted an “ *aimable roué*,” in the days of the Regent, or of Louis XV. His vices had neither the systematic coldness, nor the formal developement of the Duke de Richelieu’s enormities ; and his morals would never have been called in question in old France, had not his political principles subjected him to the hatred and aversion of those who upheld its institutions, and drew their existence from its errors.

The Abbé Gregoire showed us with great pride a glass case, filled with the literary works of *negro authors* ; many of whom he had himself redeemed and brought forward. " I look upon this little book-case," he observed, " as a refutation of all that has been said against the intellect of blacks ; that unhappy race, like the wild plants of some neglected soil, want only care and culture to bear in due time both flowers and fruit."

We talked to him of a work he was then engaged in, on the *moral education of servants*. " The French press," he said, " is unwearied in issuing forth calumnies against me : I shall only reply to my enemies, by doing all the little good I can for my fellow-creatures. I have done with public life ; the few days that may be spared me, shall be devoted to domestic amelioration, and to the cause of humanity."

From the period of this first visit, our intercourse with the ex-bishop of Blois was frequent. There was in his appearance, his manner, his very mode of expression, an

originality, a something out of the ordinary rule of character, irresistibly attractive to a mind, something wearied by the common places of society. He speaks with great rapidity, as if thought came too fast for utterance; and there is a freshness, a simplicity, in his manner, that mingles the eager curiosity of a recluse, with the profound reflections of a philosopher; and leaves it difficult to understand how such a character could have passed through the world's hands, and yet have retained the original gloss of nature in its first lustre. A sort of restless benevolence, always anxious to relieve or to save, to alleviate or to improve, is extremely obvious in his conversation, as it is illustrated by his life; and I found it so difficult to reconcile the profound humanity of his character, with his supposed vote, when the life of the unfortunate Louis XVI. was at stake, that I one day ventured to touch on the subject:—" *I never instigated the death of any human being;*" was his reply. "I voted that Louis the XVIth should be the first to benefit by the law, which abolished *capital*

*punishment ; in a word—I condemned him to live !*”\*

There has been, in all ages and countries, so intimate a connexion between church and state, that it is difficult to break up the associations thus formed in the mind ; and a dignified prelate talking the language of a Brutus or a Hampden, is a solecism in principles, not easily reconciled with modern modes of thought and action. When Gregoire has praised to me the freedom of the English constitution, as established at the revolution, and prayed devoutly for its continuance—when he spoke of the misery of the political and moral corruption of France, which urged on the revolution, with the pious horror of a minister of the religion of peace and beneficence, I have more than once asked him, by what early impressions the bishop of Blois had become animated with the spirit of a Cato or a Russel?—He always answered me with the simplicity of a religious recluse, “ My guides have always been my heart and the scriptures :—the one taught me to sym-

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\* Gregoire had long advocated the abolition of capital punishment.

pathise with the oppressed, and I found all my ideas and principles of liberty in the other."

The bishop of Blois, however, as he himself assured me, was not the only catholic prelate who had advocated the cause of liberty, and drawn his arguments in its favor from the same source where he had sought them. "Here," he said, one morning, taking a pamphlet from the drawer of his writing-desk, "here is a singular and interesting sermon, in favor of civil liberty, as intimately united with christian faith; composed by citizen Cardinal Chiaramonti, bishop of Imola; and addressed to the people of his diocese, in the Cisalpine government, in the year 1797. Speaking, however, of the union of christianity and civil liberty, I allow that he goes beyond the line of mere constitutional principles, when he observes—" *oui, mes chers frères, soyez tous Chrétiens, et vous serez d'excellens démocrates.*" It was impossible not to smile at the simplicity and gravity, with which this was uttered; and I observed, "your citizen Cardinal has, I suppose, long since paid the forfeit of this imprudent pro-

fession of faith." — " No," replied the bishop, gravely, " the sentiments of Christian faith, and paternal tenderness, which breathe through the whole of this excellent homily, (some exaggeration in terms and principles which belonged inevitably to that day of exaltation excepted,) have been carried by the excellent bishop of Imola, from his see in Cisalpine Gaul, to the throne of the Christian world ; and the present successor of St. Peter is worthy of the high place he fills. The citizen Cardinal Chiaramonti, is now the venerable Pope Pius VII.\*

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\* This most curious homily is now in my possession. It has for its title-page :—

*" Homélie du citoyen Cardinal Chiaramonti, Evêque D'Imola, actuellement Souverain Pontife, Pie VII. ; adressée au peuple de son Diocèse, dans la République Cisalpine, le jour de la naissance de Jesus Christ, l'an 1797.—Imola, de l'imprimerie de la nation, an 6 de la liberté.—Ré-imprimée à Come, chez Charles Antoine Ostinelli, an 8. Et à Paris, chez Adrian Ergon, Imprimeur, 1814."*

The following passages are fair specimens of the style, in which this sermon is composed :

*" Je ne vous parlerai, ni de Sparte, ni d'Anthènes. Je garderai le silence sur la fameuse législation de Lycurgue et de Solon—et même sur cette Carthage, la rivale de Rome. Nos réflexions et nos souvenirs se reportent plus convenablement sur l'antique république*

'The ex-bishop of Blois, though fast verging on seventy, exhibits little trace of age in his appearance. His fresh and animated manner, his vigorous and active mind, his interesting and characteristic countenance and person, all seem to throw time at a distance, and to remain unassailable by the shocks of adversity. Wholly retired from the world, devout, studious, temperate, many days may yet be reserved for him : may he enjoy them in safety and resign them in peace !

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*Romaine. Considérez, mes frères, les illustres citoyens, dont elle s'honora, et les moyens par lesquels ils s'assurèrent des droits à l'admiration. Rappellerai-je le courage de Mutius Scévola ? de Curtius ? des deux Scipions ? de Torquatus ? de Camille ? et de tant d'autres, qui fleurirent à ces époques mémorables ? Leurs éloges, tracés par une foule d'écrivains, sont encore l'instruction de la postérité. Caton d'Utique, dont on a dit, que la gloire le poursuivoit, d'autant plus qu'il s'obstinoit à la fuir ; Caton vous apprendra comment Rome étendit sa renommée, et recula les limites de sa république," &c. &c.*

*“ Que la Religion Catholique soit l'objet le plus cher de votre cœur, de votre piété, de toutes vos affections. Ne croyez pas qu'elle choque la forme du gouvernement démocratique. En y vivant unis à votre divin Sauveur, vous pourrez concevoir une juste espérance de votre salut éternel ; vous pourrez, en opérant votre bonheur temporel et celui de vos frères, opérer la gloire de la république et des autorités qui la régissent.”*



The little intercourse which necessarily subsisted between England and France, prior to the year 1814, has left the two countries reciprocally strangers to some of the most popular writers, in their respective languages. Of our modern English poets, France knows little; and it is a singular fact, that before the first entry of the allies into Paris, even the works of Moore, Byron, and Scott, were almost unheard of in its literary circles. Of the innumerable poets, good and bad, in which France abounds, England even still remains ignorant, with a very few exceptions. \* Even Le

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*\* Additional Note.*—Some apology is unquestionably due for the introduction of the name of Parny in the preceding editions. The author had by diligent enquiry prepared a list of the most celebrated French literary characters of the day, with short notices of their works. This list she shewed to a gentleman, whose acknowledged taste and orthodox sentiments equally threw her off her guard, respecting any observations he might make: and when this gentleman noticed the omission of Parny; and represented him as a poet, whose works were esteemed in France; she inserted him without further enquiry, in her catalogue. This fact, it is hoped, will explain the notice which appeared of an author whose works were not likely to have been offered to female perusal; and which were unknown to the writer of these volumes when they were before committed to press.

## Gouvé,\* Berchoux,† Le Brun,‡ and Chenier,§

\* Le Gouvé, author of “*Le Mérite des Femmes*,” &c. &c. &c.

† Berchoux, author of “*La Danse, ou les Dieux de l’Opéra* ;” “*La Gastronomie* ;” “*Poésies Fugitives* ;” “*Poème sur Voltaire* ;” &c. &c. M. Berchoux is now living at his seat, in Auvergne.

‡ Le Brun, author of four volumes of odes, epigrams, epistles, and elegies. His odes rank in France with those of J. B. Rousseau, and Malherbes. He is, however, always spoken of by French critics, as being “*aimable spirituel, mais méchant*.” Of his claims to the latter epithet, his little *impromptu* on the celebrated Fanni Beauharnois, (grandmother to the ex-queen of Holland,) is a proof.

“Eglé belle et poète, a deux petits travers,  
Elle fait son visage—et ne fait pas ses vers.”

§ Chenier established his celebrity by his play of Charles IX., given in 1789. The emotion which this play excited, was one of the earliest, but most decided presages which ushered in the revolution. Chenier took an active part in every stage of that event ; and while he successively obtained high and important offices under the various governments, his poetical works, his “*Henry VIII.*” “*La Mort de Calas*,” “*Caius Gracchus*,” “*Timoléon*,” and “*Fenelon*,” gave him, for a time, the reputation of being the first tragic poet of the nation. It is, however, by his “*Ode to Voltaire*” that he is now best known and most admired. This splendid composition lost him the favour of Napoleon ; and he died in disgrace, after having largely benefited by the bounty and countenance of the emperor. He had been made an officer of the Legion of Honour, and “*Inspec-*

are but little read ; while the works of Raynouard,\* Lormian,† Grandmaison,‡ Du

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*teur-général des études.*" His last works were all directed against the despotism of the ruling authority, and he neither spared the monarch nor his ministers. Of the latter assertion, the following stanza is a proof.

" *Epigramme sur le Prince de T———.*

" *Roquette, dans son tems—Talley \* \* \*, dans le nôtre.*  
*Furent tous deux, prélats d'Autun ;*  
*Tartuffe est l'image de l'un ;*  
 Ah ! si Molière avait vu l'autre !!"

\* M. Raynouard, originally an *avocat* in Provence, but sufficiently independent in his circumstances, to permit his giving up his profession, has long retired to the enjoyment of literary pursuits. His fine tragedy of the *Templars* was crowned with the most complete success. His "*Etats de Blois*," represented in 1814, was, I believe less fortunate. He has also published some fugitive pieces, and a poem, called "*Socrate au Temple d'Anglaure*." He has succeeded Suard as *secrétaire perpétuel* of the French Academy.

† The "*Omasis en Egypte*," of M. Lormian, has obtained distinction for the extreme beauty of the style. His odes on the battles of Buonaparte, are now less popular than they once were. His translation of the "*Jerusalem*," and the "*Aminia*," are said to have considerable merit. He has also imitated "*Young's Night Thoughts*," in his "*Veillées Poétiques*," with success.

‡ M. Grandmaison is author of the "*Amours Epiques*," "*Philippe Auguste*," and many other poetical effusions. M. G. accompanied Buonaparte into Egypt.

Menil, Du Paty, Mad. Dufrenoy, Fontanes,\* Arnault,† Michaud, and an host of others, are scarcely known even by name.

Among the dramatic poets, who have sprung up in France since the revolution, the Comte Le Mercier takes a very decided lead, both by the quantity and the quality of his productions. Le Mercier, the son

\* M. de Fontanes before the revolution, published a translation of Pope's Essay on Man, and his "*Verger*." He wrote, during the revolution, for various journals, and composed and pronounced a funeral *éloge* on Washington, in the Temple of Mars! M. de Fontanes was distinguished by Buonaparte, after his elevation to the imperial throne, who created him successively Count of the Empire, Commandant of the Legion of Honour, and Grand Master of the Imperial University. The king has created M. de Fontanes, peer of France, and Officer of the Legion of Honour

† M. Arnault, the author of the tragedies "*Marius à Mintérne*," "*Lucrèce*," "*Cincinnatus*," &c. &c. was among the literary men of France, who were most distinguished by Napoleon. Arnault accompanied him into Egypt, and both under the consulate and imperial government, held many high offices of trust and emolument. In 1815, he was included in the ordonnance of the 24th of July, and ordered to quit Paris within three days, and to retire to the place of exile indicated by the minister of police. He is still in banishment.

of the *secrétaire des commandemens* of the Duc de Penthièvre, the favourite and *protégé* of the Princesse de Lamballe, (daughter to the Duc de Richelieu,) was born and reared at the court, and yet distinguished himself among the earliest and most eminent advocates of the revolution. Loaded successively with republican honours, and imperial favour, Mons. Le Mercier continued to cultivate the favour of the muses with a great variety of success. At the early age of sixteen, he produced his “*Méléagre*,” which obtained six representations: and which has since been followed, at various epochs, by his “*Lovelace Français* ;”—“*Scarmatado* ;”—“*Tartuffe Révolutionnaire* ;”—“*Lévite d’Ephraïm* ;”—“*Agamemnon*,” which obtained the most unbounded success ; “*Pinto*,” a comedy, in five acts ; “*Ophis*,” an Egyptian story ; “*Plaute* ;”—“*Christophe-Columb* ;”—“*Baudouin, Empereur de Constantinople* ;”—“*Camille* ;”—“*Philippe Auguste* ;”—“*St. Louis, en Egypte* ;”—“*Clovis* ;”—“*Le faux bon Homme*,”—and “*Charlemagne*.”

M. Le Mercier has relieved his dramatic productions with some pieces of lighter poe-

try ; and among these fugitive works, “ *Les âges Français*,” and “ *L’Homme Renouvelé*,” have, I believe, obtained popularity. His “ *Atlantiade*,” which yet remains to be finished, and which has only been partly published, and partly read in society, calls for a more distinguished notice, as being more out of the beaten track of ordinary composition, than either his tragedies or lyric poems.

While Monsieur Chateaubriand has endeavoured to prove, and to illustrate, in his prose poem of “ *Les Martyrs*,” that the Christian mythology is more favourable “ *au jeu des passions*,” (to use his own words) and to the developement of character in the *épopée*, than the pagan theogony, and that saints and martyrs are more interesting personages, than gods and heroes ; M. Le Mercier has substituted, in his “ *Atlantiade*,” physical and geometrical divinities, for those of the Pantheon, and equally neglecting “ *armies of martyrs*,” and legions of saints, with the presiding deities of Olympus and Parnassus, he has plunged at once into new systems of poetical machinery, and rests his claims to poetical

originality, upon seeking his heroes and heroines in the laws of gravitation and repulsion; and upon following the system of Newton, and drawing his personages from “*les forces virtuelles du monde.*” Thus, leaving far behind the *intrigues of the plants*, and the *loves of the triangles*, M. Le Mercier introduces at once upon the scene his *centripetal* and *centrifugal* forces, under the names of *Barythée* and *Proballane*, as the leading personages of his epic;—while *Curgire*, (the curvilinear motion) *Pyrophése*, (caloric) *Sulphydre*, (brimstone) *Electrone* (electricity) assist in carrying on the main plot, and produce many interesting episodes. The poles, with some other mute personages, seem merely called in as *figurantes*, to fill up the pauses of the deeper interest, and to perform a subordinate part in this splendid *melodrame* of the elements.

The author himself assures his reader, that even the episodes afforded by the loves and jealousies of the lady *Electricity* and *Magnésinene*, (the load-stone) and *Sider*, (the iron) are not less terrible and gracious, or sublime or beautiful—“*que les intrigues*

*fabuleuses des Dieux et des Déesses de l'Olympe*”—while the caprices of the nymph *Sulphydre*, “*étendue sur une couche de fer avec Pyrotone*,” become the cause of those volcanic shocks, which finally overwhelm the island *Atlantis*, the fancied scene of the main action of the poem. Her sighs, indeed, breathe brimstone; her vows are thunder; and her curtain-lecture to the hen-pecked *Pyrotone*, produces a volcano. The tragical ardors, however, of these violent personages are relieved by the quarrels of *Barythée* and *Proballane*; while *Psycolée*, or *universal intelligence*, a sort of *Kitty Pry*, or “*Norah in white dimity*,” reconciles all parties; and finally makes up the little disputes between these choleric young men, the *centripetal* and *centrifugal* forces; though the Sun himself is described as creeping out of the way of their broils, resolved never more to return to his own track, merely that he may avoid so disagreeable a neighbourhood. A little despotism on the part of *Barythée*, and a little rebellion on that of *Proballane*, seem to be the leading cause of their dispute—



“ Un jour que *Barythée* au centre, son empire,  
 Fier de son ascendant, sur tout ce qu'il attire,  
 Accusait *Proballane*, esclave de sa cour,  
 De gémir, en guidant les sphères à l'entour,  
*Proballane* en son vol, qui traverse l'espace,  
 Las d'être contenu dans les cercles, qu'il trace,” &c. &c.

M. Le Mercier opens this extraordinary and very original poem with the following lines:

“ Au-dessus des humains existent des Génies,  
 Non encore célébrés dans les Théogénies.  
 Êtres, qui sous l'aspect d'allégoriques traits,  
 Offrent de l'univers les principes secrets;  
 Nouveaux Dieux, que le tems me révèle et me nomme,  
 Pour mieux être entendus par la raison de l'homme,  
 Qui saisit mieux l'objet, que l'on présente à ses sens,  
 Que l'*abstrait idéal*, dont les corps sont absens.”  
 &c. &c. &c.

Some detached pieces only of the “*Atlantiade*” had been published, during my residence in Paris; but while it remains with the French public to decide on the merits of this new and eccentric effusion of a poet, who has already obtained its suffrages upon other occasions, it is permitted me to bear testimony to the amiable manners, and peculiarly interesting conversation

of the man. I had the pleasure of being introduced to M. Le Mercier a few nights after the first representation of his "*Charlemagne*," and when the town was yet full of its undecided failure or success. He spoke of it with a sort of unaffected indifference, that was extremely amusing. "I have delivered it up," he said, "to the political factions of the day, and they will decide its fate, independent of its merits or its faults:—I read it several times to Napoleon, he approved of it, and he was no bad judge."

I asked him, why he had not brought it forward, during the time of the late Emperor?—"Because," replied M. Le Mercier, "he would have applied the character of *Charlemagne* to himself; and the whole would have had the air of the most consummate flattery. Now, indeed, no such personal allusion can be made."

M. Le Mercier was an early friend of Buonaparte's, and though his constitutional principles, bordering on republicanism, rendered him adverse to the measures of the imperial despotism, it has been always understood, that he was attached to his person.

Of Buonaparte's style of conversation, he observed to me, that when he was obliged *to make conversation*, it was neither marked by sallies, nor originality ; that to talk, for talking sake, was to him the most insupportable *ennui*. But when something struck with force on his imagination, when some latent passion was unexpectedly touched on, some chord of favourite association accidentally awakened, then, all force, energy, and originality, there was something irresistibly fascinating in every thing he uttered.\* He had a powerful imagina-

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\* I heard it frequently said in France, by those who knew Buonaparte through all the strange vicissitudes of his most chequered life, that he was “ *un charmant causeur*,” as they expressed it; and extremely interesting and amusing in intimate and familiar conversation. “ I have often written under his dictation,” (said a man of great celebrity and talent to me,) “ I have frequently been startled by his idiom and turn of phrase, and even ventured to tell him that *it was not French*. But when I attempted to change or improve, I found I only enfeebled; and that *his bad French was powerful language*. He dictated with great rapidity; wrote frequently for the journals; and was the author of the greater part of his own manifestoes and bulletins to the army. His passion for Ossian continued unabated from

tion, and of a romantic cast; he was fond of heroic poetry, and particularly fond of historical tragedy, a subject on which he spoke well, and loved to speak much.

The strenuous favourer of the revolution, and the personal friend of Buonaparte, it may be supposed M. Le Mercier finds it most suitable to the actual position of things to live, if not in retirement, at least less in the world, than his rank, fortune and reputation might entitle him to do. I found, however, that he had admirers and friends, even among the most determined Bourbonists, and my first knowledge of his works and most amiable character, was obtained

his boyhood. He was fond of novels, and read them frequently; but (said my informant) “*à la dérobée.*” He was extremely fearful “*de se donner un ridicule.*” One day, in his private apartments, he was talking on the subject of air balloons. One of his courtiers observed, that he had heard, that the fearless spirit of the emperor, even in childhood, had led him to ascend in an air-balloon. Napoleon saw something ludicrous in this anecdote, which he declared was wholly unfounded. “I appeal to you,” he said with great *naïveté*, turning to the Baron de \* \* \* \*, (who was present,) “*whether that is in my way.*”

from a devoted *ultra-royaliste*, who always spoke of him with affection and admiration ; an' who lamented his principles as errors of judgment, which held no influence over his heart and feelings, “ which,” said our mutual friend, “ *are always in the right.*”

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While Monsieur Le Mercier gives up his talents to the pursuit and illustration of the *loves of the elements*, and produces moral combinations from physical facts, Volney, the sublime Volney, withdraws his high-born genius from its elevated career, and descends from the grand and philosophical mood, which led his spirit to hover over the “ *Ruins of Empires,*” to the cold, tame pursuit of Chronological calculation ;—and he, whose intellect, noble in its observation, and just, even when fanciful in its inferences, once drew a political moral from fallen columns, and taught lessons from stones, now confines his power to arithmetical conclusions, and geometrical results.

Some friends of the Comte de Volney confirmed to me, what public report had already circulated, that he was deeply engaged in a very recondite and singular work,

“ *l’Histoire de la Chronologie*,” undertaken in a very philosophical, and from some passages I heard cited, what will be deemed, a very sceptical mood. It is said, that this celebrated person attempts, by most ingenious inductions, to prove that the history of Moses, is a compilation of astronomical facts: that Abraham was a brilliant constellation, and Moses himself Bacchus, or the sun. Thus to disturb the genealogical tree of patriarchal nobility, though it be to “ *translate it to the skies*,” is a most perilous and venturous undertaking:—even, with all the sanction of M. Volney’s acknowledged genius, and high reputation, it will require testimonies, “ strong as truths of holy writ,” and backed by the corroborating proofs of antediluvian rabbins, and *pre-adamite* professors, to obtain, for this “ *new reading*,” a patient hearing from a world, which, at the present moment, seems but little inclined to countenance innovation, on subjects of far less influence and importance.

The Comte de Volney was already celebrated by his travels into Egypt and Syria, when he was elected, in 1789, deputy of the *tiers-état* of Anjou, to the *états-généraux*,

and distinguished himself by the boldness of his eloquence, in favor of the rights of the people ; and on the confiscation of the estates of the church, for the benefit of the nation. Retiring before the sanguinary conflicts of the reign of terrorism, he was received by General Washington, in the United States, with that high distinction due to his talents, his character, and reputation ; and when the hurricane of an overwhelming democracy was exhausted, and the friends of rational liberty again hoped to range themselves under her long trampled banner, Volney returned to France, was elected member of the conservative senate ; after having been placed among the candidates for counsellor of state, and even of consul. He sat in the senate, during the whole of the imperial reign, and in 1814 voted the expulsion of Napoleon Buonaparte from the throne of France.

Since that period, he has, like almost all the genius of the country, retired from the scene of public life, and rarely visited Paris, during my residence in that capital.—Living at his seat, which he has recently adorned with a young and amiable wife, he leaves political conflicts—

“ To mean ambition, and the pride of Kings ;”  
and in domestic enjoyment, and philosophical seclusion, it may be hoped, finds that happiness, which the “ world can neither give nor take away.”

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Poetry and diplomacy form a rare and strange union in the pursuits of the same mind ; and he, who early receives his first instructions from a Muse, may scarcely be supposed qualified to act under the influence of a cabinet. There have been, however, instances in the history of modern politics, in which negotiations have been effected by the charm of metre, and treaties bound in poetic wreaths ;\*—and the most fortunate negotiation which France ever made with Russia, was supposed to have been effected, while the imperial Catherine listened to the lyre of Segur.

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\* From among the number, I have great pride in instancing my own distinguished countryman, Lord Viscount Strangford, late ambassador at the Brazils, and the elegant translator of Camoens. The world has already stamped his poetical version of the Portuguese bard, with its suffrages. But the friends of Lord Strangford only are aware, how much the original compositions of his maturer genius surpass the happy imitations and glowing effusions of his juvenile talents.



The Comte de Segur, one of the ablest ministers of royal France, and one of the most elegant poets of the revolutionary regime ; the author of “ *La Politique de tous les Cabinets de l’Europe* ; ” — of “ *Le Théâtre de l’Hermitage* ; ” — “ *La Chaumière* ; ” — “ *La Solitude* ; ” — and a hundred pretty *vaudevilles*, and sonnets, is of high descent and noble birth. As the eldest son of the Marquis de Segur, marechal de France, the road to honours lay broadly open to him ; and, in 1786, he was sent ambassador to Russia, and effected a treaty of commerce, which assured to France all those advantages, which had till then been exclusively enjoyed by England. The happy issue of his diplomatic arrangements was in part attributed to the pleasure, which the Empress received from his conversation, and the amusement she derived from his poetical effusions. Talents, with that great legislator, had always their weight in the cabinet, as in the salon ; nor had the political systems of Europe then proscribed genius and ability, as unfavorable to the views and wisdom of government ; views, which are now deemed most effectually

forwarded by plodding dullness, blundering pretension, and all-pervading, overwhelming, and shameless corruption.

In 1789, the Comte de Segur was named deputy from the *noblesse* of Paris to the *états-généraux*. In 1791, he was sent ambassador from the republic of France to Pope Pius VI. ; who, less favorable to republicanism than his successor, Pope Pius VII., refused to receive him. Ambassador to the court of Berlin, in 1792, he was obliged to remain abroad during the whole of the reign of terrorism, and to consult his safety, by a voluntary exile from a country, delivered up to outrage and spoliation. To those who are ready, from ignorance or prejudice, to confound all the various and strongly opposed periods of the revolution, it may be here worth observing, that no two factions in the history of revolutionary conflicts, stand more strongly opposed, than the constitutionalists of 1789, and the *démocrats* who engrossed the scene of action in succeeding periods. It was against the friends and advocates of rational liberty, that the reign of terrorism fulminated its thunders ; and the patriots of France pur-

sued by death, or driven into exile, bled on the scaffold, lay chained in the dungeon, or wore out existence in the miseries of want and exile.

After the fall of the Robespierrian party, and on the return of the Comte de Segur to France, he was elected deputy of the *corps législatif*. He voted the consulship for life to Buonaparte, and supported this measure as the most efficacious means of consolidating the new institutions. Called to the council of state, and elected member of the National Institute, he was at the same time presented with the charge of Grand Master of the ceremonies of France, and decorated with the *cordon rouge*.

When called upon to defend the project of laws presented by the council of state, before the *corps législatif*, he exhibited talents as brilliant, as the erudition which accompanied them was profound and extraordinary; and upon these occasions, as upon all others, he manifested the most devoted attachment to the person of the emperor, and the interests of his family. His acceptance of a peerage under the revived order of things, on the restoration of

the Bourbons, and his resuming, by imperial command, his high court and legislative functions, during the trying probation of the *hundred days*, compromised him in the ordinances of the king, in 1815 ; and stript of all his dignities, living in profound seclusion, no longer peer, statesman, deputy, nor grand master, Monsieur de Segur is now only one of the most amiable men and charming poets of France ; and he most probably consoles himself for the loss of all worldly honours and court distinction, by that philosophy and love of retirement, which he so pleasantly preached in the days of his brightest prosperity.

“ D’un monde, qui m’avait séduit,  
Je connais l’imposture ;  
Mon cœur éclairant mon esprit,  
Me rende à la nature.  
Partout on voit tant de fureur,  
Et tant d’ingratitude,  
Qu’on ne trouve plus de bonheur,  
Que dans la solitude.”

*Poème de la Solitude.*

I had the pleasure of living much in a delightful circle, to whose attractions the Comte de Segur contributed, by talents of

conversation peculiarly adapted to the elegant enjoyments of refined society, and by graces of manner, which almost every court in Europe had contributed to finish and to form.

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The glory of Egypt had sunk, before the more approximate and dazzling splendour of Greece. The remoteness both of time and place had combined to throw a veil over her mouldering greatness, and mysterious records ; and, like her own Isis, she stood dark and impenetrable, shrouded in the mystic drapery which ages had let fall upon her gigantic wonders. Ambition, that admits no impossibility, glory, that sees no obstacle, at length remembered this grand, neglected sanctuary of profound antiquity, and led the way to new and daring enterprise. The military standards of France were planted on the shores of the Nile, her banners waved amidst the pyramids of Cheops. Science, too, fearless, ardent, and enthusiastic, rushed on scenes so favourable to her high pursuits, and boldly followed in the track, which force had cleared before her. Warriors and philosophers, the stu-

dious and the brave, went forth together ; and the professors of arms and arts, united in danger and in glory, alike trod the burning deserts of the Thebaide, and penetrated the dark catacombs of Lycopolis.

Foremost in the vanguard of talent, which accompanied Buonaparte into Egypt, appeared M. Denon. A mere volunteer in this grand but romantic enterprize, his visit to Egypt was purely governed by that enthusiasm for the arts, by that insatiate and learned curiosity, which from his boyhood had led him to invoke the *manes* of past ages, and to dispute with time the spoils that should belong to eternity.

The pilgrimage of Denon to Egypt was planned in a moment, as carelessly and as gaily, as if it had been a party to the opera. The learned and ingenious men, who were attached to the general in chief of the Egyptian expedition, for the service of science and the arts, had already left Paris for their embarkation ; and it was but a few days before the departure of the fleet, that at the fire-side of Madame Buonaparte's dressing room, it was suddenly proposed to Denon, and as suddenly agreed upon,

that he should accompany the general. “ *Un mot du héros qui commandoit l'expédition, décida mon départ,*”—says the author of the “ *Voyage en Egypte.*” And the only stipulation which marked an arrangement, by which the world has been since so greatly benefited, was, that M. Denon should be at perfect liberty ;—master of his time,—and director of his own pursuits.

The monuments of Upper-Egypt were the principal objects of his arduous enterprise ; and the enthusiasm with which he beheld the ruins of Hermopolis, of Denderah, and of Thebes, he has painted in all the glow of poetic colouring, with all the interest of sincerity and truth. While the extraordinary chief of this extraordinary expedition was taking a city, this ardent worshipper of the arts was taking a ruin : entrenched before Thebes, or designing Apollinopolis, he waged single and successful war against the barbarous oblivion, which hung over the precious relics of antiquity ; and, leaving the subjugation of the fierce Mamelukes to meaner ambition, contented himself with nothing less, than becoming master of the palace of the Ptole-

mies, and the treasures of Sesostris. Monsieur Denon, bred in courts, and reared in the luxury of polished society, yet opposing a delicate constitution and habits of refinement, to the hardships of a perilous expedition ; wandering in deserts, plunging into catacombs ; neither stunned by the tumult of arms, nor awed by the silence of the tomb ; gay, patient, and persevering, presents a fair but splendid epitome of the force and elasticity of the genuine French temperament.

The results of this interesting voyage have long been before the world, and are stampt with its approbation : and though other antiquarians, after a more protracted research, may perhaps accumulate a greater mass of observations, and more highly finish, *à tête reposée*, what Monsieur Denon has slightly but boldly touched, “ *tantôt à toutes voiles, tantôt à toutes jambes*,” (as he has himself playfully expressed it,) yet the annals of literature and the arts will rarely produce a work of such magnitude as his *Egypt*, executed by an individual, who in instructing, never fails to amuse ; and whose grace of style robes the mystic forms of



remote antiquity, and long entombed art, in the airy drapery, which wit and fancy reserve for the fictions of their own lightest and most splendid creations.

Monsieur Denon, a *gentilhomme né*, had the honour of sharing the court dignities of Voltaire; and while almost yet a boy, was made *gentilhomme ordinaire du Roi*, by Louis XV. A talent peculiarly French, and eminently M. Denon's, is said to have procured him this distinction.—At an early age, and but recently arrived from his province, he had already obtained reputation in Paris, as a charming *raconteur*; and he was one in a circle at Versailles, when a courtier, more devoted than amusing, was endeavouring to entertain the King with a *good* story *ill* told; when his majesty, suddenly turning to young Denon, exclaimed:—*“ Allons, Denon, racontez-moi cela.”*

The indelicacy of the command almost annihilated the power of obedience; and it was with difficulty and hesitation that the young *raconteur* got through a task, that might have put the effrontery of a Grammont to the test.—More successful, however, upon less trying occasions, Denon

became the rival of Schchazerade, and his *thousand and one stories* led the way to royal favor, and diplomatic promotions. He soon carried to other courts the talents, which had delighted his own :—as secretary to the Russian embassy, he became known to, and particularly distinguished by the Grand Duke Paul, who for some time corresponded with him, *à la dérobée*. He had frequent opportunities of observing the magnificent Catherine, and lived in habits of great intimacy with Diderot, who was then making the charm of all the first circles of Petersburg.

On his return from Russia, on the death of Louis XV. he paid a visit to Voltaire, and drew an admirable picture of the patriarch of Ferney, with all *the little localities* of his bed-side scenery, equally characteristic of the original and the artist. “ Catherine the Great,” said Monsieur Denon, talking to me of this visit, “ was the subject of eternal disputation between us. *He* spoke of her, as he had *described* her ;—*I*, as *I* had *seen* her ;—and, when I admitted that she was a woman of great views and distinguished manners, Voltaire would never

suffer me to add, that her mind was coarse, and her heart unfeeling.”

M. Denon was retained in his situation of *gentilhomme ordinaire*, by Louis XVI., and was entrusted, by that unfortunate monarch, with a secret mission to Switzerland. But mystery and Switzerland were willingly exchanged, by the frankest of all diplomats, for Italy and the arts ; and, when sent as *charge d'affaires* to Naples, and other Italian courts, his long residence in those classic regions called forth all the latent talents of his character, which the circumstances of his life had hitherto but little favoured.

Monsieur Denon was still resident in Italy, in his diplomatic capacity, when the revolution broke out in France. Deprived by that event of his patrimonial possessions ; his talents, (which had formed the recreation from official labours,) became an honorable source of existence. The diplomatic artist retired to Venice ; and with that cheerful philosophy, which results from energy of mind, and gaiety of temperament, and which rises superior to the adversity it sustains, he applied himself with such suc-

cess to the graphic arts, that his engravings were considered as approaching closely to the excellence of Rembrandt's,\* and brought a price proportioned to their value. It was at this period, that the genius and laborious study of Denon laid the basis of that brilliant reputation, which, in a future day, subjected the arts and genius of ages to his control, as *directeur-général* of the *Musée Française*.

When the law of proscription was fulminated against emigrants, M. Denon returned to France in the midst of the reign of terror :—his habits of life did not permit him to take up arms in any cause ;† his feelings and principles revolted from the sanguinary spirit, which had usurped the government of his country. Before suspicion had time to light on his character ; before the sensibility which made him shudder at the horrors he witnessed, had

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\* Sir W. Hamilton, out of *badinage*, actually passed one of M. Denon's pieces for an unique of Rembrandt's, and obtained a high price for it from some collector.

† He was, however, personally opposed to Buonaparte, in the affair of the *sections*.

subjected his conduct to enquiry, his reputation as an artist became his shield of protection. He was sought for to delineate the transactions of the times, the blood-stained *fastes* of the ruling democracy. But ere his pencil had immortalized a period, which should be for ever blotted from the history of the nation, the death of Robespierre released him from his engagements.

It was some time after that memorable event, one evening, at a ball at Monsieur de Talleyrand's, that a young officer endeavouring to procure some lemonade, received it at the hands of Monsieur Denon. This little courtesy brought on a conversation, which was the basis of a friendship, indestructible by time, or change ; by inequality of rank or remoteness of situation ; by the exaltation of the most splendid prosperity, or the shocks of the deepest adversity. The young officer was—General Buonaparte.

The friendships formed by Buonaparte were never relinquished by the Emperor ;—and, among the honors and emoluments heaped on M. Denon, by his imperial friend,

he was made a Baron of the Empire, officer of the Legion of Honor, member of the Institute, and director general of the *Musée des Arts*. Of the latter high situation he sent in his resignation to the King, on the second restoration;—and he now vainly courts that retirement and seclusion, which neither his character, rank, nor reputation permit him to enjoy. His house is one of the classic *reposoirs*, where the taste and talent of foreign nations pause, in their enlightened pilgrimage to the shrines of genius, to offer their tribute of admiration and respect. It is the little *Loretto of the arts!* and the *high priest* frequently supersedes the divinities, at whose altars he presides.

If France were to send some favourable specimens of her national character into other countries, she might choose Denon as one of its representatives. For never was its union of gaiety and sensibility more happily illustrated, or its power over the shocks of time and accident more delightfully exhibited. Where may that blessed charm be sought, which can thus fling over the pensive evening of life the sunny brightness of its morning! which

nourishes the heart's young warmth, through the successive lustres of passing years! feeds the unwasted spirits to their last flash, and seems extinguishable only by that power, which stills the vital throb, and quenches the ethereal flame together !\*

The talent, which charmed a monarch, and raised a young provincial gentleman to situations of high responsibility and trust, still exists in all its full perfection ; and few days passed over my head at Paris, in which I had not an opportunity of repeating the command of Louis the Fifteenth,—“ *allons, racontez-moi cela.*”—If obeyed with

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\* Monsieur Denon, in every sense, owes much to nature ; and seems to have been “ *né pour tous les arts.*” He was one day talking on some subject of natural history to my husband, and describing his efforts to tame a crocodile. Some artists came in, he was immediately plunged into a discussion on painting and antiquities. and talked alternately in French and Italian. When we were alone, I asked him the secret of his acquirements ;—whether he had not been very studious in his youth ? he replied, carelessly, “ *Tout au contraire ; je n’ai jamais rien étudié, parceque cela m’a toujours ennuyé ; j’ai beaucoup observé, parceque cela m’amusait. Ceux qui, en savent plus que moi, me conseillent, ce qui fait, que ma vie a été remplie, et que j’ai beaucoup joué.*”

less deference, I was at least as promptly gratified and equally delighted. That story must indeed be cold and tiresome, which would fail to fascinate attention, when related by Denon; and “trifles light as air,” become tales of poignant interest, when he undertakes to repeat them. I have now fresh in my memory the mornings and the evenings passed at his fire-side, in these *causeries*, which the French only know how to support without languor or satiety; and in duller regions, in a less mercurial society, those evenings and those mornings will often recur to the mind, and supersede, by their delightful vision, the insipidities and common places necessarily endured, though never tolerated.

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If modern France could boast a catalogue of noble authors, the illustrious name of Levis would stand high on the list, and take its station among the La Rochefoucaults and the St. Simons of other times.

The Duc de Levis is grandson to the Marechal Duc de Levis, and son to the unfortunate *grand Bailli de Senlis*, whose devotion to the Bourbon cause led him be-



fore the frightful tribunal of terror, in 1794. On the death of his father, who was brought to the guillotine, the young Duke fled from the political troubles of France, and sought safety and asylum in England. His funeral oration on Louis the Sixteenth, and Marie Antoinette, was published in London, and was followed by many literary and political tracts. The Duc de Levis was among the many of the ancient noblesse, who availed themselves of Napoleon's permission to return to France, and he continued to write and to publish, under the imperial rule, with the same freedom, that he had done under the protection of a foreign government. Since the return of the Bourbons, the Duc de Levis has shared in the honours and emoluments distributed by royal favour ; and he holds a distinguished place in the establishment of the Duchesse de Berri. Among his most recent works are his "*Considérations Morales sur les Finances* ;" and among those which have long passed the ordeal of public criticism, the most noted are, "*Mes Pensées* ;"—"*Mes Souvenirs* ;"—"*Mémoires sur*

*l'Angleterre ;*" — and, "*Les Lettres Chinoises.*"

The family de Levis is supposed to be among the most ancient in France ; and to be descended from that tribe, to whom Moses gave the most fearful command, ever issued by the warrior-prophet to his obedient legions. The actual head, however, of that illustrious and ancient family, partakes of none of the destroying spirit of his Hebrew ancestors ; and though a representative of the ancient *Preux*, as *chevalier d'honneur* to the Duchess of Berri, he has sacrificed more to Minerva in her sapient, than in her belligerent divinity. As an accomplished and highly-endowed gentleman, the Duc de Levis ranks high in the literary, as well as in the fashionable circles of Parisian society.

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In pages consecrated to the eminent and the celebrated, in the political and literary circles of Paris, it would be a strange solecism to omit the name of him, whose works bring the highest price, and whose opinions are the organ of a leading party. But the Viscomte de Chateaubriant is at this mo-

ment so immediately before the world, in his double capacity of author and statesman, that it would be at once idle and presumptuous, to add a single observation to his name. M. Chateaubriant, though now wholly occupied by his political career, and most celebrated for his *Génie du Christianisme*,\* will yet most probably reach posterity by his beautiful Indian tale of *Atala*.

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Among the first, and among the pleantest circles, in which we were received in Paris, was that which assembles on Saturday evening at the hotel of the Count and Countess de Pastoret. † I had an early opportunity afforded me of becoming acquainted with one of the best and highly-informed men, and one of the most accomplished women in France ; and it would be difficult to receive a more favourable im-

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\* M. Chateaubriant is of an ancient and noble family, and of a name well known in the history of his country.

† The Countess Pastoret, and her elegant friend, the Marchioness de Colbert Chabanais, were the two ladies I met in Paris, who had the most perfect and extensive acquaintance with English literature, modern and ancient.

pression of the state of society, in Paris, than the circles of their salon were calculated to afford.

The Comte de Pastoret was, under the ancient royal regime, a member of the academy of belles lettres, and historiographer of France. Distinguished by the part he took in the early epochs of the revolution, he was made minister of the interior under the republic in 1790, and president of the department of Paris, and *procureur-général* of the same department, in succession. Having participated in all the acts of the republic, he narrowly escaped the reign of terror ; and in 1797 he again appeared upon the scene, as deputy of the Var, to the Council of Five Hundred, took an active part in the divisions of the Directory, and demanded the extinction of the clubs, whose crimes had sullied and counteracted the intentions of the revolution. Placed on the list for deportation, he escaped from his exile in Cayenne ; and on his return to France, was named by the consular power, in 1798, *Professeur du Droit de la Nature et des Gens, au Collège de France*. Under the imperial government, he was created suc-

cessively member of the Institute, senator, count of the empire, and officer *de la légion d'honneur*. On the expulsion of the Emperor, the King named him peer of France, *conseiller de l'université, président du collège électoral du Var*, and *commandant de la légion d'honneur*. The Count de Pastoret has distinguished himself by many political *rapports* and *mémoires*, for the academy of inscriptions and belles-lettres. He is at present engaged in a voluminous work on legislation, part of which had been given to the press, during my residence at Paris.

His son, Monsieur A. de Pastoret, who held a place in the section of *ponts et chaussées* under the Emperor, and is now *maître des requêtes ordinaires* under the King, is the author of the pretty poem of the *Troubadours*, and an interesting pamphlet *sur Henri Quatre*.

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It is sufficient to mention the name of Pigault Le Brun, to recall to English readers the author of so many pleasant and humorous novels; which, even through the medium of translation, have come close in estimation upon the productions of Smollet

and Fielding. The novels of Pigault Le Brun have been translated into most modern languages ; but by the delicacy of Parisian criticism are not always deemed worthy of that language in which they are composed. —“ *Les romans de Pigault le Brun,*” said a French critic and wit to me, “ *ont toujours l'air d'être composés dans les rues, et écrits sur les bornes.*”\* The charge of coarseness made in France against the author, is too well founded to admit of defence ; but the mind that originated the frail, but fascinating character of *Fanchette*, in the *Macédoine*, (one of the most amusing and philosophical of his tales,) is surely capable of great elegance and refinement of conception. But for her “ *Vertu de moins,*” there are few female writers, however delicate or celebrated, who would have disdained the creation of such a character, as the tender, generous, and devoted *Fanchette*. Monsieur Le Brun is a member of the *Théâtre Fran-*

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\* Pigault Le Brun was a revolutionary writer, and his works are said to partake both of the strength and coarseness of the day. He is now, under existing circumstances, by no means a favourite author with particular classes.

çais, and brother to Michaud, one of the first comic actors in Europe.

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Monsieur Picard, *Directeur de L'Odéon*, has obtained some celebrity in England for his novels. In France he is most known and most admired for his excellent and numerous comedies. His *Petite Ville*, *Les Marionnettes*, *Monsieur Mazard*, *Les deux Réputations*, and *Le Colatéral*, are among those of his works, which have most eminently contributed to bestow on him the distinguishing *sobriquet* of “*Le petit Molière*.” The dramatic talents of Monsieur Picard procured him the countenance of the late Emperor; who on the representation of *Les Marionnettes*, expressed his admiration of the piece, by settling a handsome pension on the author.—The Emperor also forwarded his reception at the Institute, and named him *directeur de l'académie impériale de musique*.—It seems, indeed, that the possession of talent was no vain distinction, under the imperial regime—and the friends and enemies of Napoleon alike agree, that no merit escaped his liberal countenance and princely munificence; but such as

proudly disdained the one, or rejected the other. It must also be allowed, that these instances of independence were few and rare, during my residence in France, at least I found it extremely difficult to discover

“ Their local habitation and their name.”\*

I had often been assured, in some literary circles of Paris, that the greatest revolution which had taken place in their literature, since the reign of Louis XIV. has occurred in the taste, talent, and style of their female writers. They still speak with rapture of the facility, the *abandonnement*, the grace, of the compositions of the La Fayettees, the

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\* I frequently spoke on this subject to many of my royalist, and *ultra* friends in Paris. They all allowed that Buonaparte sought out intellectual merit with great avidity, and that he loaded authors, artists, and men of science with favours and honours, and titles and emoluments; but they universally added, “ *Mais cependant c'étoit pour les avilir.*” In England, where “ *all the talents*” has become a bye-word for ridicule and contempt, it is true, no steps have been taken to *degrade* its men of genius, by making them *peers of the realm*, *senators*, and persons of *high official responsibility*. They are not even “ *avilis*” by the slightest notice or favour; and are simply marked out and distinguished by *neglect*.



Sevigné's, the Caylus's ; and oppose them in decided superiority to the de Staels, the Cottins, the Genlis's, and the Souzas. But the great claim to that originality of invention and combination, which constitutes the essence of genius, belongs exclusively to the modern writers. The best compositions of the female wits of the "*beau siècle*," exhibited but the art of transferring the elegant gossipry, so eternally practised in their salons, to their letters ; and adopting in their written account of the anecdotes, incidents, slanders, intrigues, and *tracaseries* of the day, the same epigrammatic point and facility of expression, which belong to the genius of their language ; and which have at all times been the study, the charm, and the habit of their conversation.

The life of such a woman as Madame de Seigné, was passed in social little circles, in eternal visits, and in seeking, hearing, circulating, and transcribing all that was passing in the city or the court. Women of rank had then no domestic duties, though they had many social ties. Their infants were nursed by hirelings, their children were

reared in convents, their husbands lived with the army or the court, and those profounder feelings, which exercise so powerful an operation upon female intellect, remained cold and undeveloped. They read little, because the scale of modern literature was then circumscribed, and few women studied the dead languages. The whole power of their mind, therefore, was confined and levelled to the combination and recitation of the events, which took place in the most frivolous, intriguing, but polished society, that ever existed. Their style was brilliant, playful, and elegant ; and it was eminently, perhaps exclusively, calculated to “*éterniser la bagatelle.*”\*

When, however, they abandoned facts for fiction, they wholly failed in their attempt ; and in the world of invention there is, perhaps, nothing so cold, cumbrous, and wearisome, so out of the line of social

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\* Speaking of the talents of Mesdames de Stael and de Genlis, a French critic of the old school observed to me, “*Pour ces femmes là, elles se sont fait une imagination et une littérature viriles.—Madame, il y a, dans l’une et l’autre, de quoi faire trois ou quatre hommes d’esprit.*”

nature, and yet so remote from the fairy regions of fancy, as the romances of *Maiselle Scuderie*, and the novels of *Madame La Fayette*. They soon fell by their own ponderous weight, even in an age, when they had novelty to sustain them, and have now long been known by name only.

The two most celebrated female writers of France, *Madame de Genlis* and *Madame de Stael*, mark successively the progress of female intellect, and the scope given by circumstances to female talent in that country. The works of *Madame de Genlis* form a sort of connecting link between those women who wrote at the latter end of *Louis the XIVth's* day, and those who have appeared since the revolution. The foundress of a new genus of composition in her own language, her domestic stories are a deviation from the grave formalities of the early French novel; and stand equally free from the licentious liberties of the new, a witty, but an immoral school, founded by the *Marivaux*, the *Louvets*, and the *Leclos*. *M. de Genlis*, if not the first who made works of imagination the vehicle of

education, was at least earliest of those who introduced instruction and science into tales of sentiment and passion ; and the erudition which occasionally gleams through her pages, has been thought to do the honours of the head, to the exclusion of the interests of the heart : while her pure and polished style, flowing and smooth as it is, stands accused by the severity of French criticism of approaching to the studied elegance and cold precision of a professed rhetorician. It may, however, be said with great truth, that none perhaps ever wrote so well, who wrote so much ; or has ever blended so few faults with so many merits of style and composition. Madame de Genlis just held that place in society from her rank, her fashion, her political tendencies, and literary successes, which was most calculated to excite against her a host of enemies. Had she been more obscure, as a *woman*, she would have been less severely treated as an *author*.

The genius of Madame de Staël belongs to the day and age in which it dawned, and by which it was nurtured. It partakes of their boldness and their aspirations, their

freedom and their force. Fostered amidst philosophical enquiries, and political and social fermentation, its objects are naturally grand, its scope vast, its efforts vigorous. It has the energy of inspiration, and its disorder. There is in the character of Madame de Stael's compositions, something of the Delphic priestess. Sometimes mystic, not always intelligible, we still blame the *god* rather than the oracle; and wish perhaps that *she* were less inspired, or *we* more intelligent.

While other writers (both male and female) in France have turned with every breeze, and fluttered in the political hemisphere, Madame de Stael has steadily proceeded in the magnificent march of *genius*, governed by *principle*: and her opinions, while they are supported by all the force of female enthusiasm, derive an additional weight, from the masculine independence and steadiness of their advocate.

I had to lament that Madame de Stael had left France, at the moment when I entered it; and I was tantalized by invitations, which proposed my meeting her at the house of a mutual friend, at the time

when imperious circumstances obliged me to return to Ireland. I thus was prevented from seeing one of the most distinguished women of the age ; from whose works I had received infinite pleasure, and (as a woman, I may add) infinite pride. Her character was uniformly described by her friends to me, as largely partaking of a disposition whose kindness knew no bounds ; and of feelings, which lent themselves, in ready sympathy, to every claim of friendship, and every call of benevolence.— Among those who know her well, the splendour of her reputation seems sunk in the popularity of her character ; and “ *c’est une excellente personne ;* ” “ *c’est un bon enfant,* ” were epithets of praise constantly lavished on one, who has so many more brilliant claims to celebrity.\*

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\* Both Madame de Staël and Madame de Genlis appeared to me to be rather unpopular with the royalists and *ultras* : the one for her supposed republican principles ; the other for the part she took in the early period of the revolution. Of Madame de Staël, they constantly said to me, “ *C’est de l’éloquence, si vous voulez ; cependant c’est une phrasnière que Madame de S.* ! ” Of Madame de Genlis,—“ *Pour son style, c’est d’une pureté très facile et élégante, mais il n’y a rien*

Madame de Genlis was at Paris, when I arrived there : but I was told on every side, that she had retired from the world ; that she was invisible alike to friends and strangers.—That, “ *elle s’était jetée dans la religion !*” or that “ *elle s’était mise en retraite dans une société de Capucines.*”—I had despaired, therefore, of seeing a person, out of whose works I had been educated, and whose name and writings were intimately connected with all my earliest associations of books and literature ; when an invitation from this distinguished writer herself brought me at once to her retreat, in her convent of the Carmelites—an order, recently restored with more than its original severity, and within whose walls Madame de Genlis has retired. As I drove “ *aux Carmes,*” it is difficult to say, whether Madame de Genlis or Madame de La Vallière was uppermost in my imagination.—Adjoining to the gloomy and monastic

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*de naturel dans ses romans, que les enfans !*” The “ *Battuécas,*” of Madame de Genlis must, however, by this, have reconciled her to the most inveterate friends of legitimacy, church, state, and the king of Spain !

structure, which incloses the Carmelite sisterhood, (in barriers which even royalty is no longer permitted to pass) stands a small edifice appropriated to the lay-guest of this silent and solitary retreat. The pretty garden, belonging exclusively to this wing of the convent, is only divided from its great garden by a low wall, and it admits at its extremity the melancholy view of a small chapel or oratory, fatally distinguished by the murder of the bishops and priests, imprisoned there during the reign of Robespierre. Madame de Genlis received me with a kindness, a cordiality, that had all the *naïveté* and freshness of youthful feeling, and youthful vivacity. There was nothing of age in her address or conversation ; and vigour, animation, a tone of decision, a rapidity of utterance, spoke the full possession of every feeling and every faculty : and I found her in the midst of occupations and pursuits, which might startle the industry of youth to undertake or to accomplish.

When I entered her apartment, she was painting flowers in a book, which she called her "*herbier sacré*," in which she



was copying all the plants mentioned in the Bible. She showed me another volume, which she had just finished, full of trophies and tasteful devices, which she called *l'herbier de reconnaissance*. “But I have but little time for such idle amusements,” said Madame de Genlis. She was, in fact, then engaged in abridging some ponderous tomes of French Mémoires, in writing her “*Journal de la Jeunesse*,” and in preparing for the press her new novel “*Les Battuécas*,” which she has since given to the world.

Her harp was nevertheless well strung and tuned; her piano-forte covered with new music, and when I gave her her lute, to play for me, it did not require the drawing up a single string. All was energy and occupation.—It was impossible not to make some observation on such versatility of talent and variety of pursuits.—“Oh! this is nothing,” said Madame de Genlis: “what I pride myself on, is knowing *twenty trades*, by all of which I could earn my bread.”

She conversed with great earnestness, but with great simplicity, without effort, as without pretension, and laughed heartily at some anecdotes I repeated to her, which

were then in circulation in Paris.—When I mentioned the story of her receiving a mysterious pupil, who came veiled to her apartments, whose face had never been seen even by her attendants, she replied— that there was no mystery in the case ; that she received two or three unfortunate young people, who had no means of supporting themselves ; and to whom she taught the harp, as a mode of subsistence, as she had done to Casemir, now one of the finest harpistes in the world.—I could not help telling her, I believed she had a *passion for educating* ; she replied, “ *au contraire, cela m’a toujours ennuyé,*” and added, it was the only means now left her of doing good.

I had been told in Paris, that Madame de Genlis had carried on a *secret correspondence* with the late Emperor, which is another term for the higher walks of *espionnage*. I ventured one day to talk to her on the subject ; and she entered on it with great promptitude and frankness. “ *Buonaparte,*” she said, “ was extremely liberal to literary people—a pension of four thousand francs, per annum, was assigned to all

authors and *gens-de-lettres*, whose circumstances admitted of their acceptance of such a gratuity.—He gave me, however, six thousand, and a suite of apartments at the *Arsenal*. As I had never spoken to him, never had any intercourse with him whatever, I was struck with this liberality, and asked him, what he expected I should do to merit it? When the question was put to Napoleon, he replied carelessly, “ Let Madame de Genlis write me a letter once a month.” As no subject was dictated, I chose literature, but I always abstained from politics.” Madame de Genlis added, that though she never had any interview with him, yet on her recommendation, he had pensioned five indigent persons of literary talent.

One of these persons was a mere *littéraire de société*; and it was suggested to Buonaparte, that if he granted four thousand francs per annum to a man, who was not an author, and was therefore destitute of the usual claims on such stated bounty, that there were two friends of that person, equally clever, literary, and distressed, who would expect, or at least ask, for a similar

provision. “ *Eh bien,*” (said Buonaparte,) “ *cela fait douze mille francs ;*” and he ordered the other two distressed *litterati* to be put on the annuity list with their friend.

It was said to me in Paris, that Madame de Genlis had retired to the Carmelites, “ *désabusée des vanités de ce monde, et des chimères de la célébrité.*” I know not how far this may be true, but it is certain, that if she has done with *the vanities* of the world, she has by no means relinquished its refinements and tastes, even amidst the coldness and austerity of a convent. Her apartment might have answered equally for the *oratory of a saint*, or the *boudoir of a coquette*. Her blue silk draperies, her alabaster vases, her fresh-gathered flowers, and elegant Grecian couch, breathed still of this world : but the large crucifix, (that image of suffering and humility,) which hung at the foot of that couch ; the devotional books that lay mingled with lay works, and the chaplets and rosaries which hung suspended from a wall, where her lute vibrated, and which her paintings adorned, indicated a vocation before which

genius lay subdued, and the graces forgotten. On showing me the pious relics which enriched this pretty cell, Madame de Genlis pointed out to my admiration a *Christ on the Cross*, which hung at the foot of her bed. It was so celebrated for the beauty of its execution, that the Pope had sent for it, when he was in Paris, and blessed it, ere he returned the sad and holy representation to its distinguished owner. And she naturally placed great value on a beautiful rosary, which had belonged to Fenelon ; and which that elegant saint had worn and prayed over, till a few days before his death.

If years could be taken into the account of a lady's age, Madame de Genlis must be far advanced in life ; for it is some time back since the Baron de Grimm speaks of her, as a "*demoiselle de qualité, qui n'était connue alors, que par sa jolie voix, et son talent pour la harpe.*" Infirmity, however, seems to have spared her slight and emaciated figure ; her dark eye is still full of life and expression ; and though her features are thin, worn, and sharply marked, and her complexion wan and pale, the traces

of age are neither deep nor multiplied. If her person is infinitely less fresh and vigorous than her mind, still it exhibits few of those sad impressions, which time slowly and imperceptibly prints, with his withering and silent touch, on the firmest muscle and the brightest bloom.

My visits to the cloisters of the *Carmelites* were as frequent, as the duties of Madame de Genlis, and my own engagements in the world would admit ; and if I met this distinguished and highly-endowed person with the high-beating throb of expectation, I parted from her with admiration and regret.\*

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\* With all Madame de Genlis' works on education full in my memory, I naturally occasionally reverted to those high characters, for whose use they had been chiefly composed. Of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, she spoke with maternal affection ; as one in whom every feminine excellence was united. Of the Duke d'Orleans, she spoke not only with *admiration*, but with *evident pride* ;—and well she might ! A character, which has carried off the esteem of every country he has honoured by his residence ; and whose intrinsic virtues, superior to the influence of all faction and party, have obtained the universal suffrages and respect of his own, reflects a splendid credit on her, whose precepts had so great a share in

Literary works, even of the greatest merit, do not always extend their interest to their author. There are many whom we are pleased to read, and yet whom we are not desirous to know. Books are so rarely the transcript of those who compose them, that a few experiments soon teach us the probability of disappointment, in a personal intercourse with their authors.

To this observation, however, there are many delightful exceptions. Who, that ever read *Adèle de Sénange*, or *Eugénie et Mathilde*, and did not wish to know Madame de Souza? Who, that had passed an hour in the society of Madame de Souza, and did not hastily recur to *Adèle de Sénange*, and *Eugénie et Mathilde*? The works and the author are, indeed, fair and lovely reflections of each other. Whatever is admirable in the pages of the former, will be found equally fascinating in the manner and conversation of the latter. Madame de Souza is not only “*known to fame*,” as

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his education. “But,” said Madame de Genlis, “his inherent dispositions were so happy, that he owed almost every thing to nature.”

the author of some of the prettiest novels in the French language ; she had long made a higher claim to distinction, as the devoted and incomparable mother of one of the bravest and most gallant young officers in the armies of Europe, General the Count Flahaut.\*

Educated chiefly in England by his mother, who, it seems, in him only has

“ Liv’d, and breath’d, and had her being !”

the young Flahaut followed the profession of arms, in which his father died ; and by his singular valour, romantic intrepidity, and military talent, attained, without influence or interest, to the rank of *chef d’escadron du 13<sup>e</sup> régiment de chasseurs-à-cheval*. It was his merits that forced themselves on the observation of Buonaparte, whose notice he had not courted, and was some time without attracting ; and having been made colonel *aide-de-camp* to the Prince de

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\* Many years after the death of General Flahaut, Madame de F. married the Portuguese ambassador, M. de Souza ; a gentleman, whose conversation is marked by very extensive reading and high acquirement.



Neufchatel, his conduct at the battle of Mohilow procured him a brilliant and rapid promotion. Signalized at the battles of Dresden, Leipsick, and Hanau, his valour in the field of Waterloo was followed by other strenuous efforts, in favour of the falling monarch, to whom he had attached himself with a devotion, which had its origin in gratitude, and generously grew with the misfortunes of its object.

With this excellent son and gallant soldier, the existence of Madame de Souza has become so identified, that it would be difficult to mention the one, without alluding to the other. And when I asked her, which was the work of all her productions which she herself the most esteemed, she replied, "*here at least is the passage that came warmest from the heart!*" She turned over the pages of "*Eugénie et Mathilde*," and pointed to that affecting paragraph, which begins "*Pauvres Mères*."

Monsieur Moreau de la Sarthe\* was our

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\* Monsieur le Docteur Moreau de la Sarthe, professor of medical literature in the *Ecole de la Médecine*,

*Cicerone* to the hotel of Mad. de Souza, and he is himself a very interesting link in the chain of association, which often leads back the imagination to hours so pleasant to recollect. Madame de Souza is still a very lovely woman,—and her works, though popular throughout Europe, and translated into most modern languages, must always lose something of their charm, by being transferred into any language from her own.

In her exquisite little novel of “*Eugénie et Mathilde*,”—there is a delicacy of perception, a tenderness and depth of feeling, which is, or *ought to be*, the true characteristic of a woman’s genius; and she has traced the subtleties, the prejudices, the illusive hopes and well-sustained sufferings of the French emigrants, in the *Memoirs of the Family of the Comte de Revel*, with a spirit at once philosophical and just; and with a fidelity, which experience as well as observation must have inspired and guided.—“I wrote *Adèle de*

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is an accomplished and elegant scholar, and one of the most distinguished physicians in Paris. He is author of a well-known work “*on Women*.”

*Sénange*," (said Madame de Souza to me) "merely for my own amusement, and to distract my mind from the horrors of the early part of the revolution, in which I was then plunged."—*Adèle de Sénange*, with all its merits, is in fact evidently the work of a very young person. It is, however, I think (in France at least) the most popular of any of Madame de Souza's productions. The writings of Madame de Souza may perhaps take their place on the same shelf with those of Madame Cottin.\*

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\* Many ladies of distinguished literary merit now reside in Paris. Among others Madame Elizabeth de Bon, (author of "*Les Aveux de l'Amitié*,") to whose polite attentions I stand much indebted; Mademoiselle de T——, author of "*Marie Bolden*," and "*Cécile de Renneville*." Mademoiselle Alexandrine Gottis, who has lately produced "*François Premier*," and Madame de Châteaubriant. While the translation of many of our best literary productions, and those of Germany, are given by women, I owe too much to the Viscountess de Ruolz, for her beautiful translation of one of my earliest and most imperfect productions, the *Novice of St. Dominick*, not to avail myself of this opportunity to offer my acknowledgments. The celebrated Helen Maria Williams has long been a resident in Paris, surrounded by a large circle of distinguished friends, who meet every Sunday

“ *Je m’occupe actuellement*” (says Voltaire, in one of his letters to D’Alembert,) “ *je m’occupe actuellement de la conversion de Monsieur de Villette ; à qui j’ai fait faire le meilleur marché, qu’on puisse jamais conclure ; —il a épousé dans ma chaumière de Ferney, une fille, qui n’a pas un sous, et dont la dot est de la vertu, de la philosophie, de la candeur, de la sensibilité, une extrême beauté, l’air le plus noble, et tout à dix-neuf ans.*”

It would be difficult to say, with what lively pleasure I received a visit from the original of this splendid picture, and heard the name of the Marchioness de Villette, the celebrated “ *belle et bonne*” of Voltaire, announced in my apartments. The passing flight of many years, the loss of a lovely daughter, and other circumstances unfavourable to the preservation of personal charms, may have somewhat lessened the claims of Madame de Villette to that

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evening at her hotel. At one of the *soirées* of Miss Williams, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Monsieur Marron, whom Buonaparte styled the “ *Protestant Pope*,” and who is esteemed the most eminent Hugonot preacher in France.

*extrême beauté*, which procured her the first part of the pretty *sobriquet* given her by Voltaire: but to judge by her gratuitous kindness and attentions to myself, during my residence in Paris, she still maintains undisputed claims to the latter epithet. Her perfect and inexhaustible good-nature provided me with many sources of high enjoyment, to which her numerous and curious recollections of her illustrious adopted father most materially contributed.

The mind, the memory, the conversation, the very house of Madame de Villette, is full of Voltaire. He has become the ruling thought of her existence; and to revere his genius, and to admire his works, is a short and sure passage to her heart.

Though born of a noble family, she proudly boasts herself among the number of those, whom his beneficence rescued from obscurity, and rendered completely happy. The family de Varicourt, of the Pays de Gex, near Geneva, had early distinguished itself in the French armies; and seven younger brothers of Monsieur de Varicourt, the father of Madame de Villette,

had entered the French service, and obtained the order of St. Louis. The fate of her own and youngest brother, has long become an interesting and historical fact. Mons. de Varicourt had some time held a commission in the *garde royale*, under Louis XVI. He was on duty at the palace of Versailles, on the fatal 6th of October, when the lives of the royal family were near falling a sacrifice to the infuriate rage of the Parisian mob. As the sanguinary multitude were rushing up the grand stairs of the palace, the young de Varicourt threw himself before the door of the Queen's apartment, and, hopeless of any effectual resistance, suffered himself *to be cut to pieces*, while, by a desperate sacrifice, he afforded time to the Queen to escape. His post and his life were thus only gallantly resigned together.

Mademoiselle de Varicourt was one of the very large family of a high born but indigent gentleman, the friend and neighbour of Voltaire, who adopted "*belle et bonne*," shortly after he had so happily

provided for the great grand-niece of Corneille.

Some time after this adoption, he married Mademoiselle de Varicourt to his devoted, witty, but somewhat *roué* friend, the Marquis de Villette, in whose arms and hotel Voltaire died;\* and who (though of the ancient *noblesse*, and extremely rich,) distinguished himself among the constitutionalists of the early part of the revolution.

From the moment Madame de Villette

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\* “ *C'est dans l'hôtel de M. le Marquis de Villette, qu'il est descendu avec Madame Denis, pour ne point se séparer de Belle et Bonne, qu'il chérît avec une tendresse extrême. Il y occupe un cabinet, qui ressemble beaucoup plus au boudoir de la volupté, qu'au sanctuaire des Muses.*”

*Mémoires Historiques, par le Baron de Grimm.*

On the death of her husband, the marchioness gave up this hotel, and has since resided partly at her hotel in the *Rue Vaugirard*, and at the *château de Villette*, a few leagues from Paris. She has now, however, resigned the *château* to the present marquis, her only child, who is just come of age, and inherits a great part of the family property, a portion having been lost in the revolution.

arrived in Paris, her house became one of the most distinguished for its brilliant assemblage of talent and rank ; and the hotel de Villette is still pointed out to the stranger's observation, among the classical and memorable topography of that great capital.

The apartment habitually occupied by Madame de Villette, is a sort of *reliquary*, dedicated to the remains of Voltaire. Her book-cases are filled with his works ; her *secrétaire* with his MS. letters. The arm chair, which he always occupied, stands by her hearth. On the reading and writing desk, ingeniously fastened to one of its arms, he wrote for the last twenty years of his life. The Sevre bust, to which he alludes\* in his letters to D'Alembert, and which was originally done for the King of Prussia, lies on her chimney-piece. In one corner of the room, stands the model of

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\* “ *Le vieux magot que Pigal veut sculpter, sous vos auspices, n'est point du tout sculptable ; Dites je vous en prie à votre Phidias, de s'en tenir à la petite figure de porcelaine faite à Sevres,*” &c. &c.

*Correspondance de Voltaire.*



the celebrated statue, by Pigal ;\* and his picture, by Largilliere, is suspended on the wall, with the engraving, by Barrier ; on which he wrote the following lines, when he presented it to the mistress of the day.

“ Barrier grava ces traits destinés pour vos yeux,  
Avec quelque plaisir daignez les reconnaître ;  
Les vôtres dans mon cœur furent gravés bien mieux,  
Mais, ce fut par un plus grand maître.”

In assembling round her the monuments, which genius has raised to the memory of her illustrious friend, Madame de Villette has also preserved some more familiar and intimate mementos, which, with that genuine feminine feeling, that attaches interest to whatever has been consecrated by the touch of a beloved object, she esteems as much as the picture of Largilliere, or the statue of Pigal. She has preserved in her *armoire* the rich *robe-de-chambre*, in which Voltaire received the multitude, who came

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\* “ Vous saurez que dans ma retraite,  
Aujourd’hui Phidias Pigal  
A dessiné l’original  
De mon vieux et maigre squelette.”

“ *M. Pigal m’a fait parlant, et pensant, il est aussi bon homme que bon artiste.—C’est la simplicité du vrai génie.*”

to offer him their homage at the hotel de Villette,\* and the dress in which he appeared at the théâtre, the night when he

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*\* Non ; l'apparition d'un revenant, celle d'un prophète, d'un apôtre, n'aurait pas causé plus de surprise et d'admiration, que l'arrivée de M. Voltaire. Ce nouveau prodige a suspendu quelques momens tout autre intérêt ; il a fait tomber les bruits de guerre, les intrigues de robe, les tracasseries de cour, &c. &c. Tout Paris s'est empressé de voler aux pieds de l'idole, et jamais le héros de notre siècle n'eût joui de sa gloire avec plus d'éclat, si la cour l'avait honoré d'un regard plus favorable, ou seulement moins indifférent.*" This veneration of the French people for genius, contrasted with the coldness of the court, speaks volumes in proof how far the nation had got the start of the government, the institutions, and privileged classes of France. The only observation made by Louis XVI., on the arrival in Paris of the greatest writer of his reign or kingdom, was to enquire whether "*l'ordre qui défendit à Voltaire de revenir à Paris avait été levé.*" It was the influence and intercession of the Comtess Jules de Polignac, and even of the Queen herself, which prevented this decree of exile being renewed against the author of the *Henriade*, at eighty-four. After the death of Voltaire, while the people of France were paying almost divine honours to this man, the government and Church refused him burial in consecrated ground ; and the archbishop and curates of Paris denied an asylum even to his ashes. The theatres were ordered not to play any of his tragedies—the journalists not to speak of his death.

was crowned by a wreath of laurel placed on the brow of his statue, by Clairon, amidst the applause and shouts of the assembled spectators.

I have often been permitted to examine all these relics in detail, and not only to read, but to copy some of Voltaire's manuscript letters, which had not been printed ;\*

—and the professors of the universities not to teach his verses to the students ! Where are the names and the deeds of those, who issued these barbarous decrees ? and where is the genius, where the memory of him, against whom they were fulminated ? They are now rising with time, and brightening the horizon of posterity—to sink and be forgotten only, *with the language and the nation*, which they improved, enlightened, and glorified.

With respect to the accounts, fabricated in the works of the Abbe B \* \*, and by the enemies of Voltaire, of his death-bed scene, Madame de Villette adds her testimony to many others given of their malignity and falsehood. She never left him for a moment. “To the last,” she says, “all breathed the beneficence and kindness of his character ; and, except the little peevishness which he exhibited to the Curé of St. Sulpice, when he beckoned him away, and said, “*Laissez-moi mourir tranquille,*” all was tranquillity, and peace, and resignation.”

\* Among the number of unpublished letters, the two following struck me to be curious ; the first as a picture

and the pleasure I obviously derived from this interesting privilege, induced Madame de Villette to make a sort of *Voltaire commemoration*, at which she not only displayed all her treasures, but invited almost all

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of Voltaire's domestic character and perfect *bonhomie* ; —the other, as being (Madame de Villette believes,) the *last he wrote* ; for she was not certain, whether it preceded or followed the celebrated billet to the Comte Lally Tollendal.

No. I.—*Lettre au Sieur Carbo, Intendant de Monsieur de Voltaire.*

“ Je recommande instamment au Sieur Carbo, de mettre ordre au ménage de l'homme Mayen, qui travaille pour moi au Chattelar, en menuisier.—Il lui recommandera de ne plus s'enivrer, de ne point battre sa femme, et de travailler.—Il recevra de la justice, s'il ne fait pas son devoir.—Il ira à son loisir à l'hermitage.—Il visitera les champs et les près du domaine. Il verra ce qu'on en peut faire, en quel état sont les moutons, et il me rendra compte de tout. Je lui serai très obligé.

“ VOLTAIRE.”

No. II.—*A Madame St. Julien.*

A Paris, 1776.

“ Je sais bien ce que je désire ; mais je ne sais pas ce que je ferai ; je souffre de la tête aux pieds.—Il n'y a que mon cœur de sain—Et cela n'est bon à rien.

“ VOLTAIRE.”

who still remained of the friends and contemporaries of the patriarch of Ferney. This entertainment (*à déjeuner à la fourchette*) was, indeed, thoroughly *Voltaireian*, and, perhaps a *little French*. The books, the wardrobes, the manuscripts of Voltaire, were all displayed ; incense was burned in an *encensoir* before his bust, which was crowned by the identical wreath, which he had modestly withdrawn from his own brow, when the admiration of a whole people had placed it there ; and the sublime ode addressed to him by Chenier, was read aloud and heard with an emotion, to be felt and to be understood alone by this enthusiastic and ardent people ; to whom genius is but another word for divinity ; and who, next to the *great spirit*, venerate those whom he has most informed with the rays of his own intelligence.

Almost every object in the apartment where this “ *high solemnity*” was celebrated, produced, as it attracted attention, some anecdote relative to him, with whose memory it was connected. In placing the laurel wreath on the bust of Voltaire, Ma-

dame de Villette observed, "When this wreath was offered to him at the theatre, he modestly laid it aside, whispering me, "*Je meurs sur les roses.*" The audience, however, all stood up, and cried to me, "*Ramassez-le, ramassez-le,*" and I again placed it on his brow, amidst a thunder of applause."

In his beautiful picture by Largilliere, done in his twenty-fourth year, it is extremely obvious that the world had not then passed over a countenance, in which no trait of the caustic satirist of future times is visible. There is a playfulness, a *finesse* in the fine dark eyes, which resembles the *espiéglerie* of arch boyhood; but the sharp lines, the abrupt angles, which mark the picture of his riper manhood, and give almost a *wizard intelligence* to his features, are no where to be found in this semblance of unworn, untried, and confiding youth.

"Voltaire," said the Marquis de \*\*\*, one of his friends, who was present, "Voltaire lost sight of that picture a few years after it was done, and recovered it a few

weeks before his death. It was painted for the object of one of his earliest and most ardent passions, the beautiful *Phillis*, afterwards Madame de Gouverné, to whom he addressed one of the prettiest epistles that ever was written, known under the name of “*Des Vous et des Tu.*”\*

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\* *A Madame de G——.*

Phillis, qu'est devenue ce tems,  
Où, dans un fiacre promenéc,  
Sans laquais, sans ajustemens,  
De tes graces seules ornée,  
Contente d'un mauvais souper,  
Que tu changeais en ambrosie,  
Tu te livrais, dans ta folie,  
A l'amant heureux et trompé,  
Qui t'avait consacré sa vie ?  
Le ciel ne te donnait alors,  
Pour tout rang et pour tous trésors,  
Que les agrémens de ton âge,  
Un cœur tendre, un esprit volage,  
Un sein d'albâtre, et des beaux yeux.  
Avec tant d'attraits précieux,  
Hélas ! qui n'eût été friponne ?  
Tu le fus, objet gracieux,  
Et que l'amour me le pardonne,  
Tu sais que je t'en aimais mieux.

Sixty years after the period in which he had sat for, and presented her with that portrait, he learnt, on his arrival in Paris, that *Phillis* was *still living*. He immediately begged permission to wait on her; but when they met, they both remained for a considerable time speechless; and *Phillis*, once “*de ses graces seules ornée*,” was now, *at the age of ninety*, a *witch of Endor*!

In contemplating the ravages, which time had made on the wrinkled visage of her lover, she remained almost insensible to the change which had taken place in her own person. When he had recovered from his first emotion, the eyes of Voltaire rested on the picture of a young and handsome man, to which the looks of Madame de G—— also occasionally recurred.—“It is the picture of the young Arouet,” said

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Ah! Madame, que votre vie,

D'honneurs aujourd'hui si remplie.

Diffère des doux instants!

Ce large Suisse, à cheveux blancs,

Qui meurt sans cesse, à votre porte,

Phillis, est l'image du tems, &c. &c. &c.



Madame de G——, “who has immortalized me in his poem of the *Vous et Tu*.” Voltaire instantly begged this picture for Madame de Villette. “It cannot much longer be mine,” said Madame de G——; and the picture was sent that evening to the dear “*belle et bonne*.”—“I remember,” said the Marquis de \*\*\*, “having seen Voltaire in the evening of the day he had paid this melancholy visit. It had considerably affected his spirits.—“*It was getting on the other side of the Styx*,” he observed; but added, with a faint smile, “*cependant nous n’avons pas beaucoup radoté*.”

As a *pendant* to this little anecdote of the picture of Largilliere, the Abbé de \*\*\* related one of a more humorous cast of the miniature, which Voltaire had presented to Madame de Châtelet, and which was only rendered visible to the fair possessor by a spring, of which she alone had the secret.

On the death of Madame de Châtelet, and in the first burst of his grief, Voltaire had an interview with the *widowed husband*, extremely affecting to both parties. Vol-

taire, on this occasion, ventured to beg back the ring, which Madame de Châtelet had always worn. “You are not ignorant of the friendship which existed between us,” said the afflicted lover to the afflicted husband; “and that ring, so constantly worn, you are perhaps already aware, contains *my picture*.”

“I have witnessed your friendship,” said the Marquis de Châtelet, “and I know the ring you allude to. As you observe, she never parted with it; but, to confess the truth, it is not *your* picture that it contains! *that* picture was instantly replaced by *mine*!” The tears of Voltaire ceased to flow! he demanded proofs of this *treason* to friendship and to love. The ring was sent for, the secret spring was touched, the enamel flew open, and the picture of the young, the chivalresque St. Lambert stood confessed, in all the imposing superiority of youth and military glory. The philosopher closed the spring, and returned the ring to the mourning husband.\*

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\* The lovely Madame Jerome Buonaparte (Mrs. Patterson) and ourselves, were the only foreigners

This little commemoration of Voltaire was among the most interesting and amusing morning entertainments I enjoyed at Paris: it united, by very intimate links, the *present* with the *past*: it exhibited the French character in one of its happiest aspects, exquisitely alive to the supremacy of genius, devotedly true to the claims, as to the recollection of friendship; highly endowed with a brilliant gaiety and profound sensibility; full of national glory for national worth; and by its illumination and refinement, its love of letters and of arts, wanting only a *free government*, to render the country that pro-

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present at this literary *déjeuner*. The society of Paris, by its variety, frequently presents the most singular combinations and unlooked-for associations. I was at a ball one evening, at Madame de Villette's, and leaning on Mrs. Patterson's arm, when the Prince Paul of Wirtemberg entered into conversation with me: some observations made by Mrs. Patterson induced him to ask her, whether she was *an American*? He was not aware that he asked this question of *the wife* of the man, who was then married to *his own sister*; the ex-king of Westphalia being now the husband of the Princess Royal of Wirtemberg.

duces and combines such happy elements of moral and physical existence, not, I trust, *the* greatest, but *one* of the greatest nations of the earth.

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**Four Appendices**  
**ON THE STATE OF**  
**LAW, FINANCE, MEDICINE,**  
**AND**  
**POLITICAL OPINION,**  
**IN FRANCE.**

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**BY SIR T. CHARLES MORGAN, M. D.**

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## ADVERTISEMENT.



THE observations contained in the following sheets, too unimportant to constitute a separate volume, may perhaps meet indulgence, under their present supplementary form. The results of individual observation and enquiry, they lay claim only to that portion of consideration, which their internal evidence may merit. The leading design in their composition has been, by comparison, example, or contrast of foreign habitudes, to mark defects in domestic policy ; and to remove prejudices, which the author regards as unfavourable to the happiness and prosperity of his country. Novelty has therefore been occasionally sacrificed to the desire of impressing neglected or contested truths : some recapitulation of known events was also necessary, to give connexion to the remarks. For the rest :—all literary apologies are vain ; and apologies for sketches thus slightly outlined, would have the additional demerit of being presumptuous.

T. C. M.

35, *Kildare-Street.*





## APPENDIX. No. I.



### L A W.

La diversité des loix civiles, est, comme la diversité de religion, ou de langage, une barrière, qui rend étrangers, l'un à l'autre, les peuples les plus voisins, et qui les empêche de multiplier entr'eux des transactions de tout genre, et de concourir ainsi mutuellement à l'accroissement de leur prospérité.

*Motifs du projet de loi concernant  
le code Napoléon.*



# OF THE PROGRESS OF LAW,

## SINCE

### THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

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**T**HE administration of justice in France was originally exercised, as a feudal right, by the manorial lords. To assist them in the discharge of these functions, and, at first, perhaps, in cases of difficulty alone, they called to their council the clergy, or *clerks*, who, by their knowledge of reading and writing, remedied the ignorance of the unlettered barons ; and became first advisers, next authorities, and lastly independent functionaries ; raising themselves by degrees into a new order of the state, into a species of secondary aristocracy. Supremacy in knowledge has at all times been made the ready instrument of pre-eminence in power : and as the clergy in the middle ages usurped authority over the ignorant lay-chiefs, so in modern times the people, by the gradual dissemination of instruction, have been enabled to wrest it from both, and have arisen in estimation and importance, in the exact proportion of their increasing intelligence.

At the epoch of the Revolution, the first processes of justice were administered by judges,

appointed by the seignorial lord, and removable at his pleasure. Their jurisdiction extended to the more unimportant cases: they had power to impose fines, to decree correctional punishments, and even to imprison for short periods: they took also the first examinations in criminal matters. According to the feudal maxim, that there was no land without its lord, these officers existed in every part of the kingdom; and even the king, in appointing judges, for those lands which he held in chief, acted merely in his capacity as lord of the soil.

Immediately above these officers, in dignity, were the senechals and bailies, who judged in the first instance the cases of greater importance. From their decision, an appeal lay to the thirteen parliaments. Occasionally, however, their functions were superseded; and the most trifling affairs, by a privilege called "*le droit de committimus*," were carried at once before the parliament. Thus, for instance, the lowest office in the king's household entitled its possessor to bring his suits, however insignificant, before the parliament of Paris, even though the *venue* lay at an hundred leagues distance. The expense and vexation attendant upon this privilege, became a certain means of obtaining judgment by default, against every adversary, whose fortune was not equal to encounter them.

In civil matters, the law differed in almost every province. In some places, the Roman law

prevailed ; in others a code of local customs, founded on the Teutonic jurisprudence, but often contradictory to itself, and to the customs of adjoining provinces. Each court also had its own peculiar usages and precedents, which formed what was termed "*la jurisprudence des arrêts.*" Hence a process lost in one court, might be recovered, if, on any pretence, it could be carried before another jurisdiction, at the distance of a few miles : and it has been humourously remarked, that in Old France the traveller changed his law with every relay of post horses. The litigation thus became an inextricable chaos : suits descended from generation to generation ; and the party who could hold out the longest was generally the victor.

The offices in the courts of justice were universally *venal* ; they were also, *in point of fact, hereditary* ; for the sons of judges most commonly purchased the places, which had been held by their fathers. These employments had likewise, in the same sense, become attached to the *nobility* ; for the parliaments commonly rejected those candidates who were *roturier* ; or at least, if such persons were accepted, they were ennobled for the occasion. Sometimes, indeed, the offices themselves conferred a species of nobility. Voltaire, in one of his philosophical romances, makes a singular apology, or rather extenuation, of this abusive sale of the magistrature, by which the most learned advocates were excluded from the bench, and their

place supplied by young men utterly ignorant of the law. He says, "*Les juges décidèrent plus vite, que les avocats ne doutèrent. Leur jugement fut presque unanime; ils jugèrent bien, parce qu'ils suivaient les lumières de la raison, et les autres avaient opiné mal, parce qu'ils n'avaient consulté, que leurs livres.*" According to this statement, it should appear that the written law had become so confused, that its study terminated in mere pedantry; and that the tribunals of France, unable to extricate themselves from the labyrinth, took refuge in a system of decisions in equity, or rather in the *jus vagum* of individual opinion. Notwithstanding the venality of judicial charges, and although two or three parliaments have been accused of corruption, these courts were in general inaccessible to pecuniary temptation.\* Even the famous process of *Beaumarchais* (the account of which, as given in his own pleadings, is so exquisitely amusing, and in which the wife of a judge was shown to have taken money from a litigant) proves the *general purity* of the bench, by the scandal and *éclat* it excited throughout all France. But if the parliaments were not open to sordid temptations,

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*Additional note.*—\* Franklin, in one of his letters recently published, remarks that judicial appointments sold so high, as to afford the parties not more than three per cent. for their money. The incorruptibility of these functionaries, was therefore highly honorable to the national character.

they were, to a great degree, governed by an *esprit de corps* ; and they conducted themselves with such *hauteur* towards their inferiors, that the neighbourhood of a *conseiller au parlement* was considered as a disadvantage ; so great was the danger of giving offence to that formidable body. Upon the whole, however, they exhibited considerable integrity, and were zealous and attentive in the discharge of their duties.

In addition to their judicial functions, the parliaments, especially that of Paris, assumed a sort of legislative authority. For as the registering of the king's edicts was a part of their duty, and a necessary preliminary to the efficiency of the law, they, by degrees, assumed a right of remonstrance against such measures as were unpopular, or displeasing to themselves. In these cases, however, upon a third demand from the king, upon his issuing "*Lettres de jussion*," or lastly, if he held a "*lit de justice*," the parliament had no alternative but to obey, and to register the royal edict. Their only remedy, when thus pushed, was to suspend the administration of justice ; an awkward and impolitic expedient, always terminating in a reconciliation with the court, at the expense of the people. These assemblies have, in fact, at all times been forward to oppose themselves to useful innovations ; and to those imposts which were calculated to fall equally upon every rank. It was in the famous remonstrance of the parlia-



ment of Paris, presented in the year 1775, that the political doctrine was consigned, which declares the people of France *taillable et corvéable*, &c. &c. at the pleasure of the sovereign.

All these abuses were abolished by the Constituent Assembly; when the several contradictory codes were replaced by one univereal and uniform jurisprudence. For this purpose, a new system was ordered to be compiled, which, owing to the storms of the revolution, was not completed until the consulate of Buonaparte; who, collecting all that had been arranged by his predecessors, laid the result before the *conseil d'état*, and at the same time made some changes in these enactments, dictated by the alterations in the form of government. It is this system, which forms the *code civil*, the present law of France, and of some other states, into which it has been introduced by the conquests of Napoleon.

In the first periods of the revolution, the judges were elected by the people; and they held their office only for a definitive term. The seignorial judges were replaced by justices of the peace, chosen also by the people. Tribunals of conciliation were instituted, where civil matters might be settled by arbitration. Every *arrondissement* had its "*tribunal de première instance*, and each department its superior court. There were likewise tribunals of appeal; and the *cour de cassation* was appointed to take cognizance of errors of form,

which had formerly been submitted to the judgment of the king's council.

Upon the establishment of Napoleon on the throne, the election of the judges was taken from the people, and their appointment was assigned to the emperor. In a few instances, also, he interfered arbitrarily to remove judges, already upon the bench, who were obnoxious to him for their political sentiments, or conduct : and Louis XVIII. has liberally imitated his example, notwithstanding a clause in the charter, which decrees the *immovability* of these functionaries. An English crown lawyer once ventured to define a charter, to be a "*parchment with a piece of wax dangling at the end of it;*" and the emigrants imaged the French *charte* by a morsel of paper, which they tore, and threw into the fire. There is, however, a force of public opinion, which can neither be erased nor cancelled; there is an eternal and indissoluble connexion of things, which unites falsehood with distrust, and tyranny with instability; and he is no less a traitor to his prince, than a subverter of his country, who counsels a breach of royal faith, or tampers for temporary purposes with the purity of judicial administration.

The procedure in criminal matters, under the old regime, was, from beginning to end, barbarous and unjust. The accused were confined in solitary dungeons, and were often secluded for years from all intercourse with their friends, family, and legal

advisers. They were interrogated in private, by a magistrate, whose object it was to elicit, by the examination, as full an avowal as possible of guilt ; and by captious and embarrassing questions, or even by a simulated compassion, and the semblance of a favourable impression, to entrap the prisoner, and to entangle him in his own answers.\*

The accusers underwent a similar interrogation ; but they were not confronted with the accused, until the informations were completed ; and then, if by embarrassment, or repentance, they were induced to retract any part of their first statement, they subjected themselves to the punishment for perjury. Two witnesses were deemed necessary to a capital conviction ; but, by a horrible species of logic, several evidences to *probabilities* were summed up, to make one *positive* testimony ; and the judges were bound by oath, to condemn upon the evidence so offered. The accused received no communication of papers, employed as evidence, no notice of the charges brought against them, nor were they allowed the assistance of counsel. Such was the nature of the investigation before the tribunaux *de première instance* ; and the decision of the court, founded upon this evidence, was made upon a report of the proceedings, drawn up by *one* only of its members. To what horrible system of

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\* See the account of the affair of the *Curé de Loudon of Chalais*, and other victims of Cardinal Richelieu, in "*l'Intrigue du Cabinet.*"

policy, to what deplorable darkness of the intellect did it belong, thus to seek the conviction of the accused, and to place the merit of judicial administration in attacking, rather than in defending, the life of a citizen?

Upon the decision of this tribunal against the accused, the party condemned was transferred to the parliament; sometimes to a distance of many hundred miles, to receive sentence, in the chamber called *la Tournelle*: and here again the opinion of the court was formed from the same documents, and upon the same principles which had already served for his condemnation. A report of the case was, as before, prepared, for the guidance of the judges, by one of their own number; the whole affair consequently may be considered as resting upon the opinion of *two individuals*. If, however, the accused was a noble, the magistrates of the *haute chambre*, who were the senior judges, assembled with those of *la Tournelle*; an odious, and perhaps a useless distinction.

In all cases, the judges of parliament remained unacquainted with the person of the accused, until the last moment when he was introduced, to appear before them upon the *sellette*; and as at this period the informations were already gone through, and nothing remained but to pass sentence, the appearance of the prisoner in court, far from being serviceable to him, operated only as a useless insult. In passing judgment, no citation was made of the

law upon which it was founded, nor was any detail given of the proceedings in which it originated. After specifying the crime, the decree proceeded merely to state, that "*for the reasons resulting from the process, they had judged,*" &c. &c. a formula, which stifled all moral responsibility in the judges, and abstracted the sentence from the dominion of public opinion. Execution immediately followed ; and it might, at the option of the judges, be aggravated by the application of the torture. Louis XVI. towards the close of his reign, had indeed abolished the use of "the question," during the *preliminary* proceedings ; but that, which, under the pretext of discovering accomplices, was inflicted after condemnation, remained in full force, till abolished by the Constituent Assembly.

The punishments inflicted on criminals, under the old regime, were varied and barbarous ; and they were in a great measure regulated by the rank of the offender. In the reign of Louis XV. a Montmorenci was found guilty of assassination. His valet-de-chambre, condemned as an accomplice, was broken alive upon the wheel, while the principal received no other punishment than an imprisonment, by *lettre de cachet*. The three punishments most commonly in use were the gallows, reserved ordinarily for the *people* ; decapitation for the privileged classes ; and in cases of more serious offence, the wheel. This last infliction consisted in breaking the bones of the four extre-

mities, with a bar of iron, and then despatching the criminal with a blow on the breast. The last blow, however (termed the *coup de grace*), was often refused; and the mutilated victim was left to expire, by the gradual exhaustion of nature.

The frequency of these horrible spectacles, under the old government, could not fail to harden the heart, and to deaden the sympathies of the populace; and it may justly be accused of engendering the tyger-like ferocity, which was exhibited during the first burst of the revolution, and with which that event has been so repeatedly reproached. Thousands of lives, sacrificed in the fury of political contention, do not inflict so heavy a disgrace upon a nation, nor lower so much the human character in the esteem of the moralist, as one of these *deliberate* and *judicial murders*. Where, on these occasions, was the boasted mildness of the Christian dispensation? Where the dispassionate illumination of an ermined magistracy? Where the chivalrous generosity of knighted monarchs?—all leagued against a miserable and defenceless wretch, who, already dead in the eye of the law, was an object merely for sympathy and commiseration.

But if, instead of a condemned criminal, we substitute an unhappy youth,\* a minor, guilty of no

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\* The Chevalier de la Barre, grandson of a lieutenant-general, was found guilty of having sung impious songs, and of having passed a procession of capuchins, without taking off

crime, and accused only of a boyish frolic ; if we consider him as a victim offered up by a dastardly bench, to appease the rage of a fanatical hierarchy ; what language shall be found sufficiently pregnant with meaning, to characterise the religion, the morals, and the social institutions of the state, which tolerated the exhibition ? Much injured and much abused nation !—how long shall the world hear only of your errors and of your mistakes ? How long shall it remain blinded to the infamy of those guides, who debased your reason, enslaved your persons, stripped you of your fair portion of nature's gifts, and then accuse you of wanting the virtues of independent manhood ?

To descend from crimes to absurdities, may be a species of anti-climax ; but at the present moment, when every ancient abuse is re-establishing, and every innovation is rejected, merely because it is an *innovation*, there is no prejudice too trifling to be neglected. The punishment of hanging, was, under the ancient regime, deemed infamous ; not so that of decapitation : and, as in infamous punishments, not only the culprit himself, but his whole family partook of the disgrace, and were thereby debarr'd

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his hat. The judges of Abbeville condemned him to have his tongue torn out, his hand amputated, and himself to be burned by a slow fire : yet, not content with this barbarity, they applied the question before execution, to ascertain, as Voltaire expresses it, how many songs he had sung, and how many processions he had passed, without pulling off his hat.

from the exercise of many lucrative and honourable functions in the state, it became an object with noble families to commute the punishment in those cases, in which a member of their house rendered himself subject to the degrading infliction; and to obtain the substitution of decapitation.

Nothing, indeed, could be more just, than by such a commutation, to preserve the honour of an innocent family, whether noble or *roturier*: but it is impossible to conceive a law more revolting to every feeling of justice, morals, and order, than that which in any case extends infamy beyond the person of the criminal; and which estimates disgrace, not in proportion to the offence, but according to the nature of the punishment, to which the accused may be arbitrarily subjected. It is certain that those persons who have enjoyed the equality of the British law, will be little likely to adopt these prejudices, or to permit the introduction of similar abuses in the judicial proceedings of our own country. But there are very many who forget that such opinions and such laws form part of the life's-blood, part of the very vivifying spirit of the government, which they have contributed to re-establish in France, and which they are still ready to uphold with their "lives and fortunes."

The punishment of burning, both by the quick and slow fire, was reserved for the crimes of sorcery and heresy; the most horrible pains being, by a dreadful obliquity of intellect, imposed for



offences the most imaginary. Damien, who wounded Louis XV. with a penknife, to frighten, rather than to kill him, was torn with red hot pincers, had molten lead poured into his wounds, and was dragged asunder by horses. The two reporters of his trial, the probable contrivers of this horror, were pensioned for their services by the barbarian monarch.

The celebrated *avocat-général*, Sequier, has been quoted, as affirming that the jurisprudence of France was preferable to that of England, "where they have," he says, "*a puerile dread of punishing the innocent*." Where the law speaks," he adds, "reason should be silent."

Besides the criminal jurisdictions already noticed, there existed the tribunals of the farmers-general of indirect taxes. These persons had the appointment of their own judges, who had power to fine, imprison, and send to the galleys, for infractions of the fiscal laws. The perception of internal customs surrounded every province with a double circumvallation of custom-house officers and of smugglers, between whom there was waged an eternal war. In these cases the financial tribunals decided definitively upon their own interests; and the galleys and the gibbet were thus loaded for crimes, which could have no existence in a state, whose affairs were moderately well administered: offences which, wherever they exist, lead inevitably to murder and to robbery, and

strike home to the root of well-regulated industry and of sober economy.

In the same manner also the *capitaines de chasse* of the royal forests held courts for the trial of offences against the game laws; and had power to inflict similar punishments, upon the testimony of a single gamekeeper. There were held likewise, in France, *prévôtal* courts, in which, upon certain occasions, the *prévôt* condemned to death, and caused execution to be done, in twenty-four hours after conviction. In none of these tribunals had the accused the advantages held forth by the British jurisprudence; the trials being, in all, conducted upon the same principles, as in the *tribunal de première instance*. The revolution had the merit of abolishing at a blow these complicated abominations, and of replacing them by the establishment of TRIAL BY JURY.

Besides the regular courts, the king from time to time nominated special commissions,\* chosen from the most complying magistrates of the different tribunals, or from the grand council; for the purpose of trying such offences or persons, as it was not deemed *convenient* to bring before the ordinary courts. Against these extraordinary juris-

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\* If this practice was not invented by Louis XIII, it was a favourite measure, and brought into common use by him and his minister Richelieu.

dictions, the regular tribunals frequently appealed; but without any success in preventing their occasional renewal.

It was formally declared by Henry IV. of France, in reply to the supplications of the family of the unfortunate Biron, in favour of that disgraced favourite, that "when a person is known to have been guilty of high treason, a father could no longer plead for a son, a son for a father, a husband for a wife, nor a wife for a husband."\* But without going back to such remote times, the fate of the unfortunate Lally Tollendal exhibits in its strongest colours the severity and arbitrary character of the French criminal law. In the year 1766, this celebrated soldier was beheaded, on conviction of having *betrayed the interests of the King, and those of the French East-India Company; and of vexations, exactions, and abuses of authority.* These vague and (to use a modern phrase) "untangible" accusations are all that the public knew of the process which led to his condemnation; and the veteran general, a brave and approved servant of the state, was conducted to the scaffold with *a gag in his mouth*, for fear he should make any further explanation.—As recently as the year 1762, a Protestant priest was executed, on conviction

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\* Intrigue du Cabinet. T. i. p. 120.

of having discharged the functions of his ministry ; as were also three brothers, whose zeal engaged them to attempt his rescue.\*

Against this mighty mass of frightful abuses, General La Fayette appealed in the assembly of the notables, held in the year 1787 ; but they were not effectually attacked, until the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. On the eighth of September, 1789, La Fayette proposed to the meeting of the Commune of Paris, to send a deputation to the National Assembly, then sitting at Versailles, to demand an immediate reform of the criminal jurisprudence, as far, at least, as respected its most prominent abuses ; to require that the accused should be allowed the assistance of counsel ; that the proceedings of the examination should be public ; that the witnesses should be publicly confronted with the accused ; and that the documents employed against him should be freely communicated. Even this step was not taken without considerable hesitation ; and the excellent Bailly himself considered it as too precipitate : so little was public opinion formed at that time, on this important point. It was, however, with these advantages, that the Baron de Bezensal and Monsieur de Favras met their trial (of whom the latter was the only person judicially put to death, for political offences, before the 10th of

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\* Mém. de Malesherbes, sur les Protestants.

*August, 1792*); and already the benefits of the change were duly appreciated. Monsieur de Seze, at that time president of the tribunal of cassation, a person, it is to be observed, well known for his love of the old regime, made use of the following observations, in his speech on the occasion;—  
 “ The public has heard the deposition of the witnesses : all the documents have been read, and all the interrogations have been made in its presence. It is, therefore, as well acquainted with the process, as Justice herself. “ *Ah rendons bien graces,*” he continues, “ *à l’assemblée nationale de ce beau présent qu’elle a fait à la législation Française ! Que d’innocens elle a sauvés, d’avance, par ce magnifique décret !*”\*

At this period, the accused were still tried by the old jurisdictions, and by the old law ; but in the year 1791, the mode of civil and criminal proceeding was entirely changed. The establishment of juries in civil matters was even still deemed impossible, and opinions were divided respecting their constitution in criminal cases. One party recommended the adoption of the American and English jury, in all its purity, and without the slightest alteration : but the most enlightened magistrates, after consultation with some of our English lawyers, proposed certain changes, and their opinion prevailed. The principle of

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\* *Moniteur*, 4 Avril, 1790.

unanimity of the jury was exchanged for a majority of ten to two ; and this was again altered by Napoleon to a simple majority ; with this further addition, that in case of condemnation by a majority of seven to five, the judges had the reconsideration of the verdict ; and if the majority of the judges, added to the minority of the jury, in favour of the accused, exceeded the minority of the judges and the majority of the jury against him, the party was then acquitted.

During the continuance of the republic, there subsisted a grand and a common jury, as in England. But Napoleon abolished the grand jury, and assigned its functions to the members of the *cour impériale*. The Constituent Assembly had enacted that the common jury should be formed from lists, made by the *procureur syndic* of the department ; an officer elected by the people. Under the imperial regime, these lists were made by the *préfet*, who was nominated by the Emperor. As the law stands at present, the *préfet* forms a list of sixty persons, from which the president of the court selects thirty-six. Their names are then put into an urn, and are drawn one by one ; and the court and the prisoner have each a right of rejecting them as they arise, without the assignment of a cause, till their remain but twelve names on the list ; and with these both parties are obliged to rest satisfied. To serve on a jury the party must be thirty years of age, in possession of

his civil and political rights ; or the whole proceedings are null and void. The lists are formed from the Electoral College, from the three hundred highest rated *domiciliés* of the department, the administrative functionaries named by the Emperor, (king), doctors and licentiates of the four faculties, members of the Institute, and other learned societies, notaries, merchants, bankers, &c. paying the patent of the two first classes, and from persons enjoying places of at least four hundred francs per annum. The penalty for non-attendance is five hundred francs ; for the second offence, one thousand francs ; and for the third, one thousand five hundred francs ; and the delinquent is then incapacitated for serving on a jury again, which disqualifies him for holding some other lucrative situations.

At the same time that the Constituent Assembly changed the mode of trial, they mitigated very considerably the severity of the penal code. The punishment of the different ranks of citizens, convicted of the same offence, was equalized, and all infliction beyond the privation of life was abolished.—On the motion of Mons. Duport, a debate at this time took place, on the question of the total abolition of capital punishments ; a proposition which the Abbe Gregoire at all times zealously promoted. But another ecclesiastic, more consonantly with the spirit of priesthood, observed, that capital punishments have the re-

peated sanction of the Bible. To this uncharitable insinuation, Duport opposed the express command of God, in the case of Cain, whose offence was the most aggravated injury society can sustain. The doctrine, however, did not meet with entire approbation, and death was awarded as the punishment, in the single case of murder.\* The ampu-

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\* At present the *Code Pénal* (though beyond all comparison more mild and philosophical than that incongruous and chaotic jumble, the criminal law of England) awards capital punishment in the following, and a few other cases.

**For fostering spies**

Treason

Promotion of civil war

Public pillaging

Murder, infanticide, poisoning

Theft committed during the night

\_\_\_\_\_ by two or more persons conjointly

\_\_\_\_\_ with open or concealed arms

\_\_\_\_\_ by house-breaking

\_\_\_\_\_ by escalade

\_\_\_\_\_ with false keys

\_\_\_\_\_ under the disguise of public functionaries

\_\_\_\_\_ with violence and threats

Coining

Forgery of bank bills and public securities

\_\_\_\_\_ of the public official seals

Suborning of false witnesses

Castrating, if death ensue within forty days

Arson, &c. &c.



tation of the hand, as an additional punishment for paricide, was demanded by a member, but the proposition was rejected, as a dishonour to the penal code. Under the reign of Napoleon, this barbarous law was again proposed, by some one of the numerous flatterers by whom he was surrounded (for the crime of regicide comes within the definition given by the French lawyers of this offence): although weak enough to accept of the disgusting homage, the Emperor never put the law into execution. Little perhaps did he anticipate, that his successors would justify themselves at his expense, and plead his law in extenuation, when *his most Christian Majesty* should inflict the inhuman and useless penalty upon three persons of the lowest class of society (Pegnier, Corbineau, and Tolleron); who, even admitting the reality of the conspiracy, into which they are believed to have been entrapped, were not guilty of an immediate attack upon the king's person; and therefore came only constructively within the meaning of the enactment. Surely their humble station in society, and the inefficiency of their means of injuring the state, should have screened them from the vengeance of a prince alive to generosity or to personal dignity, if the necessity for striking terror upon a disaffected population had not superseded in his breast all feelings of mercy, or all sentiment of contempt.

The proceedings in the Courts of Assize are

conducted ~~in~~ *in* ~~open~~ *in* ~~court~~ ; and the witnesses give testimony in open court. One or more, however, of the prisoners may be removed from the court, and examined privately by the judge, upon particular points ; but he is bound to relate the result to the other prisoners, before he can resume the proceedings. The fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, children, and grand-children, husbands or wives, of any of the accused, cannot be heard in evidence, if either the prisoner, the *procureur-général*, the civil party, or the accuser, object to their testimony ; and the law is the same respecting informers, entitled to a reward upon conviction. The accused or his counsel have in all cases the last hearing ; and consequently liberty to reply to every objection. In the event of acquittal, the accused can obtain damages against the informers (not being so *ex-officio*) for the calumny he has sustained ; and the *procureur-général* is obliged to give up their names.

In case of conviction of several offences, the law does not allow of an accumulation of punishments, but inflicts only that awarded against the heaviest of the charges. In both civil and criminal cases, the person who loses the cause pays the expenses of the trial ; as well those incurred by the state, as those of the individual opponents.

The punishment of the guillotine, of which so frightful a use was afterwards made, was introduced as a means of diminishing the corporal sufferance attendant upon executions ; and more especially to

take from among the people an idea, which they had acquired during the popular tumults, of *doing themselves justice upon offenders.*

The Constituent Assembly had established a national court for the trial of high treason, formed of judges, chosen from among the magistrates of the supreme court of cassation, and of a special jury, taken by lot, from a list made by the electoral assembly of the department. This court could not sit at a less distance from the metropolis than ninety miles. It was held in the year 1792 at Orleans. The party spirit, which raged so furiously at this time, had no influence upon its proceedings; and it was not till after the 10th of August, when this court was abolished, that the prisoners were recalled to Paris, and were massacred on their way, at Versailles. At this period was established the Revolutionary Tribunal. The Girondins, who had contributed to all the excesses of this fatal year, had a part also in these first steps towards judicial tyranny. But when they wished to put a stop to further deviations from freedom, they were eagerly persecuted in their turn by the Jacobins; and their trials afforded the first instances of the accused or his counsel being stopped short, and prevented from offering all that could be urged in defence of the cause. This practice has again been renewed in the trials of Ney, La Bédoyère, and some others, since the return of the old dynasty. From the death of the Girondins to the epoch of the

9th Thermidor, there is not to be found the slightest trace of justice in the judicial proceedings; and scarcely indeed before that of the constitution of the year III. since the assassins of all that was respectable in France, were themselves very irregularly tried.

After this dreadful storm, a government strictly republican was established. There was instituted, in every department, a civil tribunal, from which an appeal lay to that of the neighbouring department; and the court of cassation decided appeals upon errors of form. Under this jurisprudence, the liberty and prosperity of the nation were gradually increasing; when new troubles were excited by the enemies of freedom\*, and the consequence was the revolution of the 18th Fructidor; in which the Directory, anticipating their enemies, made a successful attack upon the national representation. The obnoxious members, and the priests, on this occasion, were subjected to an arbitrary deportation; and the emigrants were tried by military commissions; but the ordinary civil and criminal proceedings, between the citizens themselves, remained unchanged until the arrival of Buonaparte.

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\* "Lorsque le gouvernement Anglais, de concert avec les princes émigrés, et tout le parti aristocrate chercha à exciter de nouveaux troubles, en prodiguant des sommes immenses, qui la plupart passèrent par les mains de Mons. Wickham." MS. presented to the author, by an eminent statesman and constitutional leader.

Scarcely seated in the consular chair, Napoleon made a trial of his power over the senate, by soliciting and procuring the deportation of a certain number of Jacobins ; a step, which was speedily followed by the suppression of the *tribunate*, the only body which by the constitution could address itself to the public.

For the genius of the imperial government, the institution of juries was ill adapted ; and Napoleon considerably curtailed the extent of their jurisdiction. With this view, he abolished entirely the grand jury, and assigned its functions to a chamber of the imperial court of appeal. The pretence under which this change was effected, was that the judges could not make the grand-jurymen understand the difference between putting the accused on their trial, and determining absolutely the question of their guilt or innocence. *Mon<sup>s</sup>. Riboud*, in his report made to the *corps législatif*, concerning the changes then meditated in the law of juries, observed, that, “ the best intentioned among them can with difficulty ascertain the limits of their function. Deliberating without the assistance of the magistrate, and having the cause only imperfectly before them, they fall into errors, often dangerous to the accused, but most commonly injurious to society.” An argument like this, drawn from the infant state of the Institution, and from the inexperience of the people, is at once tyrannical and futile. As in all other human affairs, the grand-jury would have gradually formed

themselves, by practice, and would every year have executed their functions with increasing precision. There is, however, a very general prejudice prevalent in France against juries. They are accused of too great a leaning towards the prisoner; of modifying their verdict upon the punishment allotted to the crime under consideration, and of acquitting, even against evidence, in those cases in which they imagine the infliction to be too severe. This bias, to a certain extent, exists amongst our own jurymen, and is at once beneficial to society, and honourable to human nature: for natural feeling, thus rectifying the miscalculations of the judgment, counteracts the ordinary tendency of lawgivers, towards aggravating the penal code, and multiplying too wantonly the causes of capital punishment.

A more grievous accusation urged against the French jurymen is, that they are apt to misinterpret the metaphysical distinction of *design*; and to acquit prisoners taken in the fact, upon the ground of a possible absence of guilty intention. Thus, for instance, they have determined that the theft was not committed for the purpose of *injuring* the person robbed, but with the intention of *procuring sustenance* for the thief and his family. This error, though it betrays the excessive confusion of the simplest moral notions, into which a nation may be drawn by the operation of an oppressive government, and a casuistical religion, is so near

the surface, that it must necessarily disappear before a very few years of judicial experience; at the same time, it evinces great delicacy and susceptibility of conscience in the jury, who thus hesitate in condemning a fellow citizen. It seems therefore a most unfounded and injurious reproach cast upon the French nation, that they are too corrupt and too egoistical, too indifferent to what concerns justice, to be intrusted with the functions of a jury. All accusation turns upon their bias towards mercy; and no charge is made of a corrupt leaning in favour of a rich or a powerful prosecutor.—Such a charge, if substantiated, would indeed be fatal to the hopes of liberty. For it indicates a depravity of feeling, a dulness of moral tact, and an absence of illumination, which are compatible only with a fallen and disorganized nation; and evinces a people utterly unfit for the enjoyment of any free form of constitution.

That the French were only too conscientious in their office of jurymen, is sufficiently evident in the conduct of Napoleon. He felt that this institution, in the hands of his subjects, was no fit instrument for arbitrary power, and he immediately withdrew from its jurisdiction the cases, in which “the safety of the government” was concerned, or fiscal rapacity interested to oppress the subject:—the two particular cases, in which the existence of a jury is most specifically connected with the security of the citizen. The courts instituted by

the emperor, thus to supersede the juries, were, by a still greater abuse, formed half of magistrates, and half of military commissioners ; whose habits of blind obedience, as soldiers, disqualified them for the fair discharge of civil functions ; however high their individual feelings of honour, however delicate their sense of self-respect.

At the same time that the jurisdiction of the juries was thus circumscribed, the people were deprived of their right of electing judges and municipal officers ; and the formation of the jury lists fell into the hands of the prefect ; an officer holding place immediately from the emperor, and occupying it during pleasure. In order still further to disgust the citizens with the office of jurymen, it was contrived that they should be detained by its duties for very considerable intervals from their ordinary occupations. Declamations also were made, and works printed by command,\* to bring the institution into disrepute. But notwithstanding every effort, the functions which remain for the jurymen to execute, are still discharged with great probity, humanity, and patriotism.

During the progress of the revolution, the people gradually formed themselves to their duties as citizens. The *code criminel* directs, that

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\* See the work against juries of Mons. Gach, president of the tribunal *de première instance*, in the department of Lol, *cum multis aliis.*



none shall be appointed to administrative and judicial functions, but such as have satisfactorily discharged their duties as jurymen. A report was also directed to be made annually to the emperor of the manner in which this branch of administration was conducted: an enactment apparently calculated to purify the justice of the country; but too probably concealing the *arrière pensée* of imperial interference with the jurymen, in the discharge of his office.

With every deduction to be made for the oppressions of the latter times, the French criminal jurisprudence remains infinitely superior to that of the ancient regime. The early revolutionists, whose theoretical notions of government approached nearly to those of the British constitution, well understood the defects of the old law; and commenced the new edifice of their jurisprudence upon such sound bases, that it has survived the storms of political change, with but little comparative injury; affording ample justification of the views and principles of those who commenced the struggle for liberty. It is still, however, objected, that the judges, influenced by old prejudices, continue to harass the prisoner with captious questions, tending to entrap him into self-inculpations. But a few years' experience, and the succession of a fresh generation, will beget a different sentiment in the bench, and direct its efforts to the primary object of all trial—the protection of innocence.

While any portion of the benefits, thus obtained, are secured to the nation, whatever may be the dynasty or government, which time and circumstances may impose upon it, France will still be a gainer by the revolution ; and posterity will look back with gratitude on the courage, devotion, and illumination of the National Assembly, notwithstanding every calamity which uncontrollable circumstance, and the opposition of enemies, have entailed on their efforts.

It was proposed to my Lord Erskine, during the peace of Amiens, to write a comparative essay on the jurisprudence of England and France ; and every friend of his species must regret that a man so gifted for the task, so enlightened in principle, and so qualified to disseminate truth by the beauties of style, should have neglected the opportunity of benefitting both nations, and of exalting his own reputation. It is not now too late ; nor was there ever a period when eloquence, like his, was more wanting to illustrate first principles, and to recall the people to a sense of those blessings, which freedom infuses even into the minutest details of daily transactions.

The *code civil*, or, as it has been called, the *code Napoléon*, is a digest of all the laws, regulating the transfer of property, marriage, and other civil institutions, which have been passed since the revolution ; and forms the standing law of the land. In simplicity and equity, it more than rivals the laws

of most other European states ; and whenever the arms of France have carried their jurisprudence into foreign nations, the inhabitants have very uniformly considered themselves as benefited by the change.

Besides the alterations already mentioned, Napoleon re-established the tribunals of the arrondissement, and created superior courts of appeal ; thus forming three degrees of jurisdiction, besides the *juges de paix*, and the *cour de cassation*. He re-established also those fiscal tribunals to try smuggling offences, and other matters relative to the perception of the customs, which were among the worst abuses of the old regime.

In the royal charter of June 4th, 1814, which Louis XVIII. substituted for the more liberal provisions already voted by the senate, it has been contrived to slide\* the infamous principle of secret deliberations ; which has recently been applied in two processes, instituted against persons accused of having provoked the spoliation of the present proprietors of *ci-devant* church property.

Napoleon has been justly accused of making too frequent an use of that *convenient* instrument of judicial violence, *the council of war* ;† but since

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\* Art. 64.

† It is reputable to the French character, that even with this engine it was not possible to bring Moreau to the scaffold ; and that the utmost extent of imperial influence produced only a sentence of two years' imprisonment. It is said, however,

the second restoration, it has been still more frequently employed; and the regulations respecting the equitable choice of officers have been altogether neglected.

Another scandal also has been introduced by the Bourbons, in multiplying the charges brought against the accused; and on their conviction, upon those of the least importance, of inflicting the punishment awarded to the most heinous. This practice was noticed in the chamber of peers, by the young Duc de Broglie, one of the best and most distinguished patriots of France. In proof of this abuse, may be quoted the case of Marshal Ney, who was accused of having conspired with Buonaparte,—of having solicited a command, in order to betray the king,—of having demanded supplies of money, which he stole, and of having persuaded the army to go over to the Emperor. All these charges were fully and entirely rebutted. The only offence brought home to him was that of having yielded to example, and of having been drawn over in the general movement; and for this offence he was condemned to death. In like manner La Valette was accused of conspiracy, and correspondence with Napoleon; and was condemned for having too soon taken possession of the post-office; for a letter written after that epoch;

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that the judge, Le Courbè, was subsequently displaced for non-compliance in the instance of this trial.

and for a signature, solicited from him by one of the king's ministers, Monsieur Ferrand; which signature they had the cruelty to urge against him, as matter of crimination.

It is a task at once melancholy and revolting, to recapitulate these numerous and aggravated injustices, and to dive into the details of error and mistaken policy, which have signalised the re-establishment of the old dynasty. But the tale is instructive; and its moral cannot be placed too frequently nor too prominently before the eyes of that nation, which has so powerfully contributed towards placing France in its present forced and unnatural position. It has been too much, and too long the habit of Englishmen, to look with an envious and jealous eye upon the prosperity of foreign nations; to consider every advance made by others, in commerce or in civilization, as so much lost to themselves; and blood and treasure have been profusely shed, in support of this churlish and most unphilosophical principle. As a commercial nation, our welfare is intimately connected with the prosperity of other nations; for the spirit of trade is necessarily reciprocity; and as a free nation, we are incontrovertibly interested in the universal diffusion of the principles and practice of liberty. Every link that is added to the chain of despotism in Europe, shakes the security of our own constitution; and both directly, and indirectly, endangers the permanence of our li-

berties. It was against the tyrannical government of Louis the XIV., against his interference with our infant revolution, that the long wars of Queen Anne were undertaken and prosecuted: and nothing but the most gross delusion, or the most perfect indifference to the interests of liberty, can have induced that complacency, with which the nation at present regards the revival of principles so inimical to human happiness, and of practices so dangerous to its own independence.

The re-establishment of prevotal courts by Louis XVIII., may be considered as embracing all that was objectionable in the old government, and as placing the seal of tyranny upon criminal proceedings. Whatever the despotism of Napoleon had inflicted upon the judicature, whatever the tremendous system of police had contrived, was insufficient for the purposes of the new authorities. The special courts of the Emperor were merciful and just, in comparison with the prevotal mode of trial; and the manner in which it was introduced into the *charte* is no less singular than cruel. “*Nul ne pourra être distrait de ses juges naturels,*” says this instrument. “*Il ne pourra en conséquence être créé des commissions et des tribunaux extraordinaires.*” Who would expect after this to read, “*ne sont pas comprises sous cette dénomination les juridictions prévôtales, si leur rétablissement est jugé nécessaire?*” The establishment of

such arbitrary courts being the express object, to guard against which the article itself was framed, the whole paragraph is a mockery. Weak and desperate indeed must be the condition of that government, for whose protection the regular courts of justice are really insufficient; whose measures require to be propped by violence, and shadowed by concealment; and it may fairly be taken as the certain symptom of a foregone corruption, and perversity in the administration of public affairs, when such concessions can be deemed necessary for the security of the people.

The law of habeas corpus had been established by the Constituent Assembly, with as much precision as in America or Britain. It was suspended during the reign of terror, but was restored by the constitution of the year III. and continued to form a part of the consular and imperial regime.\* With this institution, it is difficult to conciliate the system of police, which has been the subject of so much, and of such just obloquy. At the outset of the revolution, the Constituent Assembly had committees of enquiry, to detect conspirators against the new order of things, but they

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\* See Code d'Instruction Criminelle. page 134. chap. 3. The co-existence of such a code, and of such a police, is a convincing proof of the impotence of the dead letter of the law, where the vivifying spirit of resistance to oppression does not animate the people.

bounded their efforts to bringing offenders before the regular courts; and of these, one individual only was condemned to death. In the reign of terror, arbitrary arrestations, and massacres in prison were numerous, and have become matter of dreadful history. Similar events were likewise brought about, by the re-action of the royalists. The arrests which took place under the Directory were chiefly of priests and of emigrants; but to this epoch must be referred the nomination of a specific minister of police. The complete establishment of the existing system was the joint work of Napoleon, Fouché, and Savary; and they gave the detestable institution a perfection, by which the royalists have abundantly profitted. To explain the existence of this system under any revolutionary dispensation, it must be recollected, that the liberty of the press was first annihilated—that the jurisdiction of juries was abridged—the people deprived of the nomination of municipal officers—the legislative body of the privilege of discussion; and that the sittings of the senate were secret. Every thing was thus placed at the mercy of a military chief, whose authority rested not so much upon the submission of the people, as upon the conduct of the sovereigns of Europe; who, by their policy in provoking hostilities, and their subsequent errors in conducting the contest, rendered him at once a necessary and an uncontrollable master of the destinies of the



country. Arbitrary arrests were not however acknowledged officially, until the ordinance was made by Napoleon's council of state, respecting prisons and state prisoners.

During the epoch of the first restoration, the force of opinion, preliminary caution, and the weakness of the government, gave a greater degree of liberty to the subject, than had been enjoyed during the last part of the reign of Napoleon. But the evident tendency of the court towards arbitrary measures, to a complete counter-revolution, and the re-establishment of every ancient abuse, utterly disgusted the people; and was the real cause of the favourable reception, which the Emperor experienced on his return from Elba.

The habitual tendency of Napoleon towards despotic measures, was evinced on many occasions, during the celebrated hundred days; but his necessity for popularity, together with the patriotism of the Chamber of Representatives, imposed a considerable restraint upon this predilection. Upon the second restoration, the project of police presented by the minister to the chambers, and by them passed into a law, comparable alone with the conventional decree against suspected persons, exceeds every other measure that has yet been ventured for the subjugation of the people.

The law of confiscation of property, enacted by the convention, against the emigrants, was abolished by the articles presented by the senate to

Louis XVIII. and confirmed by that prince. The Emperor on his return refused to admit this new enactment into his "*acte constitutionel*"; but the Chamber of Representatives in their first sittings declared that confiscation was abolished; and a law to that effect, proposed on the twenty-first of June, would have passed on the same day, if the news of the battle of Waterloo had not arrived; which, with the return of Napoleon, with the intent to dissolve the chambers, and to declare himself dictator, turned the attention of the assembly to other subjects.

It is a consolatory reflection for humanity, that where liberty has impressed her footstep, however transient may have been her passage, its print is with difficulty effaced: and however absolutely despotism may have afterwards been established, the forms of justice will remain sufficiently prominent to produce an easy regeneration, whenever the favourable moment arrives for re-establishing a free constitution. Should such a moment return in France, should the habitual tendencies of the reigning dynasty be compelled to give way before the spirit of the age, a very few alterations would be sufficient to restore the judicial rights, which were vindicated during the first pure moments of the revolution of 1789. All that would be required in a well-organized government would be to restore to the people the nomination of the *juges de paix* and municipal officers; from the latter of these, to choose by lot three or more persons, des-

tinued to form the jury lists ; to restore the grand jury ; to give the judges a more independent existence ; to soften still further the severity of the penal codes ; to suppress the place of minister of police ; to confirm the liberty of the press ; abolish all special commissions ; and give the existing laws in favour of personal liberty a free course and execution ; and the nation would then enjoy every advantage necessary for an independent people.

Notwithstanding that the Constituent Assembly abolished the venality of judicial offices, another abuse has been suffered to remain, which might also have been removed with advantage,—the permission, or rather compulsion of the parties engaged in a law suit, to visit their judges, and give an explanation of the particulars of their case. This explanation they are in fact seldom able to give ; nor would the judge pay much attention to such *ex parte* statements. It does not, however, appear that either before or since the revolution, this practice gave rise to pecuniary abuses. How far the influence of female persuasion, or of personal vanity, might prevail, it is not easy to determine. The judges were often young men ; and the most handsome and highly born women that could be procured to solicit, were usually selected to pay the customary visit ; and every person of rank or consequence, connected with the party, left his tickets with the judge, prior to the commencement of the trial.

It has been commonly imagined that in popular

assemblies, the members of the bar would have a great advantage; that accustomed to business, and habituated to public speaking, they would naturally wrest all authority from persons of more retired manners. This does not, however, seem to have been the case in France; for though a very great proportion of lawyers found a place in the representative assemblies, they were far from exclusively occupying the tribune. Thus, in the Constituent Assembly, on the same bench with Thouret, le Chepalier, or Barnave, who were lawyers of most distinguished eloquence, might be seen Mirabeau, Clermont-Tonnere, Cazales, who did not belong to the bar. Indeed, those who were most eminent in the courts, were far from being the most distinguished in the senate; and the same remark has been made of many English barristers, who have obtained seats in the House of Commons. Target, who was at the head of the French advocates, figured but as a very secondary character in the Constituent Assembly; nor does it appear that the legal corps exercised the least undue influence in any of the popular assemblies of the revolution.

If, indeed, the peculiar cast of pursuit, and the narrow point of view, to which a lawyer is obliged to confine himself, be considered, it will appear that his habits are the reverse of those requisite for the deliberation of legislative discussion. The enquiry of the lawyer is confined to the consideration of what is established, and his ingenuity is

exerted in bending the existing laws to particular interests; while the legislator is compelled to extend his view to what ought to be; and from an enlarged and philosophical view of mankind, to convert the general reasons of the social bond into rules of practical application. Perhaps the most prevailing cause of the incongruity of our English law, is the confiding to lawyers the business of forming draughts of the proposed acts of parliament; by which, in the subtlety of special pleading, general principles may easily be placed out of sight.

At the time of the author's residence in Paris, two changes were spoken of as likely to be made in the French jurisprudence. The one was the abolition of the *cour de cassation*, the other that of the jury. How far such expectations depended upon the known dislike of the emigrants and court to every thing originating from the revolution, or how far upon particular reasons arising out of the institutions themselves, it is impossible to say. The *cour de cassation*, exercising functions formerly discharged by the king's council, may perhaps be considered as an usurpation, tending to curtail the power of the court over judicial proceedings. It seems, therefore, not improbable that the existence of so obnoxious an institution may be precarious. But no plausible reason can be found for attacking the jury; since the power of appointing special and prevoial courts, to try any case between the king and his subjects, precludes all

risk of an event (in England so unpleasant to ministerial feelings), the difference of opinion between a jury and an attorney-general. Should the abolition of the revolutionary forms of justice be decreed, and the assize courts exchanged for the ancient institutions, the allied conquerors of France, by imposing the paternal government on that country, will have done the greatest injury to mankind, that the page of modern history has yet recorded. Still, however, it is to be hoped, that the French ministry have neither the wish nor the courage to attempt so nefarious an act: but that the trial by jury, that plant, indigenous to England, may in foreign countries lose the sickly character of an exotic, and taking firm root in the soil, afford the protection of its shadow to all the nations of civilized Europe.



APPENDIX. No. 2.



OF THE FINANCE OF FRANCE.

*Αυλὶς ἐπειὶα πέδον δε κυλινδετο.*

Sic omnia fatis

In pejus, ruere, ac retro relapsa referri.

VIRGIL.





# OF THE FINANCE OF FRANCE.

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THE affairs of nations have become so immediately regulated by the condition of their finances, and their power so closely circumscribed by their fiscal embarrassments, that a short sketch of the present state of France, in this particular, cannot fail to afford many interesting and important considerations. To the eye of the philosopher, there is a necessary and immediate connexion between the fiscal and the moral condition of the people; and the patriot deplores, in an extravagant and lavish expenditure, the decay of industry, the corruption of manners, and the degradation of the physical energies of the nation. In a country where wealth, population, morals, liberty, are but secondary and subaltern considerations to the leading interest of multiplying taxation, and of wringing the last possible shilling for the support of the government, the financial regulations of foreign states are peculiarly instructive. For though such pictures for the most part afford very nearly a reflected image of domestic distresses and priva-

tions, yet *ista commemoratio quasi exprobatio est*, the bare narration of the facts is their condemnation, and leads to salutary reflection upon the analogous condition of circumstances at home.

The direct taxes, which form the basis of French finance, are four—a land tax, a personal tax, a tax on doors and windows, and a tax upon the exercise of trades and professions.

### *Impôt Foncier, or Land Tax.*

When the National Assembly abolished the then existing system of taxation, they introduced the land tax, as a permanent source of revenue; and fixed its amount at one-fifth of the net produce of the soil. This tax bears upon land of all descriptions, except that which is national property. In its assessment, parks and chateaux pay according to the extent of ground they occupy, valued as land of the first quality. Houses are taxed upon the scale of their actual rent, one-fourth being deducted for repairs: but buildings occupied in the storing and manipulation of agricultural produce, pay only upon the value of the land on which they stand. Mills, manufactories, and other similar buildings (*usines*), are allowed a more considerable deduction, and they pay only upon two-thirds of the gross rent, on account of the great wear and tear of their materials. In these cases the ground landlord pays for the soil; and the occupant the assessment on the building. Woods pay according

to the value of their annual cuttings, which, in France, are universally regulated by law, for the purpose of ensuring a constant and perpetual supply of the national fuel. Meadows and vineyards are assessed on their actual products; as are arable land, pasturage, heaths, &c. Mines are valued according to the superficies which covers them—a most extraordinary and unequal valuation.

For the purpose of collecting this tax, there is constructed in every commune a schedule of the different parcels, into which the land is divided, with their respective values. From this a second roll is formed, in which all the articles in the same section, belonging to one proprietor, are thrown together; and the different items, when summed up, determine the proportion in which that proprietor is to be taxed.

When the budget is settled for the year, the aggregate produce of the land tax of the whole kingdom is laid at a fixed sum, and this sum is divided among the several departments, according to a permanent scale. The quota, thus ascertained, of each department, is by a similar arrangement divided amongst its several arrondissemens, and the contingent of each arrondissement among its component communes: and lastly, the tax to be levied on the commune is assessed upon the different proprietors, according to the net value of the articles, which stand opposite their name in the second schedule.

This mode of collection, though at first sight

sufficiently equitable, is, in fact, very inadequate to the equal partition of the public burden. In order to effect a just distribution, it would be necessary to found it upon a general survey of the kingdom, drawn up with fidelity and skill, and renewed from time to time, to accommodate it to the actual state of the country, which must be constantly changing. Instead of this, the ratio in which the department pays is formed upon the schedules of its arrondissements; these are formed from those of their several communes; and in forming the communal schedules, it is manifest that interest, intrigue, and cunning, must incessantly operate to falsify the returns. In fact, every step of the process is vitiated with the same result; as each commune, arrondissement, and department, is alike interested to shift the burden, as much as possible, from itself, and place it upon others. A still greater source of inequality will be found in the varying nature of the soil, and consequent expense of working it; and in the comparative facility of land and water carriage for the transport of its products.

The land tax, originally laid at two hundred and forty millions, was then estimated at one-fifth of the net rent of the kingdom. After the cessation of the irregularities, which the fluctuation in the value of the paper-currency had produced, in the year between 1797-8, (an. 6) the *foncier* tax was laid at two hundred and twenty-eight millions, and in the year 98-9 (an. 7) at two

hundred and ten millions, exclusive of ten millions charged on the provinces newly united to the empire. During the reign of Napoleon it was not increased, except by the increase of territory, and by the imposition of what are called "*centimes additionnelles*," (a per centage upon the original assessment) which however has eventually amounted to nearly a fifth of the principal. For the year 1816, the principal (on account of the loss of territory) was reduced to one hundred and seventy-two millions, with an imposition of *centimes*, amounting to sixty per cent. Of these centimes, thirty-eight are levied for the extraordinary service of the year, seventeen for communal and departmental expenses (analogous to our county rates), and five centimes are applicable to the incidental expenses and local necessities of the several communes.

The whole amount of this tax, exclusive of the expense of collection, &c. is 275,412,200 francs for the ordinary and extraordinary service of the year.

#### *L'Impôt Mobilier, or Personal Tax.*

This tax, which was imposed at the same time as the land tax, was designed to be a supplement to it, and was calculated to affect all descriptions of property, exempt from the operation of the other. It consists of four separate portions; the first of which is a species of capitation, founded on an enrolment of all persons having a domicile,

as well of those who from poverty are exempt, as of those who pay their quota of taxation; and the sum demanded is equal to three days' labour of the whole population. The second portion consists of a tax on male and female servants, according to a graduated ~~scale~~ of numbers: the third is a tax on pleasure horses and mules: and the fourth is a house tax; in the assessment of which, the habitation being taken as a ground of presumption, respecting the personal property of the occupant, his real property is admitted as a cause of deduction. The extreme uncertainty of these taxes, which afford such inaccurate bases for collection, has caused it to be diminished one half, soon after its first imposition; at which rate (with the exception of the *centimes additionnelles*) it has remained ever since. Its produce for 1816 is taken at 27,289,000 francs.

The mode of assessing this tax is to the last degree complex; and it is calculated to cover great vexations. The sum laid in the budget is first distributed among the several departments; and to meet this demand, the average value of three days' labour in each department is multiplied by one-sixth of the total of its population: this sum is first levied as the "*cotte personnelle*," and its produce is deducted from the gross contingent.

Next, the actual amount of the sumptuary taxes on servants and horses, chargeable on the department, is levied and deducted; as also are certain other sums stopped on account of taxation from

the salaries of public officers ; and the remainder is assessed on the rent of houses, subject to deductions on account of the real property of their respective inhabitants. In levying this last portion, the whole remainder is charged upon the whole rental of the houses in the department, and the contingent of each proprietor is fixed, according to a graduated scale, on the rent of his abode. In this scale, houses of less than 150 fr. per annum are exempt ; above that value the tax is a per centage, heavier, in proportion as the rent amounts to larger sums. About 5 francs 10 centimes is the ordinary assessment on 150 francs of rent ; but in some departments, that rate being insufficient to complete the contingent, the tax falls a little more severely. With respect to the stoppages on salaries, they must never exceed one-twentieth, nor can the personal taxes exceed one-eighteenth of the sum on which they are charged ; it should seem, however, that they have never reached this proportion. From this scheme it is evident, that the personal tax, though nominally three days' labour upon the whole population, is in fact but one-sixth of the sum, and that the remaining five-sixths is in reality a tax upon houses : in fact, the whole is a species of property tax, since the exemptions of the poor are made good by the rich. Both the "*cotisation personnelle*," and the duty on houses, are assessed by a board of commissioners in an arbitrary manner, according to the more or less of



“swelling port” which the householder exhibits—that is, according to the size of his house, the splendor of his equipage, and the number of his domestics.

In Paris, and some other great cities, the mode of collection differs; and instead of the operose process above described, the whole contingent is assessed at once upon the houses. The total amount however is determined upon the same principles as in the rest of the kingdom.

The *centimes additionnelles* for the year 1816 amount to 70; 48 for the extraordinary service of the year; 12 for departmental expenses; 5 to the communes; and 5 to be levied incidentally.

The whole amounts to 46,391,400 francs, or, without the *centimes additionnelles*, 27,289,000 francs.

### *Tax on Doors and Windows.*

This tax also is in some measure a supplement to the land tax, being intended to meet the inequality of its bearing upon the habitations of the rich and of the poor. It is levied according to a tariff. In the year 1789, in Paris,

	fr.	cents.
Every <i>porte-cochère</i> paid.....	17	69
Every street door and window on the ground floor, entre sol. 1st and 2nd story.....	1	70
For the door and window of a house, not having more than two openings.....	0	57
Every window above the 2nd floor.....	0	71

This tax, originally fixed at 12,892,003 francs, bears for the year 1816 an addition of 60 *cents. additionnelles*, which makes the amount 19,662,400 francs.

*L'Impôt des Patentes, or Tax on Industry.*

A tax upon industry existed before the revolution; and notwithstanding its impolitic and odious character, it was not rejected from the financial schemes of the National Assembly: so slowly do sound notions, respecting even the dearest interests of humanity, find their way among large bodies of men. The amount being fixed by the legislature, the assessment is made partly by a fixed rate, assigned according to a certain classification of trades, which varies in different places, and partly by a proportionate tax, levied on the rent of the buildings occupied in conducting the business, and generally amounting to one-tenth.

The sums thus raised seem very arbitrarily and unequally proportioned. According to a little pamphlet of instructions, published for the use of the inhabitants of Paris, in the year 1789 (the nearest document I could procure on the subject), the *droit fixé* paid by bankers was 500 francs, that by coach-masters 200 francs. Public exhibitions paid one night's performance, calculated upon the capacity of the house and the prices of admission. Pedlars paid half the tax of stationary merchants occupied in the same business. The other trades are divided into seven classes, arranged according

to a principle, which it would be very difficult to divine. The following is a specimen of some few of the trades included in each class.

1st Class.—Agents, timber merchants, whole-sale traders, &c. pay 300 fr.

2nd Class.—Apothecaries, architects, jewellers, brewers, drapers, clock-makers, &c. pay 100 fr.

3rd Class.—Starch-makers, innkeepers, shoe-makers, butchers, billiard-table keepers, coach and cart-makers, lace merchants, druggists, keepers of *hôtels garnis* (besides one-fortieth of rent), tennis-court keepers, &c. pay 75 fr.

4th Class.—Hardware-sellers, accoucheurs, public bath keepers, retail wood merchants, brick-makers, keepers of circulating libraries, hatters, surgeons, milliners, curiosity dealers, artificial florists, booksellers (second-hand booksellers one half only), physicians, surveyors, &c. pay 50 fr.

5th Class.—Barometer-makers, boat-builders, stocking weavers (having more than five looms), gold-beaters, lime-burners, chocolate-sellers, musical instrument-sellers, &c. pay 40 fr.

It is unnecessary to give further examples of the extreme oddity and apparent caprice, with which the different trades are arranged; it is sufficient to add, that the sixth class pay 30 fr., the seventh 20 fr.

Various modifications have, from time to time, been made in this tax, for the sake of rendering it less oppressive. In some instances the fixed portion is alone paid, in others the proportionate tax

is merely lessened. Sometimes also the individual is taxed, according to the schedule of the class below that of his actual occupation. The original assessment of the tax on patents was 15,460,000 francs: it is more than doubled by the imposition of 115 *centimes additionnelles*, which raises it to 33,144,400 fr.

The sum total of the revenue from the direct taxes then is

	Francs.
The Foncier .....	275,412,200
Mobilier.....	46,391,300
Doors and Windows.....	19,662,400
Patents .....	33,144,400
	<hr/>
	374,610,300
From this sum is to be deducted one- fiftieth on the score of expenses, non-productiveness, &c.....	<hr/> 7,492,206
	<hr/>
And the net produce will be..Fr.	367,118,094

Throughout the whole of this part of the taxation, there are manifested a great inexpertness and complexity of system. The money granted not being an estimated but a fixed sum, necessitates its distribution by a fixed ratio among the departments, communes, and sections, which never can be done with any thing like an approximation towards equality or justice; since the value either of land or money cannot be equal in all parts of so large an empire. The personal tax also being composed of a fluctuating and of a fixed quota, must be collected with an enormous delay and

expense; and the house is any thing but an adequate representative of the wealth of the inhabitants. The tax on patents, or licenses for carrying on trades, is every way objectionable; the denomination of the trade being no test of the value of the concern, even when modified by the proportional part of the rate, or what may be considered as the shop tax. A working jeweller, in a miserable garret, may earn more than a carpenter, who occupies a spacious work-shop. A milliner in the Rue Vivienne, the Bond-street of Paris, will gain an hundred times more, than if she lived in an obscure quarter of the town; and under these circumstances, if she pays five times more rent for her house in the first than in the second situation, her tax will still be twenty times less than is proportionate on her capital and returns. But the principle itself is most ruinous; in as much as it cramps the industry of the poor, and prevents them from undertaking enterprizes; which, while they raise the individual, enrich the state.

### *Of the indirect Taxes.*

The indirect taxes of France are under the control of a director-general: they are of three different species, monopolies, licenses, and duties.

The manufacture of tobacco is almost the only considerable monopoly at present in the hands of the government; and they would do well to abandon it to the people; as they would infallibly

gain more by the simple excise, than they can by its manufacture. A company of individuals, having competition to support, will always produce a cheaper commodity, and consequently create more abundant consumption, than the government, whose servants have no direct interest in being diligent or economical. Tobacco in France is a detestable commodity, and though at present more universally used than in England, would meet with a much greater consumption, if the merchant were allowed to make his own market. Under the existing laws, the culture of the plant is made a considerable article of agricultural produce; and the importation of foreign tobacco is prohibited, except in such quantities as the royal works require, for the manufactory of their superior snuffs, &c. But since the soil and climate of France are not so well adapted to the nature of the plant, as those of America, the result of this prohibition is to deprive the subject of the use of a good article, to diminish the total consumption, and to annihilate the importation duty, which could be made a fruitful source of revenue; while the farmer is encouraged to direct his industry in a channel ill adapted to the soil, and his movements are embarrassed, by a multiplicity of restrictive and penal laws.

Before a single plant of tobacco can be raised, an express permission must be obtained from the controller of indirect taxes, and this permission

is not given for a smaller quantity than twenty "*ares*" (about half an English acre). The contravention of this law is punishable by the destruction of the crop, at the expense of the cultivator, together with a fine of fifty francs for every hundred feet of plantation, if in an open country, or of one hundred and fifty francs, when the ground is inclosed with walls.—The calculated produce must also be registered.

The number of acres to be cultivated for home consumption, is regulated by the prefect of the department, at the suit of the director-general of indirect taxes; and this quantity is divided among the respective applicants. The growers for exportation are obliged to find sureties of the exportation of the crop, before they can obtain a license, if they are not themselves known to be solvent. The crop also cannot be removed, without a permit.

The tendency of these odious restrictions is to increase, beyond measure, the price of the produce, by the increased expense of culture, to multiply temptations to smuggling, to check improvements, and to corrupt morals. The answer to all these objections is, that the monopoly, with its licenses, permits, &c. produces 35,000,000 francs.

Salt is another commodity, whose manufacture is subject to a license; but the abominable abuses of the *gabelle* no longer subsist, which formerly subverted every principle of morality and of feeling, in order to punish the offences of smug-

glers. This impost is valued at 38,000,000 francs, without reckoning the royal salt-works termed *salines d'est*, which are under an especial government.

Wines, distilled spirits, and beer, form a very considerable article of revenue, consisting in licenses to fabricate, licenses for sale, and in duties levied at the entrance of large cities, communes, &c. The licenses vary, according to the size of the town or district, in which the business is conducted. The following extract will exhibit both the mode and extent of this variation.

Trades.	Districts.	Price of License. francs.
Retailers of excised liquors.	In communes of . . . . . 4,000 souls	6
	from 4 to 6,000 ..	8
	from 6 to 10,000 ..	10
	from 10 to 15,000 ..	12
	And so on, increasing to 50,000 ..	20
Brewers.	In certain populous departments, specifically named . . . . .	50
	In others, less profitable . . . . .	30
	And in all the rest . . . . .	20
Distillers universally pay . . . . .		10
Wholesale Liquor Merchants universally pay . . . .		50
Cardmakers are also subject to a license of . . . . .		50

The duty on the entry of wine in barrels varies in different departments, for which purpose the departments are arranged in a tabular form into four classes.



The following is the Tariff of the Duties on Wines, Spirits, &c.

POPULATION OF COMMUNES.	THE HECTOLITRE OF WINE IN BARRELS.				Hectolitre of Wine in Bottles. Sweet Wines both in Bottles and Wood.		Cyder and Perry, the Hectolitre.		Spirits in Wood, below 22 Degrees of strength, the Hectolitre.		Ditto between 22 Degrees and 28 Degrees, inclusive.		Rectified Spirits above 28, all Sorts of Brandy in Bottles, Spirituous Compounds in Wood or Bottles, Brandied Fruits, the Hectolitre.	
	In Departments of the				Sweet Wines both in Bottles and Wood.		Cyder and Perry, the Hectolitre.		Spirits in Wood, below 22 Degrees of strength, the Hectolitre.		Ditto between 22 Degrees and 28 Degrees, inclusive.		Rectified Spirits above 28, all Sorts of Brandy in Bottles, Spirituous Compounds in Wood or Bottles, Brandied Fruits, the Hectolitre.	
	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class	4th Class	fr. ct.	fr. ct.	fr. ct.	fr. ct.	fr. ct.	fr. ct.	fr. ct.	fr. ct.	fr. ct.	fr. ct.
In Communes containing from 2 to 4,000 Souls	0 55	0 70	0 85	1 01	15 0 35	1 40	2 10	2 80						
4— 6,000	0 85	1 01	1 15	1 30	1 70	0 45	2 10	2 80						
6—10,000	1 15	1 35	1 55	1 75	2 25	0 65	2 50	3 80						
10—15,000	1 40	1 70	2 02	2 25	2 80	0 85	3 40	5 10						
15—20,000	2 02	2 25	2 45	2 80	4 01	1 15	4 90	7 35						
20—30,000	2 80	3 10	3 40	3 80	5 60	1 55	7 00	10 50						
30—50,000	3 70	4 10	4 60	5 10	7 30	2 10	9 30	13 90						
50,000 and upwards	4 60	5 10	5 60	6 30	9 30	2 80	11 80	17 60						

Note—The hectolitre contains 107,375 Paris pints, each pint containing 46,95 cubic inches. If the English pint contain 28,815 cubic inches, the hectolitre is nearly equal to twenty-two gallons.

Besides the above duties, spirituous and fermented liquors are subject to an additional duty on each removal, called the *droit de circulation*; of which the following is the tariff on each hectolitre.

In Departments.	Wine in Wood.		Wine in Bottles.	Cyder and Perry.	Spirits in Wood, below 22 Degrees.	Ditto between 22 and 28 Degrees.	Ditto at and above 28 Degrees.	Ditto in Bottles, Compounds, Spirituous Liquors, Brandied Fruits, &c.
	Removed within the Department, or to the bordering Departments only.	Removed beyond the bounds of the bordering Department.						
Of the 1st Class	fr. ct. 0 40	fr. ct. 0 60						
2nd ditto	0 50	0 75						
3rd ditto	0 60	0 90						
4th ditto	1 01	1 20						
			5	0 0	20 1	80 2	50 3	20 8

The *droit d'entré* is collected at the entrance of towns, along with the duties, on all articles of consumption, which are termed *octroi*. The perception of internal customs having been abolished at the revolution, their revival, like that of all other abuses, took place insidiously. The charitable and other institutions of the several communes, which were supported by the communal lands, being left without resources, by the sale of those lands, the people were instigated to request the imposition of a duty, or *octroi de bienfaisance*. These collections were placed under the government of the commune, and applied strictly to local uses. But when the people had been sufficiently tampered with, and this system was carried as far as it would go, the whole produce was transferred to the controllers of the *droits réunis* (or, as they are called at present, of the *impôts indirects*), with the exception of a small sum to be applied to the original purpose; and thus they have been converted into a part of the ordinary revenue of the state.

Besides the above taxes, the government of the *impôts indirects* have the administration of some others; such as navigation dues, and tolls, stamp-duties on various manufactured goods, especially that on playing-cards. The state also enjoys a monopoly of the paper employed in the manufacture of cards. These united duties, exclusive of tobacco and salt, amount to 67,350,000 fr., so that the whole indirect taxes amount to 140,350,000 francs.

*Of the Domaine, and other Revenues of the State.*

The real property of the state may be divided into that which belongs to the king, and that which is attached to the state in particular.

The crown property is of two kinds, ordinary and extraordinary; the first consists of lands attached to the king or his family, under the title of *appanage*. Of all the princes of the blood, the Duke of Orleans alone has preserved any portion of this description of property: the fortune of the others being derived from money paid from the civil list, &c. &c. The king's domain consists of the palaces, chateaux, parks, gardens, and all other grounds and buildings subservient to his necessities or pleasures.

The extraordinary domain includes such possessions as the crown holds in trust, accidentally or transitorily, for public purposes, for endowments of institutions, &c.

The domain of the state is real or constructive. The real estate consists of woods, forests, the ground upon which stand fortresses, magazines, canals, and navigable rivers paying duties, public buildings, mines worked at the public expense (such are particularly the salt mines called *de l'est*.)

The woods and forests (under an especial board of controul) produce annually 20,000,000 francs.

The constructive domain consists of those duties, which are levied upon the administration of justice, the registering of deeds, the succession of property, the preservation of mortgaged property, upon receipts and bills of exchange, and generally upon

all stamped paper. The whole amounting to 114,000,000 francs Under this head also are included all establishments of public utility, calculated and arranged to produce a revenue.

The customs or duties on import, export, bonding, and transit, together with confiscations and seizures, in the whole form the very small sum of 40,000,000 francs.

Under the head of miscellanies in the budget, are included :

1st. The salt mines of the east, which vary from one, to one and a half, and two million francs, perann.

2nd. The profits upon the mint never exceed two or three hundred thousand francs.

3rd. The manufacture of powder and salt-petre, and the exclusive sale of gunpowder for sporting, may be estimated at the same sum.

4th. The administration of post-office, posting, and stage coaches, amounts from twelve to fifteen million francs.

5th. The lottery produces twelve million francs. This abominable tax upon industry and morality is constantly in action, in the different cities of the empire; and it is raised from the tears and blood of its deluded victims and their families. It is supposed to act a very principal part among the causes of suicide; a crime remarkably frequent in France.\*

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*Additional Note.* \* Suicide being a consequence of inordinate mental excitement, will always abound in proportion to the causes which agitate the passions. In England, mercantile failure, and religious fanaticism, are the prevailing sources of this

The whole ordinary revenue of the state then amounts to,

	Francs.
Direct taxes.....	223,174,420
* Twelve centimes additionnelles .....	23,930,520
Domaines and registrations .....	114,000,000
Woods and Forests.....	20,000,000
Salt.....	35,000,000
Miscellanies.....	29,000,000
Indirect taxes ..	67,350,000
Tobacco.....	38,000,000
Customs .....	20,000,000
	<hr/>
	570,454,940
The ordinary expenses are.....	548,252,520
	<hr/>
Which leaves a surplus of.....	22,202,420

Among the ordinary expenses may be noticed the following sums :

	Francs.
Debt, annuities, and pensions.....	125,500,000
Civil list .....	25,000,000
Royal family, including one million voted March,	
1816 .....	9,000,000
Chamber of peers.....	2,000,000
— deputies.....	700,000
War department.....	180,000,000
Marine (and invalids, 1,900,000) .....	48,000,000
+ Police .....	1,000,000

insanity. In France, the vicissitudes of the Revolution have been accused of producing similar effects; but at Paris, a passion for play and for lottery speculation is the chief impulse to self destruction.

\* Levied on the fifty *centimes additionnelles* to the land and property taxes of 1815, and destined to departmental expenses.

† About forty thousand sterling; very little, indeed, for the conduct of so complex a machine. The subaltern agents must be ill-paid, according to this estimate, even if not very numerous. It may therefore be doubted, whether the system of *espionage* really be brought so very generally into the bosoms of families, as it is pretended.

Such is then the budget for the year 1816, as far as regards its ordinary expenses and means: it remains to give a short statement of the extraordinary part.

The charges on the state, arranged under this head, consist of 140,000,000 fr. of contributions to the allies, the support of one hundred and fifty thousand foreign troops, 130,000,000 fr.; money paid to the departments, for advances for cloathing and equipment of the foreign soldiers, and money distributed among the districts which had suffered by the war, &c. &c. making a total of 290,800,000 francs!" "*les alliés sont vraiment de très chers amis!*" To meet this enormous expense, which lays an additional burden of more than one-half upon the people, the *centimes additionnelles* are continued from 1815.

First.—38 centimes additionnelles on the land tax,	Cents.
personal and moveable taxes; 10 cents. on doors	
and windows; and 5 cents. on patents, deduc-	
tion being first made for deficiencies.....	76,283,181

### *Extra Resources.*

110 cents. on patents, 50 cents. on doors and win-	
dows, and 10 cents. on personal and moveable	
taxes .....	24,282,540
Additional caution money, advanced by persons	
holding official situations, as security for their	
good conduct, and for which they receive in-	
terest. This sum, therefore, is in the nature	
of a loan.....	50,633,000
	<hr/>
Carried over	151,198,721
	<hr/>

	Cents.
Brought over	151,198,721
Additional stoppages on salaries.....	13,000,000
A reduction made by the king on the civil list, for the suffering departments.....	10,000,000
Increased custom duties.....	20,000,000
Increased stamp and register duties.....	26,000,000
Claims for the sale of communal lands outstand- ing.....	22,992,000
Ditto on account of wood sold.....	12,950,000
Ditto on national property.....	8,000,000
On account of a supplementary vote of credit of six millions.....	5,000,000
	<hr/> 269,140,721
Excess of ordinary receipts.....	22,202,420
	<hr/> 291,343,141
Extra expenses.....	290,800,000
	<hr/> 543,141
Balance .....	<hr/> <hr/>

A very cursory and rapid view of the system of French finance is sufficient to convince the reader of two facts ; first, that the amount of circulating property is small ; and secondly, that the taxes raised upon it are at once oppressive and unproductive. The situation of this great kingdom is not indeed easily comprehended by English intellect, accustomed to the parade of commercial wealth, and habituated to confound a large circulating medium with vast public resources and great individual happiness. In France, the soil, eminently productive, returns to a very moderate cul-

tivation an abundance of all those articles which form the essential support of life ; and the quantity of the produce compensates the farmer for the low price, which he has been accustomed to receive for it.

The property, likewise, being subdivided among many hands, by the operation of the republican codes, primitive habits are engendered ; and wealth, instead of being accumulated for the gratification of individual vanity and ostentation, flows in streams and in runlets among the mass of population. Here, indeed, it may be truly said, that nature has given *parcâ quod satis est manu*. An hunter in the stable, a bottle of port or of claret upon the table, and the frippery education of a country boarding school for his children, form no part of the necessities of a French farmer ; but the peasantry are well cloathed and well fed, and crowded workhouses and parochial donations make no supplementary compensations for scanty wages and dependant servility.

It results from this state of society, that while excessive misery is scarcely known, and mendicity is comparatively trifling, there is very little disposable property, which, in circulation from hand to hand, can come within the grasp of the financier ; very little luxury, very little parade of equipage and establishment, a scanty internal commerce, and, of course, no great quantity of circulating medium.

In the *exposé* of the state of the nation, which



Napoleon caused to be drawn up in the year 1813, the population of the departments of ancient France was found to be 28,700,000 souls; that of the entire empire, 42,705,000.

<b>The average quantity of corn grown in Imperial France, deducting the seed for the next year, is taken at 230,000,000 of quintals, which,</b>	
on an average of fifteen years, is in value . .	Francs. 2,300,000,000
<b>The produce in wine amounts to 40,000,000 of hectolitres; of which 3,800,000 are consumed in the manufacture of 650,000 hectolitres of brandy; the whole computed to be</b>	
worth. . . . .	800,000,000
<b>This article was considered as doubled since the revolution, while the empire was increased but by a third.</b>	
<b>The annual value of the woods . . . . .</b>	100,000,000
<b>1,200,000 quintals of hemp, and 500,000 of flax, together make . . . . .</b>	80 000,000
<b>In oil, the empire raises to the amount of . . .</b>	250,000,000
<b>Tobacco produces . . . . .</b>	12,000,000
<b>Hay and straw not reckoned, because they are included in the value of stock.</b>	
<b>Raw silk grown in France. . . . .</b>	30,000,000
(22,000,000 of pounds weight of cocoons).	
<b>The wool of 35,000,000 of sheep . . . . .</b>	129,000,000
<b>The carcases of 8,000,000, slaughtered annually</b>	56,000,000
<b>The annual increase of a stock of 3,500,000 horses is 280,000, of which 250,000 arrive at the age of four years, and are worth . . .</b>	75,000,000
<b>12,000,000 of black cattle admit of an annual slaughter of 1,250,000 head of oxen and cows, and 2,500,000 calves, amounting to..</b>	161,000,000
<b>The butter and milk of 6,300,000 cows. . . . .</b>	150,000,000
Carried up	<u>4,143,000,000</u>

	Francs.
Brought up	4,143,000,000
Raw hides .....	36 000,000
4,900,000 pigs annually slain .....	274,000,000
The produce of the metallic mines .....	50,000,000
Ditto of coals .... ..	50,000,000
Salt .....	28,000,000
Sundries, incapable of separate appreciation, fruit, honey, goats, asses, mules, garden stuff, orchards, pulse, &c. &c. ....	450,000,000
Total	Fr. 5,031,000,000
	or £209,625,000
	sterling.

But if we take the population as a guide, and consider the revenue of royal France as one-third less than that of the empire, its annual produce may be estimated as £139,750,000 sterling.

*The produce of manufactory is thus stated.*

	Francs.
Thirty millions of home produce, and 10 mil- lions of silk imported from Italy, yield in manufactory a profit of .....	84,000,000
Woollen manufactory .....	220,000,000
Tan pits .....	53,000,000
Hat manufactory .....	23,000,000
Hemp and linen ditto .....	139,000,000
Cotton ditto .....	235,000 000
Paper ditto .....	36,000,000
Printing .....	62,000,000
Soap making .. . . .	30,000,000
Manufacture of tobacco .....	60,000,000
Breweries .. . . .	40,000,000
Cider manufactory .....	50,000,000
Carried up	1,032,000,000

	Brought up	1,032,000,000
Cabinet and coach-making .....		30,000,000
Wrought and cast iron manufactory, by the first processes .....		70,000,000
Other mineral works, alum, gypsum, marble, copper, &c. &c. ....		12,000,000
Cutlery, arms, gilding, and brass manufactory, &c. &c. ....		67,000,000
Gold and jewellery works .....		32,000,000
Watch making .....		20,000,000
Glass and pottery .....		82,000,000
Dying .....		15,000,000
	Fr.	<u>1,360,000,000</u>

To these sums an addition is made in the *exposé* for certain new products of industry, such as beat-root sugar, scarlet from madder, indigo, and soda, amounting to 65,000,000 francs ; but this revenue seems more than problematic, at least for the present.

*The whole amount of French industry, in the year thirteen stood thus :*

	Francs.
Produce of the soil .....	5,031,000,000
Manufacture of raw materials .....	1,300,000,000
Products of new manufactures .....	65,000,000
	<u>6,396,000,000</u>

To these sums must be added the value of the last operations, such as those of bakers, tailors, &c. persons employed in making up manufactured goods for sale. One-tenth of the whole .....

	639,600,000
Carried up Fr.	<u>7,035,600,000</u>

Brought up 7,035,600,000

*In 1812, the year preceding the date  
of the exposé,*

The exportations were..... 383,000,000

The importations.. . . . . 257,000,000\*

The balance in favour of France . . . . . 126,000,000

Fr. 7,161,600,000

It would perhaps be impossible to obtain, at the present moment, any satisfactory documents respecting the annual income of Royal France, but if one-third be deducted for the loss of territory included in the *expose* of Napoleon, then the income is 4,774,400,000 francs, or £ 198,933,333 sterling. The taxes for the present year amount to 730,020,661 francs, or † £ 30,417,527 sterling, nearly; being something less than one-sixth of the whole produce: when this tax is paid there remains (admitting the population to be twenty-eight millions), in round numbers, just six pounds per head for the annual support of the inhabitants. Without, therefore,

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\* Before the revolution, the imports were 230,000,000 francs, and the exports 300,000,000 francs.

† The revenue of the year preceding the revolution was 20,500,000 francs, and its ordinary expenditure, 26,000,000 francs.

The budget for the year 1817 is laid at 1,069,000,000 francs, or about £ 45,000,000 sterling.

laying much stress upon the accuracy of these details, there cannot remain a doubt that the people are taxed to the full extent of possibility, and that a continuation of the present imposts is nearly impossible. On the other hand a large proportion of the present years budget consists of loan, and of the caution money, which is, in fact, a forced loan, subject to four per cent. interest, which cannot be renewed hereafter. We have further to observe, that both the war and marine \* establishments will require a subsequent increase of expense; and the additional sums demanded for the clergy must be added to the burdens of the ensuing years; together with a deficit upon the present budget, which public rumour states to be enormous. The condition of the exchequer must therefore be taken into consideration, as one of the many causes which are hostile to a continuance of the Bourbon dynasty; and afford a powerful element of discontent among the people, and of embarrassment and feebleness in the government.

The severity with which the allies have pressed on the nation, as a retribution for its political

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\* The marine has, in the budget for 1817, been from necessity *decreased*. In fact, France, under the present system, can neither have an efficient *navy nor army*; and it must be at the absolute mercy of those nations, that can support the expense of such establishments.

offences, contributes to render insecure all the arrangements they have so industriously made, for preserving the stupor (it cannot be called peace) of Europe ; and it will be placed by historians in the catalogue of faults committed by the congress of sovereigns. The state, however, of their several domestic exchequers, it may be said, made this plunder of the enemy a matter of necessity. Europe could not maintain its armies of occupation, but at the expense of the soil on which they are quartered ; and the unfortunate Louis had only to choose between abandonment to the uncontrolled sentiments of his subjects, or an overwhelming and ruinous taxation.

The total destruction of the ways and means of France, is a project more dangerous than that of its dismemberment ; yet nothing short of this extreme can result from the continuance of the system of occupation. To rely upon an increase in the commercial powers of the country, as a source of revenue, is absurd. Years of real and secure peace must pass, before the national industry can be rendered more subservient to fiscal purposes ; while on the other hand, it is to be feared, that agriculture (which, though it has made gigantic strides during the revolution, has yet fallen off, since the introduction of old abuses) will still suffer a greater degree of degradation, under the benumbing influence of the *ancien régime*. Po-

pulation, likewise, which has formed its increase upon the drain of an incessantly recruiting army, will soon become superabundant, and afford increasing materials for mendicity, in the increasing number of the useless and unemployed.

APPENDIX. No. 3.



OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, &c. &c.  
IN FRANCE.

Ne apud hos quidem, a primâ origine,  
Sed paucis ante nos seculis.

CÆLSUS.





# OF THE STATE OF MEDICINE,

&c. &c.

## IN FRANCE.

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A COMPARATIVE view of the progress and condition of medicine, in England and in France, if executed on an enlarged or comprehensive scale, would form a work of no mean interest. In the hands of the professor, it would become a means of enlarging the bounds, and rectifying the classification of the healing arts; while, to the philosopher, it would reflect a strong light on the general march of science, and would furnish a good practical chapter on the mechanism of the human intellect. For purposes, however, like these, the subject would require a development incompatible with the space to which these observations must be confined, and with the still more limited research and abilities, which are brought to the discussion.

The same marked opposition, which the two nations have ever exhibited in their modes of thinking, on points of taste, literature, and politics, may be traced also in their pursuit of science, and in their manner of handling (if the metaphor be allowable) a philosophical question. Perhaps

there is no particular, in the history of human nature, sufficiently remote from the influence of political institutions, to remain altogether unaffected by the good or evil they entail upon society.

In surgery, the French are confessedly our predecessors and masters. The long wars of Louis XIV. rendered the improvement of this art an object of vast political importance, at the same time that they afforded abundant opportunity for observation and instruction; and royal favour, and individual industry, went hand in hand in the cultivation of this branch of scientific investigation.

The visible and palpable nature of the subjects of surgical enquiry, has given to that science a more decidedly experimental character; and the contempt which physicians affected to throw upon its practitioners, by emancipating it from the trammels, in which the learned professions in France were held, became the fortunate means of an happier mode of investigation, and a more vigorous research. In England, however, the impulse towards improvement once given, was followed up with that ardent love of knowledge, and daring boldness of enquiry, which for a long while characterized almost exclusively the British nation: and while the English surgeons borrowed and improved the mechanical inventions of their rivals and neighbours, they brought to the science itself a peculiar fund of physiological knowledge, derived from the advanced condition of general philo-

sophy and of medicine, in their own country. At the period of the French revolution, there seems good ground for believing that the English surgeons were in advance of the French. But since that epoch, there have been unfortunately such ample means of investigation afforded, *Iliacos intra muros et extra*, and there has been so great a demand for surgical talent, that in both countries the science has advanced nearly *pari passu*; and it would be difficult for an unbiassed umpire to determine on which side the palm of merit should be adjudged. In those particular instances of improvement, which have been commenced in England, the French surgeons are, for the most part, in arrear; and some prejudices, derived from obsolete medical doctrines, still obscure the field of their intellectual vision. But, in the general conduct of their profession, in promptitude and decision during operations, in ingenuity and facility in the adaptation of means to ends, they have obtained to a degree of excellence, not easily to be surpassed.

With respect to medicine, circumstances are altogether different. There is not only much room for comparison, as to its progress in England and in France; but there exists in the two countries a total and a fundamental difference in the mode of considering the subject, and consequently in the curative intentions of their respective physicians. To the establishment of this difference

many circumstances have contributed. The natural variations of the English climate, the still greater extremes of temperature, to which a large part of its inhabitants are, by their mercantile pursuits, exposed, and their comparative intemperance as to food and drink, have necessarily rendered them the victims of a variety and a severity of disease, to which the French, from their geographical position, and agricultural pursuits, are to a great degree exempted. This fact is exemplified not less in the happy constitution of the people, than in the advanced age, at which the majority of those persons in France die, whose influence on society renders it an object to record in history the period of their decease.\* But a still more influential source of difference lies in the independent and manly tone, which philosophy in general assumed at an early period in England; and which, while it circumscribed the domination of authority, gave confidence to individual exertion, and multiplied and invigorated our methods of cure.

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\* *Il n'avoit que cinquante six, ou que soixante ans*, is a common formula of French biography. The Cardinal de Fleuri died at ninety; the President d'Henault at ninety-six; Crebillon Fils at seventy; Condamine at seventy-four; Voltaire at eighty-four; the Marquise du Deffant at eighty-four. Men of seventy and eighty have usually as much life and playfulness, in France, as their grandchildren.

From the earliest times there have subsisted two methods of contemplating disease, which have each had their supporters and panegyrists. The one considers its symptoms, as produced by a constitutional effort to expel or to overcome a noxious cause; and consequently as indicating a natural tendency towards recovery; the other views them as the necessary consequences of the injury received, and believes them to be regulated in their tendency towards death or recovery, by the ratio, which the violence done to the system bears to its powers of resistance. The first theory sees in the morbid movements the result of an inherent principle of preservation, and regards them as the most natural and best means of cure. The second considers them as essentially diseased; as the consequences, rather than the causes, of the progress of the malady; and as being neither the best means of recovery, nor even, in many cases, at all connected with convalescence. The duty of the physician, according to the first system, is to watch the progress of the symptoms, to predict their consequences, and occasionally to interfere, when circumstances occur, which exaggerate, or suspend the curative actions. According to the opposite hypothesis, it is his business to interfere from the beginning, to remove, if possible, the noxious cause, and to cut short at once the actions which it has occasioned; and which, however likely to terminate in a spontaneous cure, are still

accompanied by a waste of the powers of life, and by a strain on the constitution. The former, or expectant plan, which relies so confidently on the powers of nature, and which presumes so seldom to interfere, belongs to the infancy of art, and manifestly tends to impede its amplification; while the operative or active plan presumes a considerable knowledge of the laws of organized existence, and of the agency of foreign substances upon the living machine. The expectant theory prevails very generally among the French physicians, and is taught in their schools: the operative influences universally the methods of the English practitioners.

If a judgment could be formed of the state of medicine in France, from its several medical institutions, we should be compelled to believe that it had reached to perfection; or that the French physicians were at least on a par with the best and most learned of their European brethren. All the subordinate and associated sciences, anatomy, both human and comparative, physiology, botany, chymistry, &c. are cultivated with enthusiasm and success; and in their schools of medicine, besides the ordinary *routine* of instruction, courses of lectures are delivered gratis, on subjects, which, in England, are conceived to be but remotely connected with the pursuits of mere students; as the ornaments, rather than necessary acquirements, of active practitioners. Such, particularly, is the erudite course on medical literature, by Moreau de la Sarthe,

in which sound criticism is mingled with profound philosophical views, and delivered with an elegance and polish of style, that partakes more of *belles lettres* than of dry medical disquisition.

If to these considerations it be added, that surgery and medicine are taught in common, that the hospitals for clinical instruction are immense, well ordered, well attended, well ventilated, clean, and abundantly supplied with whatever is necessary to the health and comfort of the patients, the system of medical education will appear little short of absolute perfection. There seems, however, to exist an intrinsic and fundamental difference in the bent of the French and English intellect, which, if an *ex parte* judgment may be trusted, has given a superiority to the English in the pursuit of science : or at least has driven the two nations into opposite roads of investigation. The restraint, which the peculiar character of the French government had imposed upon political and theological discussion, from the earliest periods of enquiry, extended, by a natural consequence, to general philosophy ; and while, by its abhorrence of innovation, it imposed a chain on the inventive faculty, it directed the national intellect towards a dialectic subtlety. The operation also of this cause, by depressing whatever was not attached to the court, drove the sciences under the paralysing protection of patronage ; and introduced the formation of corporate bodies, whose united influence was calculated to raise their



members to an *état* in society, and to give them a consequence, to which, singly, they would in vain have attempted to reach; and the influence of these bodies was always paramount in the professions. The French, therefore, with the greatest aptitude for persevering and protracted study, can boast of but few inventors; and for the most part rest their claims of superiority upon order and analysis in scientific works, and upon pushing to their remotest consequences the discoveries of others.

The same subserviency to established forms, the same dread of departure from ancient usage, which tie down their theatre to a cold and unnatural declamation, and fill their poetry and their paintings with the mythology of Greece, confining them to the few hacknied images which fall within the compass of the national idea of "*the noble*" has operated in the sciences, to limit their efforts to the improvement of already acquired knowledge, and has diverted them from the path of original enquiry. Of the numberless inventions, which distinguish the modern from the ancient world, few, if any, are derived from France. Gunpowder, printing, drill-husbandry, the air pump, the electric machine, pneumatic chymistry, the telescope, the Galvanic apparatus, are all vindicated by foreign nations; and to the names of Galileo, Harvey, Newton, Franklin, and Jenner, they have not any thing, *aut simile*, *aut secundum*, to oppose. There is, on the contrary, impressed upon the philosophical *esprit* of the

nation a marked love of system, and a disposition to contemplate things, as they ought to be, rather than as they exist, to consider them in their abstract, rather than in their practical points of view. Hence their numerous perfect but inapplicable theories of government, their treatises on agriculture, written and conceived within the walls of Paris.\*

In applying these remarks to the French medicine, we are naturally led to recall the low ebb from which it has been raised, and the obstinacy with which its practitioners clung, for centuries, to Galen and the schools; thereby justly meriting the poignant ridicule, with which Moliere covered their studies and profession. The contrast between these men, and the French faculty of the present day, is extreme; and the improvement which has been given to the art, within the last hundred years, is highly creditable to the talents and perseverance of the nation.

The peculiar merits and defects of the French medical writers, may easily be anticipated from the preliminary remarks already hazarded. Obedient to the dictates of the expectant plan, and

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\* The invigorating stimulation, which accompanied the revolution, has given a vast increase of energy to scientific pursuit. The establishment of the Institute has concentrated the talent of the country, and caused a prolific co-operation of the different sciences. The taste for experimental investigation has rapidly spread itself through every branch of enquiry; and medicine, though at all times destined to follow in the train of the other arts, already begins to partake of the beneficial influence.

abstaining from active interference with the natural processes of disease, the whole powers and application of the French physician are concentrated in an accurate observation of its phenomena. Their works, therefore, on the art of Hippocrates and of Sydenham are among their happiest productions. The writings of Sauvages, Lieutaud, and, in modern times, of Pinel, Corvissat, &c. are replete with close observation and accurate discrimination. In the "nosographical arrangement" of Pinel, however, these merits are largely mixed with the vice of system. His analysis of diseases, according to the texture of parts, in which they occur, though a beautiful generalization, and pregnant with important results, is far from being sufficiently practical, to become the basis of nosology; and it necessarily embraces views altogether hypothetical. Thus, in internal inflammations it rarely happens that the disease is confined to one order of parts; that the pleura, for instance, is inflamed, without some affection of the parenchyma, or mucous membrane of the lungs. Notwithstanding this defect, the work has obtained an almost exclusive pre-eminence in the French medical schools, and ranks very highly in the esteem of continental practitioners. In physiology, the works of Bichat,\*

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\* As the present observations are confined chiefly to medicine, any detailed account of the anatomical writers of France would be to a certain degree displaced; and their known and acknowledged excellence renders the attempt wholly unnecessary.

upon which Pinel's system is founded, are of inestimable value; not more for the new and important remarks with which they abound, and for the merit of his peculiar analysis of the animal structure, than for that true spirit of experimental investigation, which, both by precept and by example, they perpetually inculcate. Wherever indeed the French surgeons have crossed the path of physic, they have largely contributed to its advancement; and the most considerable steps that have been made in the art, were taken since the branches have been taught in common.

In profound and comprehensive views the French must be considered as superior to ourselves: we have absolutely no work in the *genre* of the "*anatomie générale*" of Bichat, of his treatise "on life and death," or of the writings of Cabanis, if we except the *Zoonomia* of Darwin, which, maugre its originality, and many valuable practical hints, is inferior in patient investigation, and in luminous arrangement of idea, to the writings of the former of these authors.\* The spirit of the authors

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*Additional Note.*—\* John Hunter perhaps came the nearest to the philosophic school of France; but his mind, from inevitable causes, was not sufficiently drilled and regulated. His ideas often want perspicuity; and he fancied that he possessed *ideas*, when he had only invented *words*. From Brodie, and from Lawrence, physiology has the best founded expectations. The sound philosophical intellect and daring spirit of the latter, united to his peculiar talent for conducting experiment, form a combination, but rarely occurring in the same individual.

which dictated the logic of Condillac, and presided over the French writings on mathematical analysis, has diffused itself into many of the later medical productions of that nation, and has given them a decided excellence in those parts of the science, which are purely ideal. In all that is more particular and practical, the works of the English physicians are by very many degrees superior and more valuable.

To those who are not aware of the great extent to which the practice of medicine, even in the present advanced state of the natural sciences, is empirical, and are ignorant of the small connexion which subsists between our knowledge of the phenomena of disease, and our acquaintance with sound curative intentions, it will appear strange that the French, thus distinguished as physiologists, would not be esteemed by their professional brethren in England, as good physicians. It is, however, in physic, as in the other natural sciences: theory, however ornamental, however calculated to impose, by the air which it gives of connected and perfect knowledge, has done, and will do, little towards the enlargement of its domain. Very few, indeed, of the successful modes of combating disease are deductions, made, *a priori*, from scientific data; but have been struck off by hazard, or delivered down by tradition. Mercury, bark, and sulphur, the remedies best entitled to the appellation of specifics, are, in

their discoveries and application, the most independent of preconceived notions, and of theoretical science.

In theory, the French are, for the most part, attached to the Brunonian doctrines; which they mix up and assimilate with no inconsiderable relics of the humoral pathology. They are either wholly ignorant, or eminently fearful, of the modern practice introduced by Dr. Hamilton. It occurred to the author of these observations, to see two patients of one of the most celebrated of the Parisian physicians, who were labouring under serious and alarming symptoms of low fever, *De alvi statu nulla fuit inquisitio; ne enema quidem consuetissimum aliàs remedium, hisce ægrotis adhibitum.*

*Purgantibus uti, quæ alvum acriùs movent, Parisiis, religio est; nec in officinis pharmacopolarum servatur medicamentum, quod Extractum Colocynthis audit; usque adeo in despectu est apud medicos. Quæ verò alvum lenius ducunt, nec temerè nec sine apparatu quodam adjuvantium, vel in re minime ancipiti dantur. Jusculum, manè sumptum, causa fuit, quo minus meridiè adhiberentur ægroto, quem ipse curavi.*

With respect to calomel, the practice of England is ridiculed by the French, as to the last degree empirical: no authority can induce them to administer it as a cathartic in fever, nor as an alterative in many of the diseases, in which it is advantageously employed with us. In this respect, however, it would not be just to place their dis-

like wholly to the account of prejudice and obstinacy. The very trifling abuse of spirituous liquors, which occurs in France, and the little intercourse which subsists between that country and the East and West Indies, very much exempt the inhabitants from that class of liver complaints, which are so abundant in England; and which, masked under various insidious forms, extend the efficacy of mercurials to a vast many different complications of disease. The same cause also operates to simplify fever; and to render its connexion with visceral obstruction less common and less violent. Possibly it may also contribute to preserve a greater sensibility of the intestinal canal, which may render the employment of drastic medicines less safe and less necessary.

But with every possible deduction on these accounts, it must be confessed that the apprehensions thus entertained are excessive and unwarranted. The cutting short of fever, by the administration of a dose of calomel, followed by senna, &c. &c. forms no part of their practice, nor enters apparently into their minds as a desideratum. The theory of expectoration, indeed, which considers the febrile movements as essential to the return of health, forbids such an interference; as disturbing the course of nature, and (by a strange prejudice) as originating those visceral congestions, which we find to be averted by the practice in question.

The prevalence of this doctrine, conspiring with the currency of the Brunonian theory, leads also to a more sparing employment of the lancet, than is usual with us. The temperance of the natives, the facility of perspiration which their climate produces, will doubtless enable them to throw off inflammation, with much less depletion, than is necessary in treating the same cases in England. But from the frequency of consumption among the French, there seems to be great danger in their suffering even slight pleurisies and peripneumonies to run their natural career; when they can be cut short at once by a slight blood-letting: not to mention the protraction of the disease, and the fatigue of a long continued expectoration.

By the dread which prevails of powerful remedies, and by a strong remaining tincture of Galenical practice, there exists among the French physicians considerable confidence in drugs, which English practice has consigned to oblivion, as insignificant and inert. Their patients are still drenched with pint draughts, “*pour adoucir, lénifier tempérer et rafraichir le sang,*” and, “*pour amollir, humecter et rafraichir les entrailles;*” in the efficacy of all which, both physician and patient “most potently believe.”

It is no very flattering result for the art; but it is most unquestionably true, that the proportion of deaths to recoveries in disease, is, with a very few exceptions, the same under every plan of



treatment. The number of those, who must inevitably die from the violence of the malady, and of those, who, from the opposite cause, must necessarily recover, is so great, in comparison with that of the persons who owe their life or death to the skill or ignorance of the physician, that it is rarely possible to appreciate the merit of remedial treatment by this test.

It was not, therefore, without much surprise, that the author of these pages found the average loss, in the Parisian hospitals, to be much greater than usually occurs in those of the British metropolis. In the report made to the French government on the charitable institutions of Paris, in the year 1808, it appears that there were received, during the year 1806, into the hospital called "*La Charité*," the best, though not the most extensive in Paris, three thousand two hundred sick. Of these were

Discharged .....	2571
Died .....	385
Remained in the hospital	244
	<hr/>
	3200
	<hr/>

The mortality, therefore, was as one to 6,67.

The *Hôtel Dieu*, on the first of January, 1806, contained one thousand two hundred and seventy-four sick. The mortality on the whole number taken in during the year, was, for the men, as one to 5,38, and for the women, as one to 4,36.

But, in order to arrive at a greater degree of accuracy, the reporters take into consideration, that many patients die on the first days after admission, whose decease is not chargeable against the practice of the hospital. On this account they state, that of one thousand and eighty-seven males deceased, five hundred and thirty-six died in the first ten days; and these being deducted, the mortality becomes reduced to one to seven; and the same rule being applied to the deaths among the women, the average is rendered one to 5,46.

By the application of this method to the deaths and recoveries at *La Charité*, the mortality of the men becomes one to 8,38, and that of the women one to 5,82.

giving a total average of  $\frac{8,38 + 5,82}{2} = 7,10$ .

The average duration of the cases, excluding those who died or left the hospital during the first ten days, was at *L'Hôtel Dieu* thirty-seven days; and at *La Charité* thirty days; the female cases being in both the most protracted.

The vast number of desperate accidents and of severe disease, which such a city as Paris must produce, renders some deduction from the sum total of mortalities absolutely necessary, for the justification of the medical practice; but in taking so long a time as ten days for the standard, in distinguishing curable from incurable maladies, there must necessarily be excluded the great majority of deaths by fever; and the physician must conse-

quently be relieved from a greater *onus*, than he is fairly entitled to. The mortality, which remains, seems therefore enormous; and it greatly exceeds the average number of deaths, in those even of our hospitals, which are destined exclusively to the reception of fever cases. The average mortality in that fatal endemic, the Walcheren fever, where the patients had to struggle under every disadvantage of military vicissitudes and privations, did not much exceed one-tenth.\*

The great difference observable between the institutions of France and England, subsists also in their public charities. In England, these are the fruits of individual benevolence, and are separately governed, according to the will of their respective founders and contributors. In France, they are under the management of the government, and are all regulated by a common police.

It is not easy to state, with becoming accuracy, all the consequences resulting from each of these methods. It appears, however, that a more comprehensive view is taken of the wants of the French metropolis, and that considerable advantage results in the arrangement and distribution of the sick. On the other hand, there is a manifest inconvenience, if not danger, in bringing the sick from

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*Additional Note.*—\*In the existing epidemic, if we may judge of the general practice of Dublin by the returns of the fever hospital, the deaths do not exceed one in fourteen. In the ordinary typhus, I should think the loss rarely exceeds one-twentieth.

the remotest part of the city to a central bureau, for the purposes of preliminary inspection.

The largest hospital in Paris is the *Hôtel Dieu*, which was designed to contain two thousand beds for constant occupation, and two hundred kept as a reserve for accidents. It does not, however, contain at present so great a number. Its situation is by no means well chosen, being in the very centre of the city; but as it is placed on an island in the middle of the river, the current of air occasioned by the stream must be favourable to ventilation. The wards are spacious, and perfectly well aired; and the patients are attended by a society of nuns of the order of St. Augustin, with the utmost humanity, and with a zeal that passed the fiery ordeal of the revolution unabated and unsullied.

*La Charité* contains only two hundred and thirty beds; of which one hundred and twenty are set apart for medical cases, and one hundred and four for those requiring surgical treatment.

The hospital of *St. Antoine* contained on the 1st of January, 1806, one hundred and seventy-two patients, and it received during the year two thousand two hundred and sixteen. Total mortality one to 5,74, or, with the former abatement, one to 7,42.

*L'Hôpital Beaujon* contained on the 1st of January, 1806, ninety-eight sick, and received during the year one thousand four hundred and forty-six. Gross mortality one to 5,96.

*L'Hôpital Necker* contained, at the commence-

ment of the year, one hundred and thirty sick : received during twelve months one thousand and thirty-nine. Mortality one to 5,59.

*L'Hôpital Cochin* has provision for one hundred sick. Mortality in 1806, one to 6,96.

*L'Hôpital de St. Louis* contains nine hundred beds, and was designed to receive infectious cutaneous diseases, also scrophula and scurvy.

*L'Hôpital des Vénériens* has five hundred beds. It received in 1806, two thousand six hundred and sixty sick, of whom one thousand three hundred and forty were men, and one thousand three hundred and twenty women ; an equality of numbers that appears worthy of remark, if moral causes be taken into consideration. The mean duration of the cases was sixty-two days, and the mortality as one to 22,54.

Before the revolution, such cases were principally taken to the *Bicêtre* ; but the whole number received there amounted only to six hundred annually ; while that of the applicants was more than two thousand ; and these are said to have formed scarcely a fourth of the number requiring assistance : for the majority were withheld by their hopelessness of obtaining admission, and by the horrible condition of the sick when admitted. Each ward contained several ranges of beds ; the floors also were strewed with them ; yet notwithstanding that three or four sick were sometimes placed in each bed, they were obliged to rise in the middle of the night, to make room for others to take a turn of

repose. If to these considerations it be added, that the names of the applicants were often placed on the list for admission eighteen months before they could be received, some notion may be formed of the sort of disease, and of the treatment which that hospital must have exhibited.

*L'Hôpital des Enfants Malades* contains five hundred beds\*. In 1806, two thousand one hundred and sixty-one sick were admitted. The mean duration of the cases was seventy days. The mortality of the boys was one to 3,81; that of the girls one to four. They are admitted from two years to fifteen.

The lunatic hospitals are, one at Charenton, in which forty beds for men, and twenty for women, are maintained, at the charge of the hospitals of Paris. The *Bicêtre* has accommodation for above one hundred persons. At *la Salpêtrière* there are from seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred females: some of these are incurables; others, deemed curable, are selected from such as have not obtained admission at Charenton. They are placed in five separate departments or wards: one, an hospital for incidental disease, one for incurables, one for furious maniacs, a fourth for those not dangerous, and a fifth for convalescents. The two last contain a spacious walk, shaded with trees. In the practice of this hospital, which is under the superintendence of Pinel, great stress is laid upon the tepid bath, as a remedy for mania, to which is added, when the patient is riotous, a *douche* of cold water, falling se-

veral feet on the head : this practice seems to operate, not less as a moral, than as a physical remedy. Various local means are also occasionally applied, such as cauteries, leeches, blisters ; but in general little reliance is placed upon the exhibition of drugs, while much confidence is placed in moral means, especially in occupation. In the physicians' private room, there are accumulated numerous casts of the heads of lunatics, forming a most hideous and fearful portrait of humanity. The sum total of information which they afforded was decidedly unfavourable to the physiognomical doctrines of Gall. Such at least was the opinion of Mons. Pinel on the subject, to whose politeness and urbanity the philosophic traveller, who visits this hospital, will always find himself largely indebted. To those, who are unacquainted with the writings of this eminent physician, it will be consoling to know, that the utmost humanity and skill prevail in the treatment of maniacs in France : chains and whips are absolutely forbidden ; and the most furious maniacs are restrained by a well-applied waistcoat. Another point also, in which morality and good feeling are cultivated, is in the seclusion of these unhappy patients. In no hospital are they made a public exhibition, to gratify the curiosity or the malignity of idle holiday-makers. Besides these hospitals, there are very many others, of a miscellaneous description. The foundling hospital, hospitals for incurable diseases, for the blind, several military hospitals, and an ex-

cellent one attached to the *école de la médecine*, &c. &c.; and the *bureau de bienfaisance* distributes advice and relief to poor room-keepers at home. The funds for this charity are drawn, by an happy association, from a tax on the places of public amusement.

Besides the hospitals in which persons are gratuitously received, the delicacy of moral tact among Frenchmen has given birth to establishments, termed "*maisons de santé*," in which those, whose fortunes have not reduced them to the necessity of receiving charity, but who are yet unequal to the expense of home attendance, may procure an apartment, the services of a nurse, physician, surgeon, and apothecary, upon the extraordinarily moderate terms of three francs per day; paid a fortnight in advance; or of two francs only, when the invalid chooses to sleep in a common dormitory. Besides the establishment in the Rue du Faubourg St. Martin, which belongs to the government of the *bureau de bienfaisance*, there are others belonging to individuals; who apparently render these institutions a means of introduction to general practice. It may very well be doubted, whether establishments like these could be introduced into England, where provisions are so expensive, and where civility, and the numberless inexpressible attentions which the sick require, must be purchased of the nurse by clandestine gratuities; and where there subsists so large a portion of petty pride and ostentation, to prevent small tradesmen and room-



keepers from accepting of an advantage, which would so publicly mark their circumstances in life. The spirit however in which the *maisons de santé* are conceived, might be adopted at home with benefit to the national character; to counteract the depressing influence of that system, which has placed nearly a quarter of the population upon the parish lists, and bowed down the "bold peasantry, their country's pride," to pauperism and servility.

In the general management of the French hospitals, all the advantages of order and arrangement are attained, which might be expected from the military precision that the revolution has introduced into every branch of the public service. By six o'clock in the morning, nurse, physicians, surgeons, and pupils, are assembled; and before twelve, every patient is visited; half a dozen or more great operations, perhaps, performed; clinical lectures given, and advice administered to a crowd of external patients. The advantages resulting from these early hours, are, first, that the diet for the day is directed according to the actual wants of the patients; while in hospitals where this regulation does not subsist, any changes which the physician may make in the food and drink of the sick, can only be put into execution on the following day, when their situation and necessities may become very different. There is, besides, a great increase of comfort to those, whose wounds, &c. require dressing, and who are thus at an earlier

hour put at rest for the remainder of the day. But the principal benefit which ensues from this practice, is in the case of great operations. Very often in the English hospitals, a patient knows that he is condemned to an amputation, &c. &c. for some days before it is to take place: by operating every day, this interval is, in France, not extended beyond four-and-twenty hours; and by the early attendance of the surgeons, the immediate expectation is much diminished. It is in human nature so contrived, that those events which are separated by the death of each day's life, do not impress the mind so strongly, as those which are to be performed in the current day: the agony of expectation, therefore, in these cases, is the most distressing, from the period of waking in the morning, until the hour at which the operation is to be performed. During this time, every moment is counted; and the arrival of the surgeon is alternately desired and deprecated, as patience or apprehension assume the control; and thus, much of that courage which should be reserved for the moment of suffering, is expended in horrible anticipations, and unavailing regret. There can be no hesitation as to the propriety of adopting, in our English hospitals, this merciful custom of early attendance.

In the conduct of their operations, and, indeed, in their general intercourse with the sick, the French medical men are tender and kind-hearted; and at once an honour to their profession and to

human nature. Their address is soothing, consolatory, eminently calculated to win confidence, and to quiet alarm. In action, they are prompt, dexterous, and alert. Every thing is previously calculated, and every step of the process clearly foreseen and arranged in the mind, before any part of it is commenced. No time is thus spent in previous handling of the part; no interval is allowed to elapse between the different stages of the operation. After a moment's self-concentration, the surgeon approaches the patient with some cheering and encouraging observation: he takes the knife; the incisions are made; the saw is instantly handed; the assistant is ready with his ligatures; the arteries are tied; and the wound closed in the shortest possible interval. The utmost silence and decorum are observed by the pupils during the whole time; and thus, both the moral and physical suffering attendant upon these horrible necessities of humanity, are reduced nearly to an absolute minimum. In all these particulars, the constitutional kindness of the French character, the activity of their sympathies, and the warmth of their feelings, display themselves to the greatest advantage. Here is no cant of sentimentality, no insincerity of compliment; the virtues are exhibited in positive result; and let those who are virulent in their abuse of the national character, blush, when they talk of degraded morals and egoistical indifference.

Of the medical education in France, there has been already occasion to speak with praise: the subject is peculiarly interesting at the present moment, from the disputes to which it has given occasion in our country.

There are in France three universities, having power to confer medical degrees; that of Paris, of Montpellier, and of Strasbourg; and the graduates of these places are at liberty to practise in Paris, or elsewhere in France, upon registering their name at the municipality of the arrondissement; a formality which is, however, often neglected, without drawing any serious consequences on the offender.

The different ranks acknowledged in practice, are those of doctor of medicine, doctor of surgery, and *officier de sante* (a rank answering somewhat to that of surgeon-apothecary in London), and lastly that of apothecary, whose functions are strictly confined to the compounding of drugs.

Before the establishment of this order, the practice of physic, like every other institution, had fallen into excessive abuses. The picture, which the reporters of the new law have drawn, is sufficiently similar to that which might be sketched of the present state of practice in England, to warrant a short extract. They state that, "in spite of the apparent order which subsisted, time had introduced abuses and irregularities, against which all persons of intelligence had exclaimed for the last thirty years. Such particularly were the difference of qua-

fications for doctors, *intra muros et extra muros*; the differences of privileges of bachelors, licentiates, regent and non-regent doctors. Opposed to some advantages, were to be seen the passions and jealousies assuming the pretext of order, and the dignity of the profession, to torment those, who, either by novelty of doctrine or successful practice, had arisen to distinction and notoriety. If two universities (those of Paris and of Montpellier) preserved the severity and dignity of their examinations, all the others nearly had become culpably facile in their admissions: so that the title of doctor was conferred on absentees, and letters of reception were expedited by the post." To remedy these evils, the three universities were, by a law, equalized both as to privileges and to qualifications; and a degree from either is now alike available in all parts of the empire. There exists, therefore, in France, no corporate bodies, independent of the universities, to regulate locally, or generally, the practice of physic; and infringements of the law are pursued, like any other penal offences, by the officers of the police. The time of study requisite for obtaining a doctor's degree in physic or surgery is four years; the examinations to be passed are one in anatomy and physiology, a second in pathology and nosology, a third in materia medica, chymistry and pharmacy, a fourth in *l'hygiène* and forensic medicine, and a fifth on internal or external clinical examination, according as the candidate

determines for physic or surgery. These examinations are public, and two of them are directed to be held in Latin. After they have been passed, the candidate has yet to write and to maintain a thesis, either in French or Latin. The whole expense of study and for the degree is fixed at a maximum of one thousand francs, about forty pounds.

The qualifications for an *officier de santé* are six years' study under a doctor, or five years' attendance on the practice of a civil or military hospital; or lastly, three years passed in a school of medicine. He is examined by a jury composed of two physicians, domiciliated in the department, and a *commissaire*, who is taken from among the professors of the several schools of medicine: this jury assembles once a year. The examinations are three; one in anatomy, one on the elements of medicine, and the third in surgery and the most common parts of pharmacy. The whole expense is limited to two hundred francs. The duty of these persons is defined, by the reporters of the law, to be the general care of the sick, in remote country places, and the superintendence, every where, of such slight diseases as do not require the advice of the physician, or surgeon.

Very particular pains seem to have been taken, respecting the education of apothecaries. Courses of botany, natural history, chymistry, &c. are directed to be given in the schools of pharmacy; and no one is suffered to practise, without being first

examined, either in the schools, or before a departmental jury. The examinations are, one on natural history, one on the theory of pharmacy, and another on its manipulations and processes. The last of these examinations must last for four days, and must consist of, at least, nine chymical or pharmaceutic operations, in which the candidate is to describe his materials, to explain his method of procedure, and declare the nature of their expected results. The candidate must be twenty-five years of age. The expense of his examination, in the schools, is fixed at nine hundred francs ; or, before the jury, at two hundred.

*Officiers de santé*, where there are no apothecaries, may supply their own patients with medicine, but they are not permitted to keep open shop. Apothecaries' shops are subject to visitation, by the professors of the schools of medicine, within a circuit of ten leagues from the place in which they are held. In all other places, this duty is performed by the jury of physicians.

The sale of quack medicines is utterly forbidden ; and druggists are subject to a penalty of five hundred francs, if they presume to compound medicines. Both druggists and apothecaries, are bound under a heavy penalty, to keep a book, in which the names, residence, &c. are inserted of all persons, to whom they shall sell poisonous drugs ; as also the nature of the drug, and the usage for which it is intended.

For the instruction of midwives, it is directed that an annual and gratuitous course of midwifery be given, in the largest hospital of the department. Before any person can be admitted to an examination, she must have attended two courses of lectures, have been present for nine months at deliveries, to have operated herself in the hospital, for six months. Women are not allowed to deliver with instruments, unless sanctioned by the presence of a physician, or surgeon.

Such are the principal enactments of the law, which regulates the practice of physic. As far as could be gathered from general enquiries, it appears that the doctors in the two faculties practise indifferently in each, without jealousy and without disagreement; and that even persons, having no legal title, practise in Paris, &c. without drawing upon themselves the infliction of the appointed penalty.

Apothecaries universally prescribe for the poor, and for such persons as ask their advice in their shops. The advertisements of quacks also figure upon the columns of the *Palais Royal*, no less than upon the walls of the Royal Exchange, in London. The new institutions of medical police in France are not therefore more effectual in regulating the practice of physic, than the obsolete enactments of the English law. It should seem that the most which can be effected by such legislative interference, is a general influence upon the



profession; and that great forbearance and indulgence must ever be granted to individuals. For it is in the natural order of things, that society should break through the artificial distinction of ranks, created in colleges and academies; and that having the purse in its own hands, it should distribute its favours, wherever caprice or judgment directs. There ever must exist some few apothecaries, better skilled to practise physic, than the ordinary mass of *routine* physicians; for genius is not confined to any rank: surgeons likewise will often be found, the bent of whose ability lies rather towards physic than to surgery; and it is a manifest injury to society, and an injustice towards individuals, to deprive such persons of the exercise of their peculiar talent. It is besides a natural and an inevitable consequence, that mothers, indebted for their own and their childrens' lives, to the skill of an *accoucheur*, should extend their confidence in him through the other branches of the art, and call upon him to attend in the general diseases of the family; nor can any penal statute prevent her from preferring a tried friend, to making a confidence of the secrets of her family to a stranger. The poorer class of persons also will always apply for the cheapest advice, and will seek it among the compounders of medicine; notwithstanding any statute that may be made to the contrary. The apothecary will, indeed, be the small shopkeeper's physician, not more on the

score of expense, than on account of the distance, which education and habits of life place between such persons, and the graduated doctors.

Two great difficulties oppose themselves to any regulation, susceptible of a rigid practical adoption. Either *other* qualifications must be expected, than mere examinations, or that test must be taken *alone*. In the first case, individuals entitled by their knowledge to practise, will be excluded, when their fortunes have placed them out of the reach of university instruction; a decision, with which the public will never comply. In the second, the entire object of legislative interference will be defeated, since no test is more undecisive or more capable of evasion, than the power of answering a few questions; a power which may be acquired by the short and summary method, well known to those whom it may concern, under the technical appellation of *grinding*. It should therefore become an established principle with all corporate bodies, to administer their powers according to the spirit of their institution, and not in the dead letter of monopoly; for, in proportion as their utility is circumscribed, individual oppression becomes offensive and intolerable.

From the whole that could be gathered from enquiries, not always very directly answered, the medical police, as far as it concerns the regulation of practice, seems to have become, in Paris, a dead letter; without producing many cases of flagrant

imposition, or exciting any jealousies or ill-will amongst the practitioners.

The school of physic in Paris is numerously attended. The faculty are in possession of a building of great convenience, and of beautiful architecture. But its amphitheatres, though of immense size, are not larger than is necessary for containing the crowded audiences; which consist not only of medical students, but persons attracted by the general love of knowledge. During the continuance of war, the demand for surgeons alone maintained a numerous class in the schools. Cuvier, in a desultory conversation with which he honoured the author of these sheets, stated the annual consumption of medical officers, under Napoleon, at an average of five hundred.

The faculty of physic possess an extensive and valuable library, like all other Parisian libraries, of most easy access and much frequented. They have also a collection of preparations, inferior in many respects to those of the anatomy schools in London; a collection of surgical instruments, and another of models. These last are beautifully executed, and represent recent dissections with a perfection, which no art can preserve in the parts themselves.

The faculty assemble at certain intervals, to read papers and to discuss practical points; for which purpose the members also bring patients for illustration and for example. At the sitting at which

the author was present, a member exhibited some cases of very extensive suppurating tumours, which were absorbed and dissipated by the repeated application of the *moxa*. One of these tumours had occupied the whole of one side of the back, and must, from the appearance of the part, have contained nearly half a gallon of fluid. In the same sitting, a paper was read, recommending the exhibition of large doses of opium in cholera: the difference in the state of French physic and of surgery could scarcely be better illustrated.

Though abounding in scientific journals, France is not possessed of any periodical work on the healing arts, comparable with the Edinburgh Medical Journal, or the transactions of the London Medico-Chirurgical Society. The practice of giving detached observations to the public has not yet commenced in France; or is confined exclusively to the verbal communications made at the Institute, and other learned societies. Individual vanity has not taken this rout to gratification, and authorship in general is not made a professional stepping stone; but is confined to a few individuals, who rarely deign to make their appearance in a less imposing manner, than by an entire system; or in a smaller shape, than a series of comely octavos. The practice also of the country *officiers de santé*, &c. is in all probability too closely subjected to the law and the gospel of authority, to

admit of those novelties, which pour in from all parts of the British dominions, upon the editors of periodical works; and which, if they subject the reader to the task of wading through much nonsense, still contain, among the chaff, a considerable portion of valuable grain; which, if not thus gleaned, would be lost to the service of humanity.

The “*Bibliothèque Médicale*” consists entirely of extracts from published works and criticism.

The “*Journal Général de Médecine*,” commenced by Corvisart, Boyer, and Roux, has passed into other hands.

The “*Journal Universel des Sciences Médicales*” is an entire new work, and has yet its reputation to establish.

“*La Gazette de Santé*” is a single sheet, published every ten days, containing principally facts, with but a small portion of critical matter. It is valuable for its list of the cases, which are from time to time admitted into the hospitals of Paris; and it contains also a series of articles upon the history of medical opinions. This work is edited by Dr. Montégre, a gentleman of great talent, information, and zeal for science; and it is conducted in a spirit purely philosophical. Of these works, some have been recently silenced, by the operation of the new stamp duty;—*Usque adeo obtusa*, &c. Such is the spirit of the present government.

It has been the fate of physic, from the very first revival of letters, to creep slowly behind the other

sciences, and to adopt their methods only at considerable intervals after their establishment and success. This has arisen partly perhaps from the culpable influence of authority, and partly also from a laudable hesitation at innovating, where so great an interest is at stake. This remark will explain the present state of the science in France; which is still very greatly in arrear of its associate arts, and is commencing only that career, in which the other natural sciences have made such considerable progress. There is, however, good cause to believe, that the impetus which it has received will lead to speedy and important improvements, and that the spirit of Bichat, Gaulois, and Majendie, will be carried to practical discussions. To the habit of observation, on which the French physicians so justly pride themselves, there will then be added a greater degree of enterprize in the employment of curative means; and thus they will become entitled to take a lead in forming the medical opinions of Europe; and will have weight enough to induce our own countrymen to set bounds to their empirical tendencies; if, as the French suppose, they are indeed verging to a vicious excess, and tend to a partial degradation of the science itself.

At the time when the father of physic wrote, the observation of symptoms was the only road open to investigation. Chymistry, anatomy, physiology, did not exist, nor had natural philosophy

explained any of the external causes which generate disease. But the leading reason, which impelled Hippocrates into his peculiar line of enquiry, was the almost entire want of all really powerful remedies. Without bark, mercury, antimony, and opium, his means of operating upon disease were limited within very narrow bounds. His functions, as a physician, were reduced nearly to a vain and useless augury ; while his views, as a philosopher, were necessarily directed to the subject itself, for the means of curing disease, by his ignorance of the resources of the external world. The present state of knowledge justifies and demands a different line of enquiry. It is no longer sufficient to know disease ; the physician must cure it. He must wield with courage and dexterity the weighty weapons, which modern discoveries have placed in his hands ; and in this branch the French have yet much to learn. Their literature is eminently deficient in those monographic works, which in England have so powerfully contributed to the progress of medicine ; and it is absolutely without names, to place in the same line with those of Hamilton, Currie, Saunders, Pemberton, Blackall, and Watts. They have, however, but a small barrier to pass, a few prejudices to cast aside, and the zeal with which natural science is so universally pursued, will lead them rapidly forward in the right path.

In the mean while it is to be hoped, that the horrible and barbarous system of insulation and

seclusion, which for thirty years has cramped the energies and checked the progress of the sciences, will give place to a peaceful intercourse between nations: or, at least, that war will be conducted upon a more humanized plan. Whatever may be the political relations of independent states, it belongs to the illumination of the present age to determine, that the lettered and scientific world shall be considered as universally at peace; that it shall at all times be permitted, by a freedom of intercourse, and a liberal interchange of knowledge, to promote the great work of human happiness, and (like pity, following in the train of slaughter) to heal up those wounds, which the madness of ambition inflicts on the prosperity and civilization of the European republic.





## APPENDIX. No. 4.



### SUMMARY VIEW OF THE STATE OF POLITICAL OPINION, IN FRANCE.

Talor si scuote, —  
Sorgere tenta, ricade, et torna schiavo,  
E trar del ceppo antico il pie non puote,  
Qual domestico angel, per poco ch'abbia  
Svolazzato al difuor, ritorna in gabbia.

CASTI.



## POLITICAL SUMMARY.

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**THE** French revolution, while it has found no apology in the vices and mismanagement of the old government, has been made chargeable with those consequences, which have exclusively resulted from the opposition of its enemies.

At every epoch of its appalling history, the march of events has been turned aside, and driven into new courses, by an external force of compression ; which, exaggerating all the passions incident to political change, has given a new character to the people, and hurried them into situations, the least consonant with their interests and intentions.

It is now very generally admitted, that the crimes and misfortunes of the reign of terror (as it is emphatically termed) were fomented and exasperated, if not commenced, by the ill-judged resistance of the Bourbon Princes, and by the hostile coalition of the European sovereigns. Nor can it reasonably be doubted, that the dominion of Napoleon rested upon the same foundation. At the period of his return from Egypt, the French nation, encompassed with foreign enemies, had lost nearly the whole of its earlier conquests ; and agitated by

internal suspicions and jealousies, was unable to repress faction, or to preserve its independence and integrity, under a popular form of government.

A short campaign, under the command of Buonaparte, sufficed to remove the danger of invasion from the frontiers, and enabled him to dictate terms to the invading armies. The snake, however, thus "scotched," but "not killed," would soon have "closed and been herself," and France more than ever would have been "in danger of her former tooth." It became therefore inevitably necessary to place the national strength in the hands of some individual, more capable of wielding it than the feeble and disjointed directory. This proceeding, felt as a necessity, was not admitted as a desideratum. The people were not blind to the probable consequences of the step they took; but they had no choice between the sacrifice of their existence, as a nation, and the establishment of a more consolidated authority in the republic. At the epoch of the consular government (as it has again happened in the year 1815) there was no middle term between the reign of a military chieftain, and that of the Bourbons and their allies; and the nation cannot be considered as deviating in either instance, from their original sentiments, in the choice which they adopted. The motives indeed by which they were actuated have since been fully justified by events; for, though during a reign of fourteen

years, the scope of Napoleon's government was to establish arbitrary power in the imperial dynasty; yet he was necessarily interested to repress many abuses, which have since been brought back with the royal domination. The pretensions of the ancient clergy, nobility, and parliaments, were incompatible with his political existence; and he had a direct interest in the preservation of as many of the benefits of the revolution, as were not absolutely inconsistent with his power and views; in order to attach the people to his government, and to form a contrast between the imperial and the royal regime. Arbitrary and harsh as was the conduct of the Emperor in those points, in which his personal interests were concerned, his government still preserved a considerable conformity to the spirit of the age: though he both hated and feared the republicans, he respected their notions, even when he most opposed their wishes. The legion of honour, the new nobility, and the constitutional clergy, though anti-revolutionary institutions, which in the event have proved the stepping stones for the return of the old privileged classes, were still essentially orders of merit; and the principle of equality was preserved, both in civil and military promotion. The objects of Napoleon's government, also, where they were most hostile to liberty, were favourable to the military glory of the nation, the *spes altera*, the second idol of na-

tional worship.\* By habit, by prejudice, and by necessity, the French had become a military nation; and they fully sympathized in all his schemes for extending the empire, and revenging the injuries they had sustained from the sovereigns of Europe. The prosperity which the revolution had impressed upon the agriculture of the country, by the suppression of feudal and ecclesiastical rights, not only enabled it to sustain, without material detriment, the burden of war; but supplied even a sentiment of gratitude to the government, by which these advantages were confirmed. The administration of the laws, though in some instances corrupted by the Emperor, was in the aggregate rendered secure, equal, and respectable, by the labours of his ministers; who, profiting by the exertions of the preceding governments, produced that simple, comprehensive code, which now passes under his name.

Although the circumstances of the times, and Napoleon's peculiar situation, gave a decidedly despotic character to the imperial government, yet in its general features it was marked by the absence of unnecessary crimes, and of useless and unprofitable vexations. The Emperor rarely in-

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\* L'uom non è forse da' tiranni suoi  
Spinto a crudel carnificina anch' esso?

Ed ei (che creder lo potria) l'infame

Giogo non soffre sol, ma par che l'ame.

*Gli Animali parlanti*, Canto xix. stanza 37.

dulged in wanton outrages upon the public feeling, but strove rather to heal the national wounds, by abridging the lists of proscription, and restoring the forfeited properties, which remained unsold, to nearly all, who were not absolutely and decidedly hostile to his government; while in the magnificence of his public works, utility and general convenience were consulted, even where the largest sacrifices were made to personal aggrandizement, and individual ostentation.

It should not, however, be imagined that the nation had sunk into an insensible acquiescence in his abuses of authority, or were seduced by the splendour of his achievements, into an oblivion of their suspected rights. Repeated conspiracies had been formed against his person and authority, during the short course of his prosperity; and the moment of his adversity was eagerly seized, for a renewed declaration of rights (consonant, and almost identical with the first breathings of liberty in the year 1789), and for an attempted revival of republican forms, which was rendered abortive by the interposition of a military force, against which there remained nothing to oppose.

In frequent and confidential conversations with individuals most attached to his person, with his private intimates, and with the companions of his military glory, I never met with any attempt to disguise or to palliate the errors of his reign. Amongst the nation at large there existed a manifest cold-



ness with respect to his return to France, except when his government was contrasted with that of the old dynasty. Then, indeed, the comparative mildness of his sway, the absence of childish and unmeaning persecution, and the grandeur of his military enterprizes, were themes of warm panegyric and of fond regret. Compared with the effects of the restoration, with the absolute renunciation of the revolutionary principle, with the spirit of the emigrants, and the prospective renewal of every antiquated custom, the tyranny of Napoleon is esteemed light, and, what is more important, evanescent. The imperial throne, established on the sovereignty of the people, sanctified and kept in remembrance that fundamental principle of liberty; and held up to the nation a prospect of future freedom, and a precedent, which they might follow, whenever circumstances should be more favourable to their exertions.

It is a manifest injustice to accuse the French of indifference to liberty, and of political fickleness, upon the demonstrations of the populace during the rapid changes of the last three years. Every thing upon these occasions was forced and unnatural. With a foreign army in their streets, and with a vigilant and tyrannical police in the bosom of society, the exhibition of the *orthodox* colours, and the ejaculation of the *proper* cry, became matters of dire necessity. Yet if the display of national feeling was not more lively at those

periods, than the childish and feminine trebles which cheered the king under the windows of the palace, during the summer of 1816, the royalist faction had little reason to boast of popular acclamations.

Admitting, however, to the fullest extent, the enthusiasm which might have been manifested upon the return of the Bourbons, by the populace of Paris, it would be gross delusion to trust to such an exhibition; and it would be idle and unjust to cast it in the face of the nation. Without dwelling upon the trite maxim of popular instability, it is sufficient to ask how far the English nation would be content to rest its character for sense and political sagacity, upon the disgusting and degrading avidity, with which a well-dressed mob pursued the allied monarchs, during their triumphal visit to London. With respect to the restoration of the royal family, there is not the slightest shadow of pretence for attributing it to the will of the people. The nation were compelled to submit to the government of the Bourbons, in the same manner as they had been forced to adopt Napoleon, by the violence of their external enemies: and if the election of this family by the senate, at the first restoration, had less the semblance of restraint, than their forcible return on the second (when the gates of the *corps législatif* were closed by a foreign soldiery), the difference rests wholly in appearances;—the violence being the same in both instances.

Worn out as was the nation by repeated changes, and disabused respecting the connexion of liberty with forms purely democratic, it is highly probable that they would still have been contented to submit to a constitutional government, under the old dynasty, had such a combination in the nature of things been possible: but the sentiments of the king and of his family were too well known, to admit of confidence. As long back as the year 1795, he had himself protested, "that both duty and honour forbade his relaxing from the authority transmitted to him by his predecessors, and that he looked to nothing but the restoration of the catholic religion, and the ancient constitution." So long ago also as the first revolution, a specific offer had been made to the emigrant princes, to unite their return to France, with the re-establishment of Louis XVI.; and to grant them each a million per annum (forty thousand pounds sterling), besides the payment of their debts. Their reply was "*tout ou rien*," all or nothing. But perhaps the most extraordinary instance of the views, which have uniformly governed the royal house of France, is to be found in the instance of Pichegru, who, when he offered to negotiate the return of the expelled family, was, by the Prince de Condé, refused the "*cordon bleu*," because he was not sprung from a family sufficiently exalted to merit the honour of that order. Charles II. of England knew better how to treat with Albemarle.

The people of France were not, however, long left in dependence upon insulated anecdotes, for their knowledge of the royal intentions. The wishes of their triumphant (though not conquering) masters were soon too plainly spoken. The charter, (drawn up by the senate, and forwarded to the king for his acceptance as a preliminary to his admission to the throne, and by his brother freely and unconditionally accepted in his name,) was in a few weeks contemned and violated; and a form of government, in every particular different, was granted to the people, of his benevolence, and by his absolute authority. The throne accepted as the gift of the nation, but maintained as of divine right; the king's reign, dated from the decease of his predecessors in the royal line, and his style changed by the omission of the phrase "by the Constitutions of the Empire," gave abundant indication of what was to come; and at one blow rescinded the whole transactions of the revolution, rendering every act, upon which the national pretence to liberty was founded, null and illegal.

In the same spirit, with these changes was conceived the alteration of the national cockade; a circumstance indifferent in itself, but infinitely important by the impression it was calculated to make on the nation. The influence which habit confers upon signs, independently of their intrinsic value, is among the very elements of political wisdom; and it required no great experience

to have felt that in every change, which is attempted in the insignia of national feeling, the people and not the government should have the initiative. The tri-coloured cockade, and the eagle, would as effectually rallied the people under a Louis, as under Napoleon, to march against the enemies of the country. It was therefore the merest political driveling, to change the ensign, connected with so many recollections of national glory, for another, which, to say the least, was remembered only by disagreeable associations. The tri-coloured cockade led to no conclusions, and pledged to no particular measures, for it had been adopted and worn by Louis XVI.; but the change made, in defiance of the reiterated acclamations of the senate, gave at once too plain a manifestation of the spirit and tendency of the new government, and showed such an excess of weakness and of prejudice, as shocked the most moderate, and cooled many of those friends, whom a love of peace had attached to the royal succession.

But the disclosure of the royal sentiments was not confined to these measures. Every act of the government spoke hostility to the revolution. The refusal of the Duc d'Angouleme to accept the charter; the total silence of the royal princes on the subject, during their tour through France, in which they repeatedly harangued the municipalities; the shadow of representation which the new modelled *corps législatif* afforded; the dismissal

of senators of good repute; the disbanding of the imperial guard, and formation of the Swiss corps (detested for the recollection which it was calculated to renew, no less than for the distrust the measure exhibited of the native soldiery), the general tenor of the language held by the princes,\* and their exclusive attachment to emigrants and anti-revolutionists; the surrender of the frontier fortresses to the allies; the threatened attack upon the purchasers of national property, in the speech of M. le Comte Ferrand, one of the king's ministers; the writings of the Avocats, Dard, and Falconet, on the same subjects, scarcely disavowed by the government; innumerable articles of a similar description in the ministerial journals, sent gratis by the ministers to known royalists, spread universal dismay, and left not a hope to bind the people to the royal line, or to justify their obedience to the sceptre of the Bourbons.

If the conduct of the royal family was little calculated to conciliate the people, that of the emigrants was, if possible, more openly hostile to freedom and to reason. "These persons," says a popular French author, "who have returned to France, without having learned experience from misfortune, or forgotten the least of their ancient pretensions, have not scrupled to erect themselves

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\* The Comte d'Artois, in reply to an aristocratic deputation, committed himself so far as to say "*Jouissons du présent, je vous réponds de l'avenir.*"

into public accusers, although every thing conspired to accuse themselves. Their awkward and insensible egotism and vanity, their ignorance of the situation of affairs, and of the temper of the times, their impatient and insatiate desire to recover their possessions, sold under the guarantee of the laws, and which could not be restored but by unsettling the fortunes of the great mass of society, will not fail to be regarded as the principal causes of the last vicissitudes of the royal family ; for whom they refused to make the slightest sacrifices. Deaf to the voice of their country, and to the interests of their king, they will be held answerable by posterity for the consequences of their extravagance and of their obstinacy.”\*

The absurd pretensions of the emigrants, and their total forgetfulness of the possibility of reaction, led them into the wildest and most impolitic measures. Imagining their cause to be gained, the nation to be chained at their feet, and incapable of resistance to any punishment they might inflict, they disdained the smallest disguise of their sentiments and expectations. Thus, in one of their inflammatory pamphlets, addressing the people, their organ exclaims, “ all the families you have butchered and plundered, those who have escaped your fury, and whom you affect to despise ; those, upon whom you have exercised

for six-and-twenty years all sorts of vexations and injustices, and for whom you entertain a sovereign hatred, are no longer disposed to submit to your domination. The time is passed for these things: the king, for whom we have suffered every thing, is restored; the monarchy will be re-established, and so shall we; and you will return to the insignificance from which you arose."\* It was upon these grounds that the French exclaimed, "The Bourbons and their friends have returned *chez eux*, and not *chez nous*!!!"

Not confined to these verbal reclamations of their property, they proceeded in many instances both to force and to fraud, for recovering its possession. Researches were made into the validity of the sales of national property, and slight pretexts sufficed for their annulment. In one instance, a property of fifty thousand francs was confiscated, on an alleged failure in the payment of sixty francs, in part of the purchase money. Instances also were not wanting, in which the ancient proprietors expelled the occupants by force of arms, and in defiance of all law and order.

The avidity which was manifested for the recovery of the old estates, was accompanied by every mark of contempt for the people, and for the army, which had fought their battles. Persecution and proscription were the destined portions of all who

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\* L'autorité des choses jugées.



had favoured, even by their wishes, the march of the revolution. The expiatory acts of religion, ordered for those events, upon which the national liberties had been founded; the associations, formed and presided by the grand almoner, for sending into the provinces missionaries to rally the defenders of the throne and the altar, were preliminaries to a complete counter-revolution, and therefore in direct violation of the royal charter.

These and a thousand similar acts, which it is difficult to assign to their respective authors, but which all emanated from the emigrant spirit, were the fruits of that restoration, which the foreign troops imposed upon the country.

To these facts may be referred, without fear of contradiction, much of the supposed attachment of the people to Napoleon, and the eagerness and unanimity with which they threw off their enforced allegiance to the king, and ranged themselves under his banner. The royal government, by its conduct, had rendered itself hateful to the people, suspicious to the proprietors of national property, contemptible to the army, and desperate in the eyes of every lover of constitutional liberty. Under Napoleon, the renewal of a military despotism was probable, a destructive war was inevitably certain; but the priests, the nobles, and the emigrants, were expelled, and the nation were satisfied that they were gainers by the exchange. But, however fondly the people of France might

cling to the memory of Napoleon, under the domination of a dynasty, which understood not the changes that five-and-twenty years had produced in France, and which was opposed in all its personal feelings to the interests of the people, it is nevertheless true that the Emperor had not a majority of friends among that part of the population, which took the lead in political matters. The fact indeed is placed beyond the possibility of dispute by a circumstance, even yet, not very generally known in these countries.

Some time before the arrival of Napoleon from Elba, the impossibility of a long submission to the tyranny of the emigrants being felt, and a conviction entertained, that any change in the condition of the kingdom would be for the better, an extensive conspiracy was formed for expelling the Bourbons, and for assembling a national representation to decide upon the form of government, which should be substituted for the monarchy.

In this conspiracy were concerned many republicans, and lovers of the English form of government; but it embraced also military and other characters attached personally to the imperial dynasty.\* Yet the object of all parties being the establishment of national independence, and the maintenance of peace with Europe, they unanimously agreed (in full confidence in the declara-

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\* Particularly Le P—— Des——

tions of the allies, that their hostility was personally against the Emperor), and bound themselves to each other in a solemn obligation, to exclude Napoleon from any further concern in the affairs of France.\*

At the moment when the plot was ripe for execution, and when the first movements had already been made in the north, Napoleon suddenly burst upon the Bourbons, and commenced his excursion to Paris. To declare against him under these circumstances, would have been to divide the kingdom, and to fight the battles of the common enemy. Submission became a matter of necessity; and the efforts of the friends of liberty, taking a new direction, tended to the establishment of a constitutional government, and to the imposition of effectual restraints upon the Emperor's known love of domination. The activity and power of this party are exhibited in the popular language of Napoleon's manifestos; and his dread of them is shown in the absurd measures he precipitately took, to strengthen himself by the *acte additionnel*. During the whole time of his absence with the army, the labours of the repre-

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\* This article was the basis of the whole enterprize, and stood first in the agreement. To betray the source from which the anecdote is derived, would, perhaps, compromise the very respectable individual who narrated it to the author of these pages. The authority, however, is immediate, and such as entitles it to every consideration.

sentative body were directed to fortifying themselves against arbitrary encroachment, in case of his returning victorious from the battle he was about to encounter: and their successful resistance to his attempt at seizing the dictatorship, after his defeat at Waterloo, is a sufficient pledge of the spirit by which they were actuated.\* Thus, then, for a second time, the kings of Europe placed Napoleon on the throne, by forcing the people to a measure which had only comparative recommendations; and thus again they impeded the natural course of the nation towards freedom, and gave a new and destructive tendency to the march of the revolution.

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\* On the evening of the second abdication, in the Secret Committee of the *Corps Législatif*, Lucien, in a speech of considerable talent, endeavoured to rally that body round his brother. In summing up, however, he ventured to accuse the French nation of levity, and want of perseverance. To this assertion, La Fayette replied, "*C'est une assertion calomnieuse que celle, qu'on vient de proférer. Comment a-t-on osé accuser la nation d'avoir été légère et peu persévérante à l'égard de l'Empereur Napoléon? Elle l'a suivi dans les sables d'Egypte, et dans les déserts de Russie, sur cinquante champs de bataille, dans ses désastres, comme dans ces victoires; et c'est pour l'avoir suivi, que nous avons à regretter le sang de trois millions de Français.*"

This speech has been somewhat misrepresented: it is now given as communicated to the author, by the general himself.

During the whole of the hundred days, and up to the closing of the chamber of representatives against the members, the will of the nation was as strongly expressed in favour of a rational freedom, as the circumstances would admit; and it may be doubted whether Napoleon, notwithstanding his arbitrary measures, would have continued more than an instrument in the hands of the national representation, had he even gained the battle of Waterloo. The boastful way in which he acknowledged his popular title to the throne; the change in his manner; his mixing among the common people; and his continual anxiety to captivate good opinion, all marked the vast increase and influence of liberal opinions, and the decisive change which had taken place in the public spirit, since the period of his former authority. Nor can it be believed that such men as Carnot would have continued in his ministry, without some better object than the re-establishment of his accustomed despotism.

The defeat of Napoleon, however, gave another turn to affairs; and the moment was seized (perhaps not very judiciously) for the re-establishment of a republican government. The declaration of rights, promulgated by the representatives, affords another proof of the steadiness of the thinking classes, to the original principles of the revolution, for it is nearly identical with

that made by the Constituent Assembly in 1789.\*

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*\* Declaration of Rights, made by the National Assembly,  
July, 1789.*

Nature has made all men equal and free. The distinctions necessary to social order are founded solely in public utility. Every man is born with rights, inalienable and imprescriptible. These are liberty of all sects and opinions; the right to preserve life and honour; the right of property; the free disposition of person, faculties, and industry; free communication of thought by every means; the pursuit of happiness; the resistance to oppression.

The exercise of national rights has no other bounds, than those necessary for their common enjoyment. No man can be bound by laws, other than those made by himself, or his representatives; and which are already promulgated, and legally applied. The sovereignty lies imprescriptibly in the nation; and no individual, or body of persons, is entitled to authority, which does not emanate expressly from that source. The end of all government is public good; and this requires that the legislative, executive, and judiciary authorities, should be separate and defined; and that their organization ensure a free representation of the citizens, the responsibility of ministers, and the impartiality of judges. The laws should be clear and precise, and uniformly applicable to every citizen. The taxes should be freely voted, and equally assessed. *And, as the abuses which, in the course of successive generations, creep into all human institutions, necessitate the occasional revision of the laws, LEGAL AND PEACEABLE MEANS SHOULD BE INDICATED, TO ENSURE, IN CERTAIN CASES, AN EXTRAORDINARY MEETING OF NATIONAL DEPUTIES, FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF EXAMINING AND CORRECTING THE VICES OF THE CONSTITUTION.*

The principles promulgated in these declarations, were approved by a majority of the representatives, and form the basis of the creed professed by the greater part of the nation. It may seem extraordinary, that, actuated by such sentiments, the French did not afford a more effectual opposition to the career of their enemies. But under circumstances so unfavourable to resistance; when a beaten and dispersed army, without the materials of war, were opposed to a million of men in arms; when doubt and distraction prevailed in the senate, and no rallying point was open for public spirit, it is difficult to find grounds for effort, or encouragement for hope. The enslaved condition of the press also had rendered the promulga-

*Declaration of Rights, made by the Representative Corps,  
in 1815.*

Liberty of Citizens—Equality in Civil and Political Rights—Liberty of the Press—Liberty of Worship—The Representative System—The necessary Consent of the People to levy troops and taxes—Responsibility of Ministers.

N. B.—To these articles were added others, arising out of the circumstances of the times. Such are—

Irrevocability of Sales of National Property—Irrevocability of existing Proprietorships—Abolition of Tithes, of Nobility, ancient and modern, hereditary and feudal—Abolition of Confiscation, in all cases—Oblivion of past Political Acts and Votes—Institution of the Legion of Honour—Continuance of Rewards to Officers and Soldiers, and of Pensions to their Widows—Institution of Juries—Immoveability of Judges—Guarantee of the National Debt.

tion of a natural sentiment slow and uncertain ; and there was little confidence among individuals, respecting the real feeling of the country ; the obstacles therefore to a guerilla war were apparently insurmountable. With respect to the propriety of fighting another pitched battle under the walls of Paris, great difference of opinion subsisted at the time in council, and still subsists among the people. The judgment of Carnot, Vandamme, and the majority of the assembly, all against the risk, is entitled to considerable weight. The danger of delivering Paris to pillage ; the universal and well-founded distrust of Fouché, and of other leaders ; the apparent hopelessness of the cause, even in the result of a victory, are all available excuses for not fighting. How far a confidence in the declarations of the allies, and of the pledge given to the House of Commons by the British ministry, may be entitled to the same claim, is more than problematical. The engagements of the allies with Louis XVIII. were evident ; and the whole tenor of their conduct, in congress, exhibited a decided hostility to the revolutionary principle. To hope that they would tolerate in France a republican, or even a really representative system of government, to expect at their hands any dispensation which would leave France an unshackled and preponderating power in the European balance, was a stretch of credulity, which can only be justified as the last clinging effort of drowning despair.



On the other hand, if the people were earnest in their love of liberty, there was no desperation equal to an unconditional surrender. The army which retreated behind the Loire was considerable; many chiefs were eager to fight, and all would have obeyed, had the order for battle been given; every house in Paris would have formed a citadel, and the siege might have been protracted, like that of Saragossa. Had the defence of Paris been undertaken, merely as a means of obtaining terms, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the effect would have been considerable. The allies must have felt great hesitation in committing themselves in the eyes of Europe, and of posterity, by the destruction of the finest city of the Christian continent, the centre of civilization, the home of nearly half a million of human beings, the depôt of the principal remains of antiquity, and of the fine arts. The common voice of mankind would have exclaimed against the violation. At all events, the existence of France was not dependent on that of Paris; and the sacrifice of Moscow afforded a recent example. Still, however, he must be a bold and confident judge, who shall presume unhesitatingly to condemn the French for a tame submission under such circumstances. The Bourbons had received a fresh lesson, apparently, sufficient to instruct the slowest intellects in the conduct they ought to pursue. The eyes of Europe were open to the necessity for a liberal government in

France; and the finances of its most inveterate enemy were rapidly exhausting. Every thing, therefore, promised, that the coalition would in a few years spontaneously melt and fall asunder, and would leave the nation to its own exertions. Much, then, was to be expected from a Fabian policy; and when human life, and the accumulated comforts of an immense metropolis were at stake, there might be reason in ceasing from a desperate struggle, and in preserving the national strength for a period of brighter auspices, and more rational expectation.

It has been a customary attack upon the revolution, to assert that the French are at once unworthy and incapable of liberty; and that a forcible reinstatement of the Bourbons would be a benefit conferred upon a thoughtless and inconsiderate people. This position is certainly convenient. By an easy generalization, it follows, that some despotisms are necessary; and the necessity may, in its turn, be applied to every particular instance. It would, however, be difficult to show that there exists any cause latent in the climate, diet, or other physical conditions of the nation, which unfits them for that liberty, which is the common right of all mankind; and with respect to moral causes, they have not yet had that fair trial which is adequate to decide the question.

The enjoyment of rights is connected with the performance of duties; and the habits of freemen

cannot be suddenly impressed upon a generation nourished in slavery. But the progress which the nation, under every disadvantage, has made in political knowledge is by no means inconsiderable. The fidelity with which the office of juryman is discharged in France, has been mentioned in another part of this volume; and in the worst epochs of the revolution, corruption in the exercise of the elective franchise was unknown; a decisive proof that the people are neither insensible to the blessings of liberty, nor ignorant of the basis on which it is founded.\* The leading defect in the political character of the French, is the want of a proper jealousy of the minutest infringement of popular rights; it is an insensibility to individual outrages on the liberty of the subject, where private interests are not concerned; and the secret is betrayed in the co-existence of an habeas corpus law, with Fouché's system of police.

There are, and there necessarily must be, in such a capital as Paris, a large body of persons prone to submission, and ready to purchase ease and riches by compliance and flattery. The inferior writers more especially, (the *canaille* of literature) have

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\* The consequence has been, that policy, despairing to manage the electors, has curtailed their rights, both by open attacks, and by insidious complication in the mode of election. "*Trovata la legge,*" says the Italian proverb, "*trovato l'inganno.*"

exhibited a disgraceful want of public spirit and character; but the numerous examples of stern and inflexible resistance to seduction, which the repeated revolutions of the last thirty years have called into evidence, are amply sufficient to redeem the national reputation: it is enough to cite the names of La Fayette, Carnot, and Gregoire. If reliance, however, can be placed upon individual observation, a devotion to the interests of the country, and a readiness to make every sacrifice for the recovery of its liberties, are much more common than egoism and apathy, among the more respectable classes. In France, as elsewhere, there is less patriotism among the trading part of the community, which is chiefly occupied with the returns of the shop; but with the cultivator of the soil, whose attachment to his country springs from an expansion of his domestic feelings, the sentiment is warm, animated, and enterprizing. Nor can it be doubted that the agricultural population would rise in a mass, should the interference of foreigners be pushed too far, and the sense of national degradation be brought too closely home to the bosoms of the community.

Situated as France has been (it cannot be too often repeated), some contradiction in the popular feelings was inevitable. With necessities the most opposite, with desires the most incompatible, now struggling for liberty, and now contending for political existence; the nation has been compelled

to vibrate between constitutional security and external strength; and it has been led to embrace forms of government the most opposite in character, and contradictory in principle. Still, however, like Proteus in the arms of Hercules, the revolution, in all its metamorphoses, has preserved its individuality; it has tended uniformly to the same ends, and has pursued its course with a steady, if not an undeviating regularity.

To judge of the political sentiments of the French, at the present day, it is sufficient to enquire, what has been the scope of the revolution. If its tendency has been to take from the few, and to give to the many, there cannot be a doubt, that the majority are favourable to its continuance, and dread the establishment of any power tending to deprive them of the benefits they have obtained. The division of the national property into an infinity of small possessions, is in itself sufficient to attach the great mass of the people to the revolution. The vast multitudes of peasants, masters of a little tenement, a garden well stocked and cultivated, and teeming with vegetable life, proprietors of a small plot of land, a cow, pig, and poultry, with good cloaths, and an abundance of excellent bedding; while they bear testimony to the benefits which France has derived from its first political change, afford an overwhelming mass of implacable hostility to whatever tends to shake the security of the national sales.

Another interest most decidedly opposed to the restoration, is that which arises from the abolition of tithes. The immense benefit, which the cultivators of the soil derive from that revolutionary measure, keeps alive an hatred and a jealousy of the ancient system, whose spirit is bigotry, and whose supporters are known to consider the clergy, not only as religious guides, but as the pillars of the throne, as advocates of divine right, and as ready and useful assistants in the craft and mystery of government. Neither can the French farmer be deceived by the sophistry, so constantly played off in England, that the tithe falls exclusively on the landlord; for they have *felt* the difference. They have compared the opposite condition of a tithed and untithed cultivator: they practically know that the tax is not so much levied on the soil, as upon the industry and capital which render it productive.

Another class of persons, bound by the same tie of interest to the revolution, is that of the younger children of wealthy families. By a law, whose wisdom is equalled only by its humanity, the vanity of the parent is prevented from reducing his family to beggary, in order to enrich the elder branch. By this law the bounds of caprice are regulated, by the number of children. The man, who has one child only, may alienate one-half of his property, at pleasure. If he have two children, he is compelled to reserve two-thirds to divide between them; if he have three, his power of alienation extends only to one fourth of his pro-

perty.\* A law like this, which provides for the comfort of all the members of a family, which gives value to property, by its diffusion and circulation, and protects the state from the danger and corruption of overgrown fortunes, manifestly strikes at the very root of the feudal system, and is incompatible with the principles of the restoration. The ancient regime is in its essence, privilege, favour, and distinction. The subserviency of the younger children to the hereditary supporters of the family dignity and splendour, is no less a part of the system, than the existence itself of such representatives; the law therefore must be repealed or modified in a way unfavourable to the mass of the population, who will not easily forget the benefits they have enjoyed, for five-and-twenty years, under the protection of the revolutionary principle.

Another description of persons, whose interests are injured by the restoration, is that of the private soldiers and subaltern officers of the army; who, without being, as their enemies assert, eager after plunder, and discontented with any settled order of society, may regret the competency to succeed to the highest military honours, and the certainty which merit enjoyed of finding its level, independently of birth or court favour. The French government have thought it good policy to disband the remains of the imperial army, in order to disarm and separate men, whose habits of mutual

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\* Code Napoleon, 913.

confidence and of trust in their commanders gave them a dangerous advantage over their employers. But it is difficult to imagine that the fresh levies will be less national, or less prejudiced against the new government, than their predecessors. They are equally alive to the recollection of the revolutionary principle of promotion;—they are the natural successors to the glory, to the regrets, and to the wishes of the disbanded army; and they are fully as much awake to the ridicule of superannuated generals, and holiday colonels. The imperial soldiery, on the other hand, returned to their original occupations, exhibit the extraordinary picture of lieutenants at the plough, and captains in waggoners' frocks. Very many of these men, promoted from the ranks, and acquainted with the charms of comparative idleness and wealth, while they are conscious of the services by which they rose to command, cannot repress the disdain and disgust with which they return to servile habits, nor conceal their hatred to the new order of government, which occasions their present obscurity. In the bosom of their native villages, they become the centres of complaint—the *foci* of sedition; and they will long preserve alive in the country the existing feelings, respecting the restoration. This description of men might perhaps have been conciliated by kindness, and won by protection; for it is the nature of soldiers to attach themselves to those by whom they are paid: at present, they are at once monuments of faded glory,



and ready instruments for the first chief, who may start in opposition to the reigning dynasty.

But if there be any class of society more fervent in its attachment to the revolution, and thoroughly disgusted with the annihilation of constitutional rights, it is that of the literary and scientific men. Under this appellation it is not intended to include the official scribblers, who, divested alike of literary, as of moral character, remain steadily attached to the minister of police for the time being; and who, in consideration of a few hundred francs, are prepared with essays, odes, and epithalamiums, tragedies, operas, and farces, to adulate, or satirize, to prove, or disprove, according to the reigning politics of the day. The constantly increasing influence of public opinion has given importance to the labours of these men, in the estimation of the minister; while the meanness of their employment, and their facility of tergiversation, have secured them from persecution. The same persons, therefore, have eulogized in succession the republic, the emperor, and the king; and they remain, like the feline tribe, attached to the house, while they equally and in turns caress all its various and successive inhabitants.\*

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*Additional Note.* \* This respectable corps, in their notices of these volumes, have well earned their pay; and well may they enjoy it.

“ I cannot strike at wretched Kernes.”

The genuine literati, and more especially the men of science, both by interest and principle, must be attached to the revolution, which had raised the dignity of talent, by opening every employment in the state to general competition, and had removed the various impediments, with which bigotry and a mistaken policy had circumscribed and controlled the freedom of enquiry. Unembarrassed in their functions, and raised in the scale of society, not more by the degradation of the honours of aristocratic distinction, than by their own positive increase in utility and importance, it is natural that they should be hostile to an event, which plunges them in their ancient *roture*, by raising to the surface a description of persons, whose eminence has no necessary connexion either with knowledge or morals; and it is just that they should distrust a family and a government, which for centuries had persecuted, with unrelenting severity, all opinions which did not coincide with the prescribed scale of fanaticism and

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But when the base offices of menial servants are performed by men of high place; or rather when persons of small talent, of no principle, but of unbounded ambition, attain to elevated situations in the state, by prostituting literature to purposes of falsehood and scurrility, when such men triumph in their shame, force themselves among nobles and senators, and go forth unrebuked into society; then contempt for the age, and pity for the nation, in which these things happen, master philosophy; and patience itself longs to place

“ ————— in every honest hand

A whip to lash the rascals naked through the land.”

subserviency. The scientific classes are besides well aware that the king entertains a personal dislike to them, from the share they have had, or have been supposed to have had, in the conduct of the revolution, while his exclusive affection for belles-lettres, and his distaste for the sciences, make but few claims on their admiration or esteem. In Napoleon, on the contrary, the men of science found a warm friend, and a co-operating protector. That he possessed all the acquirements to which he pretended, is not probable. The life of a soldier is but little favourable to such various and extensive pursuits. But that he was a good mathematician, a competent chymist, an admirer (at least) of the fine arts, and possessed the outlines of natural and physiological science, is beyond doubt or contradiction. He enjoyed also a faculty, of which all kings are desirous, from its imposing and useful results;—that of a good natural tact for enquiry, for adopting the ideas of others in conversation, and giving them the air of originating with himself. By this faculty, he was enabled to dictate to artists on sculpture and painting, to criticise composition with musicians, and in conversation with the different professors, to draw them out, and dismiss them, contented with themselves, and impressed with an high idea of his own talents and accomplishments.\* Well aware of the importance

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\* It is thus that he is said to have for a moment seduced Benjamin Constant; and to have tamed the republican, by a mixture of admiration for his ability, and of coincidence with his opinions.

of the sciences in improving manufactures, advancing agriculture, and increasing the means of defence in war, he was equally alive to the absurdity of that false and sophistical metaphysic, which had been the boast and triumph of schoolmen; and which had so largely contributed to plunge Europe in ignorance and superstition. While, therefore, knowledge had every thing to hope from him, as a protector, it had the less to fear from his craft, as an emperor. It will ever remain as a testimony of his enlarged views and liberal respect for science, that the first article of the treaty he imposed upon Naples, after the battle of Marengo, stipulated for the release of Dolomieu, the naturalist; who had been made prisoner on his return from Egypt, and had been treated with every indignity, which barbarity and pusillanimous vengeance could inflict.

It is not then wonderful, that Napoleon in a great measure succeeded to captivate many of that class of his subjects, and to blind them to the fatal consequences of his despotic character. The habits which the revolution has occasioned of substituting practical notions of expediency, for theoretical ideas of government, have also induced many to give their support, or at least their tacit consent to his government, who were intrinsically democratic; and who looked forward impatiently to the epoch, which should emancipate science from patronage, and the republic from domination; esteeming the then existing order of things to be transitory, and to be necessitated by circumstances, which at no very

distant day might cease to be influential. Upon the whole it may be concluded, that the majority of the most respectable members of this body are in sentiment republican, and that those who escaped from the personal influence (it might almost be called fascination) of the Emperor, have never deviated from that political principle. But whether they have resisted imperial solicitation, or have yielded up the noble independence which should always accompany genius, the whole body seem at heart united in a love of rational liberty and a free government; which is more or less openly exhibited, according to the varying energy and candour of individual character. It is but justice however to state, that since the return of the Bourbons, hostilities were commenced by the court, who in violation of their solemn promise, that none should be pursued for political opinions or acts, dismissed from the national Institute its most efficient members; and in order to diminish still further the influence of this body, broke it up into separate academies. The enterprising and scientific Carnot, who had in the most difficult times preserved the integrity of his principles, who, sacrificing to his country all personal feelings, had stepped forward to protect the national independence, was among the first struck off the list; although his candour and simplicity of faith might have afforded a far surer pledge of security to the reigning dynasty, than can be found in the sycophancy of that host of temporizers, who have deserted the

imperial for the royal court; and are again ready to pass over to any other cause, which promises an increase of emoluments or honours to the seceder.

In the same proscription stands also Gregoire, the advocate of negro emancipation, the unsubdued supporter of religious freedom, the upholder of the Christian religion, and the protector of its priests, at a moment when all, who valued safety above honour and conscience, were eager to renounce their faith, and to attest their sincerity, by persecuting the clergy.

In this barbarous sacrifice of science to vengeance, even Monge, the projector of the institution itself, and one of the best geometers of France, was not spared. Where at that moment were the firmness and dignity, which should belong to elevated pursuits? Where the courage, which science and virtue should inspire? Had a body, so respectable, and so weighty in public opinion, as the Institute, have opposed but a passive resistance (if the phrase be allowable) to this preliminary persecution; had they either resigned their seats, or refused to fill up the places of the ejected members, how different a character might they have impressed upon the government! What a torrent of blood might they have saved! What a tremendous reaction possibly prevented!

The only set of men decidedly favourable to the restoration, if the emigrants and privileged persons be excepted, are the lawyers; who find in the

simple enactments, and equal jurisprudence of the Code Napoléon, an obstacle to litigation, highly unfavourable to their economic and ambitious views. The elder members of the law, especially the remains of the ancient parliaments, obliged to re-commence their studies, yet averse from the labour of learning, look back with regret to those forms, without which their original stock of acquired knowledge is useless and antiquated. The *gens de robe* also, holding under the old regime a middle place in society, and enjoying a sort of secondary nobility, inherit many of the prejudices of the higher classes, and consider themselves as degraded by the revolution. It is a circumstance most unfortunate for humanity, that lawyers, whose interests, well understood, should universally attach them to the cause of liberty, are, in fact, extremely prone to lend themselves to arbitrary power; and prefer the honours and emoluments which a monarch can bestow, to the elevation and distinction that free forms of government hold out to talent and to public services. No situation in civilized life is more dignified than that of the lawyer in a free state, administering justice without bias or partiality; no condition is more abject than that of a slavish and complying bar, distorting the laws to oppress the subject, and known only by the injuries it inflicts on society. It is, however, but justice to state, that the French lawyers are not unanimous in their hostility to liberty; that many

of them, disgusted at the recollection of revolutionary violence, and influenced by their habitual love of established order, regard the reigning dynasty, as the instruments of peace; and that many more are anxious to establish a real representative system, and look rather to that end than to the qualities of the governor, or to the peculiar form, under which the government shall be administered.

To this moral view of the state of popular opinion may be appended the geographical estimate of Fouché, whose situation, as minister of police, entitles him to considerable credit, upon a point like the present. His views, likewise, will afford a necessary correction of propositions, which are inevitably somewhat too general, and will aid in a further approximation towards truth.

The north of France, according to his statement, is in general moderate. The west, especially La Vendee, is royalist; but the great cities do not always partake in the enthusiasm, which the country people feel in favour of the ancient regime. Auvergne is constitutionally disposed, while in Lyons there are two parties. In the south, royalism is of a more fanatical and inflammable character; and manifests itself by a degree of outrage and violence, which serves only to generate disgust, and to aggravate hostility to the royal cause, in other quarters. In the great towns also of this part of France, and amongst the labouring poor,



loyalty is by no means so general or active; and the entire protestant population is unfavourable to the new government, from a dread of reaction, and an apprehension of persecution. In the east, Alsace, Lorraine, and three Bishoprics, the Ardennes, Champagne, Burgundy, Franche Comte, and Dauphiney, are opposed to the royal dynasty. With respect to Paris, the capital contains within its precincts a sufficient number of all factions, to give a temporary and alternate triumph to each party, as circumstances become favourable to its domination. At the epoch of the return of Napoleon, in the course of a few hours, the white cockade disappeared from the streets, and was superseded by the tri-coloured ribbon; and this did not so much arise from the tergiversation of individuals, as from the retreat of one party, and the renewed confidence of the other; yet the public places were always crowded. In case of civil war, Fouché calculates that the royalists would prevail in ten departments; that parties would be balanced in fifteen; and that in the rest a few royalists would be opposed to the mass of the people.

It is usually imagined that the French take but little interest in the political events, which are passing before them; but the reverse is most certainly the truth. Independently of the diffusion of education, the return of so many veterans from the army disseminates, among the common people, a spirit of observation and of reflection; and the

inhabitants of the departments hold the Parisians in contempt, for their apparent fickleness and absence of determined spirit. During our residence in Paris, we were assured by a gentleman, recently returned from a considerable tour, that this sentiment was universal; and that in one instance, in which the municipality thought proper to parade the royal bust through the streets of the town, to form what they term an inauguration, the mayor and his officers could not find an individual to join the procession; and that the groups in the street turned their backs as it passed, affecting not to be aware of the transaction.

At the commencement of the revolution, the interest taken in politics was universal, and pamphlets and gazettes, adapted to all comprehensions, appeared in varied and rapid profusion.

The violence of the jacobin faction for a time repressed all public demonstrations, and the political agitation was confined to the terrorist chiefs of the revolutionary committees. The spirit of the people, however, continued to show itself in the zeal and purity of the elections. The reign of Napoleon was likewise successful in repressing the manifestation of opinion, as utterly inconsistent with the nature of his police, or with military government. But the restoration of 1814 brought the public mind once more to bear upon politics, and the reign of the one hundred days renewed all the neglected notions of republican liberty. At

the present moment, if deprived of their rights as citizens, the people are closely occupied with public interests. With less outward expression than at the commencement of the revolution, there reigns a greater degree of political good sense. Public discussions in taverns, and petitions for redress of grievances, of course cannot take place, as they were wont to do in this country. Both the genius of the government, and the momentary lassitude of the nation, fatigued by the immensity of its sacrifices, are adverse to such public acts. The abuse also which the Jacobins made of clubs, and the certain death which former signatures to petitions, hostile to their principles, entailed on the wretched victims of their reign, contributed to bring these measures into disrepute. But a national and an individual sentiment of patriotism, *an entire conviction of the equality of rights among all orders of the state*, and an attachment to the basis of the constitution, pervade private conversations, and give a very general tone to French society.

Compressed by domestic tyranny and by foreign invasion, public spirit has had only the short intervals of the revolution of 1789, and that of the hundred days, for its free manifestation; and these make too short a period for the formation of civic habits. But there has been abundant opportunity for developing and confirming in the great majority of the people a knowledge of their rights, and

a feeling of the necessity for those advantages, which result from a free government.

In whatever point of view the nation be regarded, it is evident that the king and nobility have to contend against a fearful opposition ; and it is admitted by all parties, that the throne is for the present secured solely by the bayonets of foreigners. To consider the revolution then as at an end, and to imagine that the allied sovereigns have conquered the absolute possession of despotic power, either for themselves or for the French monarch, would be the excess of folly. The dislocation of society has been too complete, and the shock given to prejudices and opinions too violent, to admit of a quiet resumption of old habits and ideas. The constitution of the ancient monarchy of France, consisting of usages rather than of rights, of maxims rather than of laws, rested fundamentally upon conventional notions and tacit agreements, now for ever buried “in the tomb of all the Capulets.” A complete counter-revolution is impossible; and any despotism which can be substituted for it, must be composed of such jarring and ill-assorted materials, as never can dove-tail and consolidate into harmony and stability.

*Rudis indigestaque moles*

*Nec quidquam, nisi pondus iners ; congestaque codem*

*Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.*

To meet the exigencies of the times, it is absolutely necessary to abandon those temporizing and

*journalier* schemes of policy, which, looking only to instant emergencies, and to present obstacles, proceed from expedient to expedient, and add the uncertainty of chance to a Machiavellian contempt for right.\* Between the high prerogative doctrines, and the reveries of abstract democracy, there exists a *mezzo-terme*, in which alone the nations of Europe can settle into permanent tranquillity : but to attain this point requires much more of philosophy, and a more generalizing perception, than has hitherto guided the councils either of the restored king, or of the congress of Vienna. *Sottise des deux parts*, the motto of abstract discussions in general, may be applied with great aptitude to the revolutionary contest. It is by a frank avowal of mutual errors, that a permanent reconciliation can alone be effected. Is it not then the excess of presumption to demand, that concessions should only be made on one side, and those by the party, which in every stage have been the sufferers by the misconduct of its opponents ?

The objection usually offered to this mode of reasoning, that the government is too feeble, and

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\* It is true, that the wisdom of all these latter times in prince's affairs, is rather fine deliveries and shiftings of dangers and mischiefs, when they are near, than solid and grounded courses to keep them aloof ; but this is but to try masteries with fortune.—BACON.

that rebellious spirits are too bold to allow of a moderated liberty, is weak and despairing. Of what use is the temporary occupation of France by the allied armies, but to give that weight to the government, which will enable it to adopt a generous and liberal line of policy? If that end be not obtained; if the people of France be not satisfied, any despotism that five years can organize, may be overthrown in a moment; and the king, to retain his power, must be content to remain for the rest of his life in *statu pupillari*, and to hold his sceptre in a feudal subjection to the allies, who placed it in his hands.

To add to the distraction that naturally belongs to a forcible and unnatural restoration, the same fatality which has attended the privileged classes through all the successive stages of the revolution, has urged them to that schism amongst themselves, which has surrounded the throne with new difficulties and dangers, has increased the agitation of society, and threatens to bury both parties in a common destruction. It has happened in recent events, nearly as in the restoration of Charles II. of England, that the pretensions of those, who followed the fortunes of the king in his adversity, have by far outstripped all possibility of compliance or benevolence in the monarch. The ruined condition of the finances, the extensive drain established by the victorious foreigners, and the necessity of purchasing friends amongst the most powerful adherents of the imperial government,

have prevented him from bestowing either honours or emoluments with that liberality, or in that exclusive direction, which would meet the wants and wishes of the emigrant nobility. The impossibility of restoring the forfeited estates, and of re-establishing the totality of feudal rights, has naturally formed another source of disagreement and complaint. The monarchy and the aristocracy fell together; and the *noblesse* cannot understand, why the restoration should not be equally simultaneous.

From this starting-post of discontent, the ultra-royalists, in separating from their king, have hurried almost into rebellion against his authority; and have acted with an intemperance, of which they have so harshly accused the people, in the earlier periods of the revolution. Not satisfied with the rigorous measures adopted by the king, and as if conscious that force alone can uphold their obsolete pretensions, they sought to push the government into such extremes of violence, as would infallibly have produced a new insurrection. To gratify their notions of government, every trace of the revolution must be obliterated, the clergy reinstated in their property, every leading character of the former governments executed or exiled. Confiding in the strength of their foreign allies, they set no bounds to the rigour of their projected punishments, but considered the people as delivered into their hands for the completion of vengeance. To this overweening and shortsighted

policy, it is unnecessary to add, that the princes of the royal house are attached ; and the anticipation of a future reign decides many against the present government, whom more moderate measures and brighter promises might have bound to the throne.

To conciliate his family, and to quiet the clamours of the emigrants, the king had in vain sacrificed his own interests, and endangered his reputation with posterity. The unrelenting persecution of men, the most eminent for talents and courage ; the execution of many subaltern and insignificant characters, put to death for the sole purpose of exciting terror ; the superseding of the usual jurisdictions of the kingdom, by more arbitrary courts ; and the violation, on the slightest pretences, of amnesties, granted merely for begetting a false security ; were insufficient to gratify the emigrant spirit. A most flagrant instance of this last violence occurred at Rheims, in the case of General Travot ; for the institution of whose trial telegraphic orders were despatched from Paris, after the proclamation of a general amnesty for all, whose processes had not already commenced ; in order that he might not be included in that predicament, when the amnesty should arrive by the ordinary post, to be proclaimed in the department where he was confined. The continuance, and even aggravation, of the infamous system of police, the entire thralldom of the press, the



crowding of the prisons with persons of the lowest ranks, the practised schemes of false conspiracies, formed by subaltern agents of the government to ensnare the people, and the subsequent execution of the victims; these, and many other outrages upon the people, as they were the deeds of the ministers, will be denied by the ultra-royalist faction. But if that party are not satisfied with such acts of rigour, if they are not willing to stop short at that point, beyond which the king did not think it safe to proceed, their case will be but little benefitted by the denial.

From a variety of circumstances, from accidental remarks dropped in society, and from the general tone of criticism adopted by individuals of the ultra-royalist faction, an opinion might be inferred, that some hope existed among them of changing the head of the government; of either persuading, or forcing, the king to resign, and of placing the daughter of Louis XVI. on the throne. Such an intention is easily denied; and it may perhaps be too loose a conjecture to hazard, upon individual opinion: but the masculine and decided tone of character of the Duchesse d'Angouleme, the unpunished attempt to proclaim her and her husband in the west, the adoption in that part of the country of their colours,\* the discussions re-

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\* The green ribbon is now worn publicly by the Angouleme faction, as a badge of party.

specting the Salic law, introduced into the English journals, all tend to confirm the suspicion. The unwonted firmness and decision of the king in the instance of the *ordonnance*, by which, in dismissing the chambers, and proceeding to a new election, he deprived the princes of their presidencies in the electoral colleges ; and the secrecy which he observed respecting the whole measure to them, while they dined daily at his table, evince the pressure of reasons of state, more than usually urgent, and personally applicable to the members of his family.

A story was some time back confidently circulated in Paris amongst persons of the higher classes, that the minister of police had intercepted, and shewn to the king, the correspondence of some members of his family, in which, reports were fabricated and sent to Flanders, to be there thrown into circulation, whose object was to lead the king into a suspicion of his ministers, and to induce him to throw himself into the arms of the ultra-royalists. Another anecdote, which was related about the same time, stated that some articles, personally disrespectful to the king, having appeared in a London paper, it had been deemed expedient to buy over the editor ; but that, when the attempt was made, it was discovered that he was already in the pay of the ultra-royalist chiefs. How far such anecdotes are worthy of credit, it is difficult to determine, the want of a free channel

for intelligence giving an unnatural currency to all sorts of fabrications at Paris ; but the total abandonment with which the king has thrown himself into the guidance of his ministers, and his opposition to the wishes of his family, confer a great plausibility upon such relations.

Without, however, attributing to the ultra-royalists designs of such excessive hostility towards the king, their separation from his interests, and their clamorous opposition to his measures, betray a degree of blindness and of selfishness perfectly incomprehensible. In the old times, when the thrones of Europe rested on the firmest basis, it was esteemed but ill policy in the heirs of the kingdom, to set an example of insubordination. But at the present moment, to disturb the march of government, to agitate the nation with party disputes, and to ridicule the person and character of the king, is to fight the battles of the revolution, and to shake the monarchy to its centre. The dilemma in which the king is placed, is difficult and embarrassing. Concession to the ultras is pregnant with certain, with inevitable destruction. The measures of this party, as they are founded in passion, so they are dependant solely upon physical force. The contempt which the ultras entertain for the people, blinds them to the remotest sense of danger, and places the possibility of re-action perfectly beyond their calculations. The *sang froid* and indifference, with which propo-

sitions the most violent were discussed, at Paris, in the *salons* of the emigrants, excited in our minds the most painful emotions. Nothing could be more distressing than to behold individuals, who, politics apart, are gentle, amiable, polished, and hospitable, thus casting themselves headlong upon obvious destruction. The axe seemed to vibrate over their heads, as they talked; and the most terrific images of revolutionary horror were excited, by the desperate intemperance of their wishes and expectations. The king, on the other hand, in throwing himself into the hands of his ministers, has to encounter the whole force of resistance of the ultra-royalists; and to balance their intrigues, he must associate himself with persons whom he dare not trust, and who have little trust in him. Without any energy of character to adopt a line of conduct altogether popular, and coincident with the spirit of the day; without any accurate notions, as to what should be granted and what withheld; his difficulties serve only to throw him upon arbitrary and violent measures; and the ultra-royalists have the unblushing hypocrisy to profit by them, and to assume the mask of moderation. In the mean time, the people, deprived of the virtual exercise of the elective franchise, and perfectly sensible of the hostility of both parties to liberty, remain quiet and indifferent. Satisfied that the division must in the end prove

beneficial to themselves, they await a better opportunity for exertion and enterprize.

In this condition of the country, it is impossible to speculate upon futurity, with any hope of precision. The line at present pursued by the ministry, favourable neither to the *noblesse* nor to the people, wants unity of design, and firmness of execution, to lead to important results; while the age and infirmities of the king prevent any extended calculation on the effects of his measures. The conduct, which can alone terminate in order and harmony, is obvious. A manly recognition of constitutional principles, the establishment of an entire representation of the people, a real responsibility of ministers, and an unshackled press, absolute indifference between sects of religion, and a perfect oblivion of the past, would lay the foundation of a powerful and prosperous monarchy; and with these advantages the people would be reconciled to continue under the government of the reigning dynasty. To hope, however, for such a government, either from the king, or the princes of his house, seems almost romantic. Measures of temporary expediency, independent of all principle, except that of the reconsolidation of the ancient regime, are alone to be expected from either party. To set the nation at ease respecting property, the claims of the priesthood should, above all things, be silenced and put to rest; yet both *modérés* and

*ultras* place their hope of maintaining the cause of royalty, in the agency of religion. Absurd and superstitious ceremonies are revived: processions, funeral services for the victims of the revolution, endowments of convents, every species of bigotry, is put into action among a nation of free thinkers, or at least of enemies to clerical pretension.

In matters of religious form, whatever is not sacred is ridiculous. A cat or an onion were respectable objects of worship, in "the good old times" of Egypt; while the Jupiter of Phideas could procure but an equivocal respect from the enlightened Greeks. In this particular, the taste of the people must be gratified, or they reject the whole. The ridicule, which the very populace attached to the puppet-show procession of the *fête dieu*, is highly dangerous to the authority, from which the celebration of that ceremony emanated; and it attaches itself by a natural association with every other function of the crown, and still more with the person of its possessor. On this point there cannot be two opinions. The churches in France are universally empty, or occupied exclusively by the infirm, by females, and by children. Of the many churches we visited, that of Dieppe was the only one, in which we saw a decent congregation. And in this the females abounded in a ratio of nearly ten to one. In Paris, the very lowest classes cannot conceal their disrespect for priests, and their public ceremonies.

To attempt the regeneration of clerical authority in France, is obviously vain. In spite of Jesuits, inquisitions, and all other establishments, Catholicism lies prostrate before the revolution. If the government desire to re-establish religion in France, it must be effected by a greater conformity to reason, and by the abolition of mummeries, which have no longer any effect, but to afford an obvious butt for the ridicule of the dullest apprehensions.

To sum up the particulars of the political state of France, in a few words (for the subject in detail is nearly inexhaustible), the nation may be at present considered as an aggregate of two distinct races; the representatives of the ninth, and of the nineteenth centuries; between whom there is neither community of interests, feelings, nor opinions. And however formidable the one party may seem, by the weight of a despotic government and an armed alliance, the other possesses the whole influence of numbers, wealth, public opinion, and the character and tendency of the age.

After the numerous and extraordinary changes which have taken place in Europe, it would be ridiculous to affect a prophetic insight into the revolutions that are immediately to ensue. The reigning family may continue on the throne for many years; for there is neither confidence among individuals, nor concentration enough of the means of opposition to depose them, without the concurrence of some accidental shock. They may,

on the other hand, be swept off from power in a moment ; for the discontent is general, and public opinion decidedly against them. The single circumstance of the domination of foreigners might drive the whole nation to arms, should a leader appear possessed of the confidence and affections of the people.\*

Upon the whole, however, the chances in favour of the permanence of the existing order of things are few : the probabilities of its speedy dissolution are numerous and weighty. The fatal division of the royalists among themselves ; the violence, and at the same time the weakness of the measures of government ; the increasing difficulties of the finance ; seem to promise little from the influence of time.

If the attention be turned from the internal condition of France, to the state of Europe at large, the causes of mutation will appear more numerous, and influential. The condition of Eng-

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*Additional Note.* \* At the moment this edition is going to press, there is a phrase in France, in general circulation :—  
“ *Pay the foreigners with steel.* ”

The indignation of the army at foreigners interfering, and attempting to force the Duc de Feltre upon the king, was unbounded : and his ultimate dismissal followed a strong expression of that feeling, addressed to the king in a memorial of the marshals and officers. This severity of the allies to the new government is an odd method of consolidating the authority of the Bourbons.



land, the centre and very soul of the coalition against the revolution, is critical. Its poverty alone will for many years prevent a further interference with the affairs of the continent: it is likewise more than doubtful, whether the nation itself would permit a longer continuance of that policy, by which it has so materially suffered; and there seems every reason for supposing that one or both of these causes may produce a speedy recall of the army of occupation, if, indeed, the French government itself be not anxious to remove such expensive friends.

If, from England, the attention be turned to continental affairs, it meets with an assemblage of heterogeneous and hostile elements, held together by the operation of force, and in compliance with the interests of a few individuals;—not united by the cementing bond of public utility, and the common good.

In Italy, the Netherlands, Germany, and Poland, the natural boundaries of kingdoms violated, the interests and feelings of nations despised, there remain aggregates, rather than masses; collections of individuals, rather than communities or states. By the contradiction of prejudices and opinions, by the abrupt subversion of customs and habits, the relations of sovereign and people are exchanged for those of the task-master and slaves. The European republic thus disjointed, the Christian population thus dissatisfied, all settled and esta-

blished notions of right are sacrificed to the ambition and avarice of a few military chieftains.

In circumstances thus unnatural and perverted, it is not surprising that revolutionary principles have disseminated themselves from the Tagus to the Neva ; and that a spirit of liberty, the eldest born offspring of the art of printing, continues to impress indelible changes upon every nation of the civilized world. Before this influence, existing institutions must bend : before this illumination, abuses and absurd combinations must disappear ; or society will eventually dissolve and founder, to be re-cast in a mould more adapted to existing feelings :—co-ordinate with the interests, and commensurate with the necessities of the great mass of mankind.

THE END.



